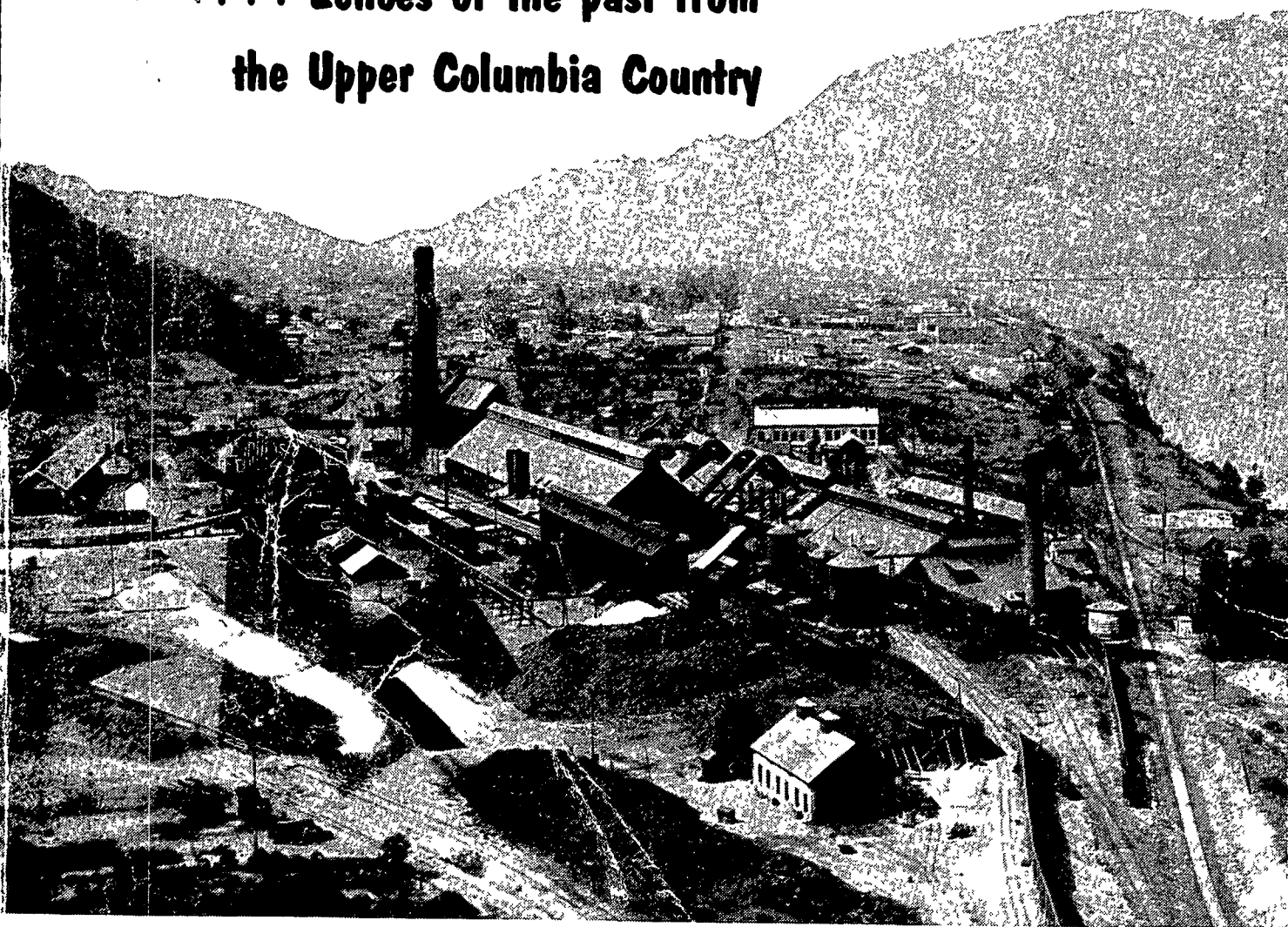


# Northport Pioneers

... Echoes of the past from  
the Upper Columbia Country



**Compiled by:**

**Northport Over Forty Club**



USEPA SF



1150172

# **Northport Pioneers**

**. . . Echoes of the past from  
the Upper Columbia Country**

**Compiled by:**

**Northport Over Forty Club**





**Copyright 1981  
by Northport Over Forty Club  
Northport, Washington**

**Printed by  
Statesman-Examiner, Inc.  
Colville, Washington**

## PANORAMA LAND

From our good Canadian neighbor,  
To Sunny old Spokane.  
From the San Poil valley,  
Back to the Idaho line.  
There's a little piece of heaven.  
A paradise to man.  
A section of our great country,  
It's Panorama Land.

It's a land of beautiful rivers.  
The Kettle is one of them.  
The Pend Oreille and the San Poil,  
The Colville and Spokane;  
And they join the great Columbia  
Backed up the Coulee Dam.  
We call it Lake Roosevelt,  
The pride of Uncle Sam.

There are beautiful farms and timber.  
And mountains and valleys too.  
The streams are as clear as a crystal,  
And the skies are a deeper blue.  
You can fish for the trout or the sturgeon,  
And hunt the deer and the bear.  
If you want to go skating or skiing,  
You'll find it all out there.

There are lakes for boating and swimming,  
With beaches of pure clean sand.  
And towns full of friendly people,  
Willing to give you a hand.  
There's about ten thousand square miles,  
In this great beautiful land.  
There's work and recreation,  
In Panorama Land.

From "A Collection of Poems" by Leonard Sell.

**Song**

**"Northport, Washington"**

**There's a town in Northern Washington; I'm sure you've heard about before; it's the first town in the U.S.A. that's on the Columbia River Shores.**

**It's the beautiful town of Northport where the folks are all so grand; they are just downright friendly and greet you with a welcome hand; I know that once you meet them you will understand, what makes them all so wonderful; and why they're the best folks in the land.**

**The scenic Mountain Beauty that surrounds this beautiful town; no matter where in the west you go is nowhere to be found.**

**Beautiful Northport, Washington, where the Mighty Columbia River; flows right past your door, all the way across this beautiful State; to the Great Pacific Shore.**

**(Sung to the tune of "Wabash Cannonball")**

**By George E. Jacobson**

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Panorama Land (Poem) .....	III
Song: "Northport, Washington" ..	IV
Forward .....	VII
Over Forty Club .....	IX
Northport Map .....	X
How I Remember Mother (Poem)	122
In The Days of Old (Poem) .....	196

## CHAPTERS

1 - Northport History, Evans and Allen .....	1
2 - Northport History, Ruth Hirsch .....	13
3 - Early Steamers on the Columbia .....	31
4 - Red Mountain Railroad .....	35
5 - Northport Fires, Travis .....	51
6 - Big Fire of 1914, Evans .....	57
7 - Ft. Shepherd...Boundary Post .....	67
8 - Old Boundary .....	69
9 - Boundary, Graham .....	73
10 - Northport Businesses .....	83
11 - Beard's Store Building .....	85
12 - Places & Landmarks .....	89
13 - Catholic Church .....	91
14 - Unusual Nuggets, Matesa .....	93
15 - Trail Smelter Case .....	101
16 - Excavation of Indian Graves .....	115
17 - Ferry Days 1947 to 1951 .....	117
18 - Northport Airport .....	119
19 - Van Stone Mine .....	123

## PIONEERS

Ames .....	129	Hyatt .....	200
Ansaldo .....	132	Janni .....	204
Asbell .....	134	Ada Hofer Laird .....	207
Barr .....	135	Leaden .....	210
Beard .....	137	Lotze .....	215
Bolick .....	139	McDonald .....	217
Broderius .....	141	Maki .....	217
Butorac .....	141	Makynen .....	221
Carley .....	142	Matesa .....	227
Mabel Clark Link .....	144	Moore .....	232
Rudolph Clark .....	150	Murphy .....	235
Clarke .....	154	Nigro .....	235
Domitrovich .....	156	Norbergs .....	236
Lena Ansaldo Dotts .....	157	Nils Palm Family .....	238
Ehrendreich .....	157	Palm .....	243
Gallo .....	160	Paparich .....	246
Gezelius .....	164	Pelissier .....	257
Gilbert .....	167	Phillips .....	259
Gilman .....	171	Pohle .....	263
Graham .....	174	Raisio .....	268
Hartbauer .....	178	Rivers .....	271
Harworth .....	183	Rowe .....	275
Heritage .....	185	Secrest .....	283
Hofer .....	194	Sell .....	285
Ida Hofer .....	197	Shriner .....	287
Hughes .....	199	Tyllia .....	289
		Wiley .....	292

It was  
that thi  
spend a  
just afte  
trying a  
had dre

My fa  
years or  
my mot  
their jo  
struck c  
life. Th  
school a  
Northpc  
Les anc

They  
Clark h  
had sol  
Northpc  
Their ba  
was my  
an Gre  
th na  
school j  
uncle, i

Bob a  
became  
part of  
both m  
and gra  
we wer

It wa  
the littl  
thousar  
trauma

Schoo  
arrived  
leader  
nationa  
system  
school  
the stu  
vacatic  
another  
from D

# FORWARD

By Patrick J. Graham

It was Saturday after Thanksgiving, 1946, that this writer arrived in Northport to spend a most memorable six months. It was just after World War II and everyone was trying again to settle into the life that they had dreamed of during the war years.

My father, Charles Graham, had spent 16 years on the Portland Oregonian. He, with my mother Rosanna Graham, had both quit their jobs, sold our home in Portland and struck out like so many looking for a new life. This writer was then a junior in high school and it was decided I was to come to Northport to live with my aunt and uncle, Les and Margaret Clark.

They also were finding a new life, as Les Clark had quit his job in Canada and they had sold their home there. They came to Northport to build Clark's Service & Motel. Their back-up for this young high schooler, was my grandfather and grandmother, Pat and Grace Graham at Boundary. Of course they had their hands full with another high school junior, Bob Graham, who, though my uncle, is six months younger than I.

Bob and I and a third party, Glenn Hall, became an inseparable trio during the first part of 1947. After many years now, I feel both my aunt and uncle and grandfather and grandmother did their best with us, but we were a little hard to handle.

It was a case of a big city boy coming to the little town. Leaving a high school of two thousand plus students to one of 48 was traumatic to say the least.

School was out in Northport when I arrived. John L. Lewis, the famed union leader of the coal miners had called a national strike and since the school heating system used coal, of which they had none, school was out. During the next six months the students enjoyed two other extended vacations, one week for mud vacation and another when the town's water system line from Deep Creek broke above the smelter

yard.

When school did start, this transplant was busy into everything. About the third day of school a rehearsal was called at night for a talent show. After the rehearsal I was invited by Walt Johnson to ride with him to take Cliff Rice home to Marble.

On the way back, about two miles out of Marble, we had a flat tire. Tires and tubes were still short, even one year after the war, and Walt had no spare. So we walked back to Northport.

Memories are vivid about that evening. It was a few degrees above zero. The night was clear and the snow sparkled. It was a far cry from the Portland rain. It was a new adventure.

My father, before sending me north had prepared me well for the climate with a heavy coat, stocking cap, gloves and "galoushes." It was a warm, steady pace that Walt and I kept up back to Northport. Not one car passed us going either direction.

The only habitation we saw was a light on at Stewart Browns sawmill. I didn't know Duane, Dale and Dorene Brown then, or we certainly would have stopped and asked for a ride.

The walk truly awakened my thoughts, that I had started a new life.

Memories are vivid of those months at Northport high. The basketball team that won its way to district and was so excited that they left the uniforms in a suitcase on the porch of coach Weston Wilsing. We borrowed uniforms from the college for the first game.

Crystal Harworth, our English teacher, who always let Bob and I sit together and correct each others papers. We did well in her class.

Ralph Ruehlman, superintendent, whose temper we constantly tempted, until one day he threatened to kick both Bob and me out of school.

Captain and Francis Langdon, parents of our classmate and number one (if they had one then), woman libber Ruth. It was their home where we usually met for parties, etc. It was Francis and Ruth, whom the trio picked on when there wasn't anything else to do.

These are memories. Just like this book is a vast collection of memories.

In June 1947 I left Northport, but I doubt that part of my heart has ever left there. Luckily, my father and mother found the Colville Examiner for sale and purchased it in February 1947. When school was out in Northport, I was called to Colville to go to work.

Later we combined the Colville Examiner with the Statesman-Examiner and since 1947 have been Colville's weekly newspaper publishers. It was through this position that I've watched Northport's Over Forty Club strive to get this history published for the past two years. In October 1980, we joined forces. At that time it was to be a book of about 200 pages. As you can see it grew.

Even today there is talk of a second book, because many people, many stories, many pictures were missed. But the collecting had to be brought to a halt, or this book never would have become a reality.

A second book is needed.

As you read this book, you will no doubt find fault with its grammatical presentation. It was felt that it was best to proceed in the fashion as presented, since the true flavor of community would best be served that way.

Others may criticize and wish to correct some of the many people's interpretations of a happening or their re-collection of names and places. Let us not forget, this is

not a factual history, but a collection of happenings years ago. To remember back, when you reach a certain age, is a hard task. To err, is only to be human in God's image.

Spearheading this book was Lucile Rowe, Anna Paparich and Ida Heritage, with whom we worked and Edith Rowe McNinch. Edith was a school mate of mine and whose many hours pulled the fine threads together so we could go to press.

Julie Leland, helped early coordination of the book, working with the Over Forty Club through the R.S.V.P. office of the Rural Resource Development in Colville.

Much of the book was typed by the journalism class headed by Gary Weissenfels. Able helpers were Eileen Sell, Anita Leewright, Becky Smith, Shirley Lewis, Stephanie Lott and Scott Plank.

Two other major contributors were Sharon Jones, Statesman-Examiner Northport correspondent, whose "Real People" were features not only for the newspaper, but this book. A previous writer for the Statesman-Examiner, Evelyn Matesa, also added her energetic talent including securing the story and pictures from the book "Ghost Towns of Washington," from Superior Publishing of Seattle and the books' author, Lambert Florin of Portland, Ore.

But most of all it was the effort of the Northport Over Forty Club, whose members without any previous experience took on the task of collecting the Northport community's history.

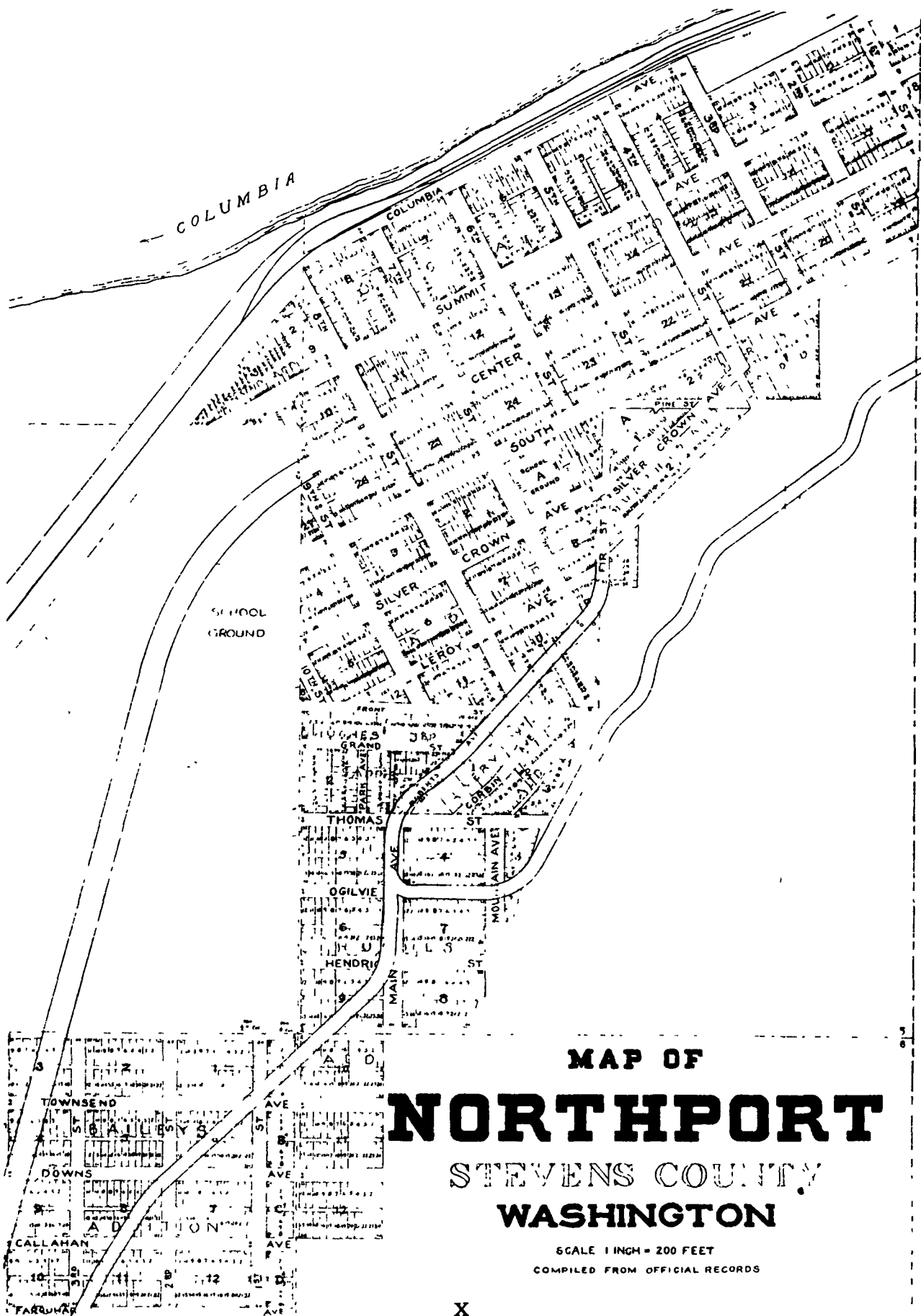
This book is theirs, for your enjoyment. Read on and may memories of the past warm your heart.

lection of  
ber back,  
is a hard  
1 i od's  
ille Rowe,  
age, with  
McNinch.  
and whose  
s together  
ination of  
orty Club  
the Rural  
e.  
d by the  
y Gary  
ileen Sell,  
, Shirley  
Plank.  
rs were  
ier North-  
l People."  
wspaper,  
r for the  
tesa, also  
including  
fr the  
n, from  
and the  
Portland,  
ort of the  
, whose  
xperience  
Northport  
joyment.  
the past



**MEMBERS OF THE NORTHPORT OVER FORTY CLUB—** Whose work over the years has made this book possible. Front row, left to right: Ada Laird, Ida Hofer, Anna Paparich, Caroline Pellssier, Jane Pohle and Mary Beusan. Second row: Edith Gilman, Lucille Rowe, Peggy Carley, Ida Heritage, Betty Pierce and Lorraine Gilbert. Third row: Konrad Hartbauer, Joe Nigro, Frank Pellissier, Otto Ehrendreich, Evelyn Matesa, Beth Ehrendreich and Louls Pierce.





The  
site of  
Corbin  
cided  
into E  
the C  
heavil  
Kettle  
Fur-tr  
1820-1  
home  
vicini  
lived  
anoth  
Smelt  
mouth  
Bo  
fu  
year  
the la  
of the  
the se  
This u  
doub  
ers a  
into  
scatt  
Bill  
North  
found  
Austi  
and  
state  
at Lo  
place  
and  
thing  
and  
then  
settli  
Lit  
ort

# NORTHPORT HISTORY

## Evans and Allen

The first thoughts of a town at the present site of Northport were formed when Austin Corbin, railroad builder-businessman, decided to extend his line from Spokane north into British Columbia. The country along the Columbia River was not settled very heavily, the greater number being in the Kettle Falls area where the old Forts and Fur-trading Posts were in the early days, 1820-1865. However, there were some homesteaders along the river in the vicinity. "Onion Creek" Jack Reynolds lived at the mouth of Onion Creek, and another party had homesteaded the (later) Smelter site. There was a settlement at the mouth of the Pend Oreille river now known as Boundary. This was the meeting place of the fur trappers, hunters and miners. Each year they held a big party. The account of the last one in 1886 was written by the owner of the hotel at Boundary. His account tells of the settling of the country by homesteaders. This upset the trappers and hunters, and no doubt the Indians. There were homesteaders along the Mill Creek Valley and even into the Deep Creek valley, but they were scattered and the roads were only trails.

Billy Hughes, later the Editor of the Northport News and one of the first founders of Northport, told of talking with Austin Corbin in Spokane about the railroad and what Corbin intended to do. Hughes states that he (Hughes) had sold his paper at Los Gatos, Calif., and was looking for a place to start again. He had a pioneer spirit and liked to be in on the beginning of things. He decided to move up the Columbia and look the situation over. The railroad then was as far as Little Dalles, which was a settlement with a Post Office.

Little Dalles was ten miles below Northport. It was there because there was

no through traffic on the Columbia by boat between Nelson and Kettle Falls. The boats could not navigate the narrow cascades of the Dalles, so they tied up at Little Dalles and portaged around it. A store and saloon was owned by Cy Townsend, and Hughes reported it was quite a lively place. He said of the July 4th celebration, 1892:

"A dance was held at Little Dalles Saturday night that was a great affair. Cy Townsend moved his counters back and made room for the dancers. At midnight an elegant supper was served by Purty O'Hare who owned the boarding house. The table groaned under a load of temptingly cooked vlands of all kinds. At each end of the table, and in the middle were choice watermelons. Cakes, pies, meats, were abundant on every part of the long table. M. F. Hull of Northport displayed his musical ability on the violin, while others played French harp and bass violin. They appeared a little bashful at the start because they had not played recently, but before quitting time they had it down great. They could dash off Arkansas Traveler, Hoe Down Moll, Dance With the Gal with the Hole in her Stocking, and Gliding Down De Lane Wid Molly, and other popular numbers in real style."

Although the railroad did not reach Northport until the Fall of 1892, Billy Hughes was here in the spring (late March) with his paper all set and waiting for the coming of the road. He tells of his coming in this way:

"A small but new newspaper plant, with Prouty Power Press, had been hauled by wagon and ox team from Little Dalles and established in the new printing office. The roads were thick with stumps, some of which had to be cut out to get through, but a man named Bishop who had a place on the

river flat (Bishop's Eddy) was game to bring in the press."

At that time there was only a small colony on the river bank at Northport. The boat took passengers from Little Dalles and Northport to Nelson, there to join with the CPRR. The first issue of "The Northport News" was published July 4, 1892.

The first of "The Northport News" (July 4, 1892) reported:

"The contract for extending the Spokane Falls and Northern railroad to Northport has been let and work has begun. This will be a great boom to the mining camps at Sheep Creek, Trail Creek and Metaline, to which good wagon roads are to be made. It seems strange to us that some hotel man has not accepted the liberal offer of the Northport Townsite Co. to erect a hotel. A bonus of \$2,000 worth of lots is offered to erect a suitable building and operate it for guests. The country is already beginning to swarm with people, we understand that our excellent fishing and hunting will attract many families from Spokane this summer, and a good hotel would attract many more."

In the latter part of May, 1892, articles of incorporation were filed by D. C. Corbin and E. J. Roberts, the former the President and the latter the chief engineer of the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad. In a quiet and undemonstrative way they had been designing the town for nearly a year. It was without a railroad, but had lots of hope. Quoting the News of July 11:

"The Citizens of Northport live high on game, fresh vegetables and fish, all at reasonable prices. Venison can be had any day for five cents a pound. Onion Creek Jack has a bountiful garden whose produce he brings to town for use of the people.

The clearing of several streets in Northport, the contract for which was taken by the Rounds Bros., was finished last week. The cord wood from the clearing was piled up on the water front and will be used by the Columbia and Kootenai Steam Navigation Co. It amounts to 281 cords. These gentlemen showed great industry and skill in cutting the large trees and clearing

up the brush under this contract."

The same issue of the News reports on "reception committee's:"

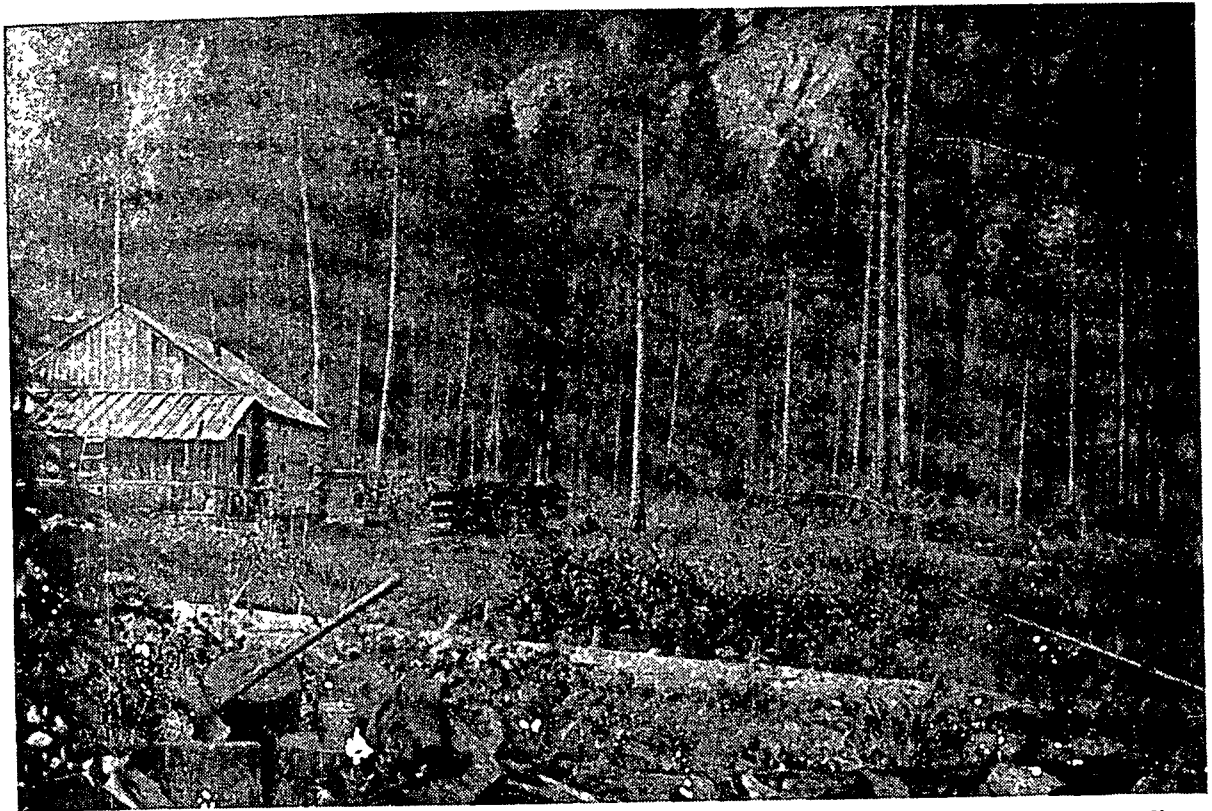
"Indian police are thicker than flies around a molasses barrel along the river on the Reservation, guarding that coveted land against the "Sooners" who are arriving before Uncle Sam gives them permission."

At this time, all the land across the river to the boundary north was Indian Reservation. The government did open it for settlement, but not until about 1900. People were anxious to get in to prospect and mine it at the time Northport was settled. The Indians did not take kindly to the settlement of Northport. So many people were flooding in and roads being built on both sides of the river, especially to the newly discovered gold mines in the British Columbia area. The IXL gold mine was on this side of the mountains and was very rich, and they wanted to ship their ores out at Northport. The Indians made angry demonstrations against these changes.

Even though the railroad did not come as quickly as had been promised the people kept coming in, and several business houses were being erected. The first merchants had much courage and faith to bet their all on what would be. The boat landing was just below Smelter Eddy, and most of the business places centered just below it.

The Northport News reported in July 1892, on progress made —

"T. L. Savage, Inspector of Customs has erected a business on Columbia Ave., and is now conducting a general merchandise business. His stock is as large as any in the county, and includes mining supplies of all kinds, groceries and provisions; dry goods, notions, clothing and gent's furnishings. In fact everything a person needs in a new country. Mr. Savage has done the sensible thing by putting his prices down to the lowest possible notch, as he will not only sell more goods, but keep the trade and money in Northport. His business will be known as 'The Northport Trading Co.' This is the first store in Northport."



Believed to be a picture of this first building built, where Northport now stands. About 1876.



ARRIVAL OF Spokane Falls and Northern No. 5 at the Northport Depot on June 15, 1897.

The railroad also brought work and workers. In August the News reported:

**"Mr. Smith has secured the contract for supplying the Railroad Co. with wood and ties. It will all be cut in and around Northport, and 15 or 20 men will be employed. The wages will not be high enough to make a millionaire of a man, but from \$1.50 to \$2.20 a day can be made. We understand that a hundred thousand ties will be cut here."**

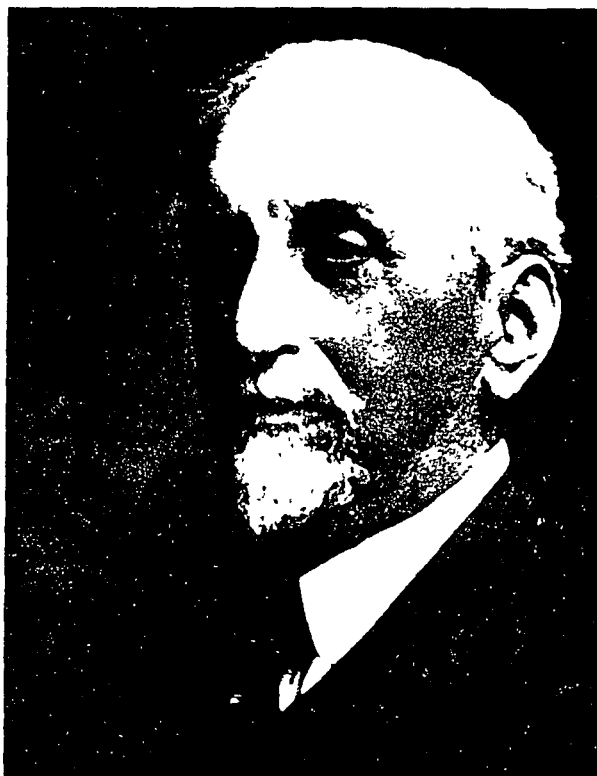
One of the great draw-backs to Northport was the lack of a way to get across the river to the Indian Reservation, and thence to the mines opening on the other side to the Canadian Border. The News reports on August 4, 1892:

**"One drawback to Northport is not having a ferry. We now have a dozen or more trips a day across the river with a rowboat to bring the people over who wish to trade, and anyone who knows the swiftness of the Columbia can appreciate the hard work necessary to do this. A good ferry would be a paying institution from the start."**

This must have troubled more than one person there, for on Sept. 5 the News included this item:

**"A.K. Oglivie and M. F. Hull have taken a contract for building Mr. Abram's Ferry boat and will start work on it today. It will be 40-feet long by 14 wide. The material to be used is half cedar and half pine. It is expected it will be completed about the time the railroad arrives."**

On Sept. 26, 1892 the first ferry crossing was successfully made, although the Indians threatened to fence the Trail Creek road. The controversy with the Indians kept on and on, with some stealing and road-blocking, until at last the Indians stated they would have to have half of the gross proceeds of the ferry in cash or they would not let it run. It took the Indian Agents some time to help Messrs. Abrams and Roush to clear matters, but still the Indians wouldn't believe they couldn't collect, and they threatened to take the boat captive. The News did not take kindly to this



**D. C. Corbin who brought the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad to Northport giving rise to the town.**

controversy, but it was finally settled though the terms are not outlined.

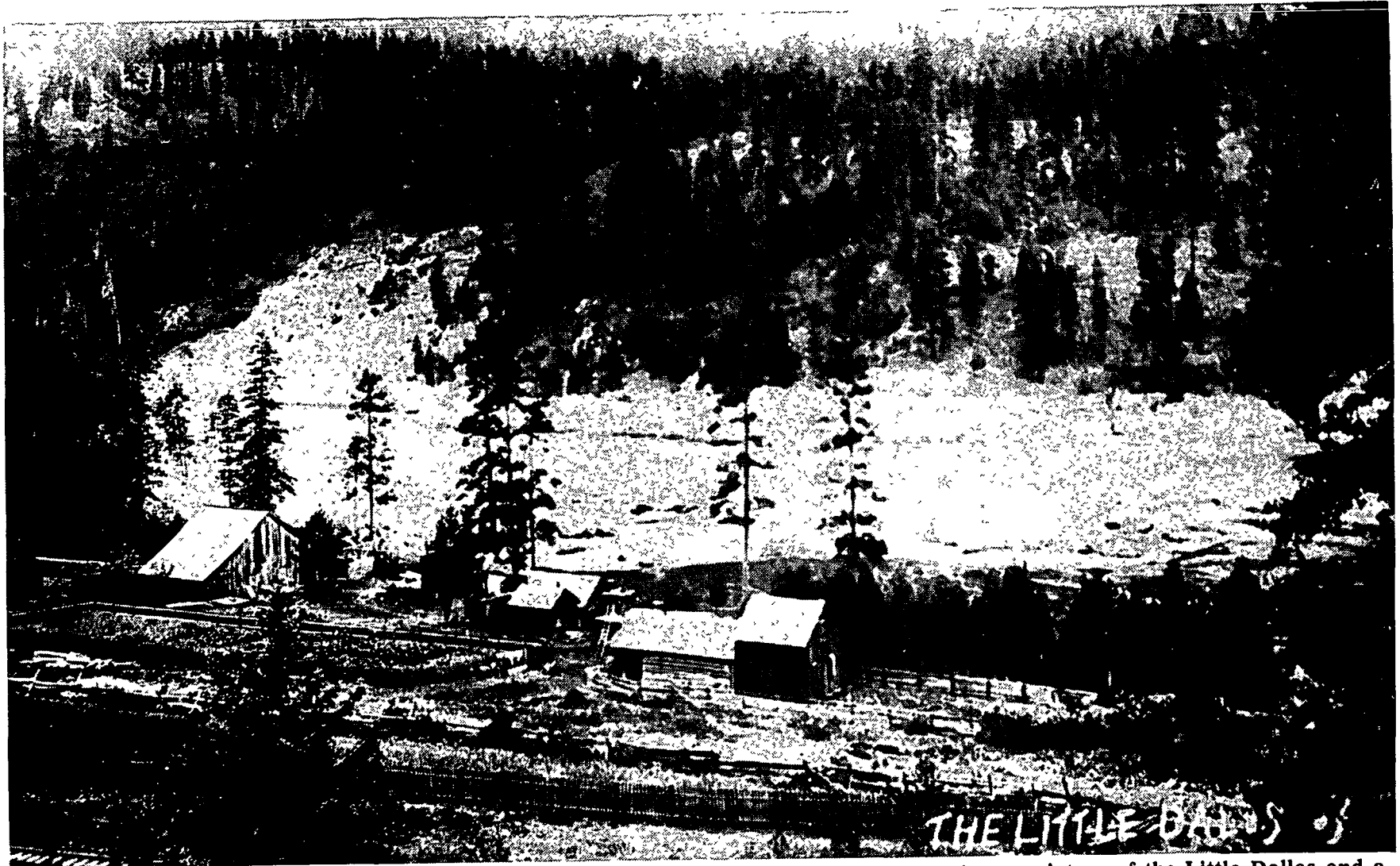
**"Trains are now running regularly into Northport and the citizens are correspondingly happy. Sunday was the eventful day, and the sight of E. J. Roberts, the energetic Chief Engineer of the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway, clothed in a long ulster and a regulation broad-rimmed hat, walking with slow and majestic tread and commanding mien, gave his orders in a clear and forcible voice to a large gang of men who were following him, putting ties in their proper places and laying rails, with the construction train slowly moving along behind, was a pleasing sight, and one that will never be forgotten by the pioneers of Northport, the future mining, milling, smelting and agricultural City of Northeastern Washington.**

**..When the passenger train arrived on Tuesday, the town was filled with people, and even the most chronic growler declared Northport's prosperity was assured."**

kane  
sport

stth

Into  
pond-  
day,  
getic  
: and  
uster  
hat,  
i and  
in a  
ig of  
es in  
with  
along  
that  
rs of  
ling,  
of  
l on  
ple,  
ared



## THE LITTLE DALLES

A rare picture of the Little Dalles and a farm that once stood nearby. A piece of the railroad just appears in the lower left of the picture.

At last the Editor of the News was satisfied. He had kept the town alive and the people cheered up until the railroad arrived and brought with it the prosperity that lasted for a while.

"It has been the lot of Northport to have some highs and just as many lows. During my time here I have seen both," says Carrie Allen, "but the Editor of the News never gave up. He was the most optimistic man I ever met, and not really appreciated by the people of the town. It was a great loss when he had to give up the paper and leave in the late 1930's. The memories of association with Billy Hughes are wonderful."

"Here are a few of the high spots, a few firsts: Now with a railroad and people coming in, the matter of a school came to the fore. On Oct. 17, 1892 the News carried this item:

"A meeting of the citizens of Northport was held in the News office, for the purpose of letting Thomas Nagle, County Supt. hear the reasons why he should allow a school district for Northport. Mr. Nagle called the meeting to order and several people gave their reasons, the principal one being that some thirty children of school age were already in the vicinity, and several more were on their way from California and elsewhere. Mr. Nagle allowed the formation of the District and F. E. Sriver, A. Bishop and W. M. Blake were chosen as Directors, along with W. F. Case as Clerk. Mr. Blake was the father of the first boy born in Northport."

When 1893 was ushered in, Northport was a full fledged town with a railroad, a mercantile establishment, several saloons, a dance hall and a hotel, the International. It was a hard winter with some three feet of snow, but a lively place, nonetheless. In January the News reports:

"A lady of elegant leisure has rented four bedrooms and a parlor over a business place on Columbia Ave., and will leave for Spokane tomorrow to lay in a supply of girls. Notwithstanding the rush and roar and bubble of life in Northport, there has not been a shooting or a highway robbery for

weeks. Occasionally two men may be heard on the streets expressing their opinions of each other in language more forcible than elegant."

In February 1893, the Editor noted that the weather had been extremely cold and the snow a good three-feet on the level, so business was stagnant. It is hard to believe that people lived then in houses just quickly thrown up. No streets were ever plowed out, no electricity thus no street lights, no telephone, and of course, no radio or TV. Water was sold for 25 cents a barrel. It is not difficult to see the impact small matters had on these people. So Billy Hughes reported that the people swarmed to the saloons where counters and tables were pushed back, and everybody danced, sometimes for two days straight, with many staying as long as five days. The weather was a governing factor. Again from the News:

"Northport was plagued by many fires, the first big one being on May 8, 1893. The first really big fire in the Town started in a small building in the rear of the Eagan Saloon. The saloon was consumed, followed by Big Bend Co. store; Mrs. Eagan's restaurant, Jerry Spellman's saloon, Cy Townsend saloon and lodging house, the O'Hare and Killerman restaurant and Meat Market, Col. Willian Pinkston lodging house and some smaller buildings. This was a real disaster, but with jerry-built log houses and frame buildings, with no water supply, there was no stopping the fire."

From the impact of these fires Northport recovered quickly, why one would hardly know. There were many more fires, but the most disastrous was on July 29, 1914 when the whole central business block burned and was never re-built. This was a low spot from which the Town really never fully recovered.

The process of getting a Post Office is interesting. With the coming of the railroad to Northport the town of Little Dalles was deserted. Cy Townsend who had owned the general store, saloon and Post Office there (all combined) knew it was coming and



be heard  
of  
able than  
oted that  
cold and  
level, so  
o believe  
it quickly  
towed out,  
ghs, no  
o or TV.  
l. It is not  
matters  
Hughes  
d to the  
les were  
danced,  
ith many  
weather  
from the  
lres, the  
38. The  
rted in a  
Eagan  
folled  
Eagan's  
om, Cy  
use, the  
ad Meat  
ig house  
is a real  
uses and  
supply,  
orthport  
hardly  
but the  
4 when  
ed and  
ot from  
fully

--It pays to--  
ADVERTISE

# NORTHPORT

# NEWS

SUBSCRIBE  
and add another impor-  
tant item to the home.

32.

NORTHPORT, STEVENS COUNTY, WASHINGTON, FRIDAY FEB. 8, 1924

NO. 32

## NORTHPORT 27 YEARS AGO

FROM NORTHPORT NEWS

The citizens of Northport are making a just complaint about the water haulers getting their supply from below the town instead of above, where it is free from impurities. The sewage all flows into the river, and must necessarily cause the water below the place to be full of poisonous matter.

Northport stands second to Tacoma in this customs district for the year 1896 and third in the list of exports for the month of December. Northport was second in both imports and exports. For the year the exports from that port amounted to \$1,180,068. Who says the northern trade isn't worth cultivating?—Spokane Chronicle

**SMELTER FOR NORTHPORT**—The Blandford Record says: "The deal for that part of the town-site of Northport known as Bishop's farm, Montreal and Toronto capitalists have been concluded. These men have already commenced the preliminary organization of a company to erect a million dollar smelter that will handle 10,000 tons of ore daily. While it is certain that the property has changed hands, no authentic report has been received as to the

### Local Items

Sam Samuelson, one of the fine old pioneer homesteaders of the Flavin district was a pleasant caller at the News office Monday. He is now working at Boundary as a scaler for the Munroe Bros. He boards with the John J. Hennessy family and says no one can prepare a more appetizing meal than Mrs. Hennessy.

A. K. Tharp writes Henry E. Hutchinson that he is engaged in the shoemaker business in Republic. His wife died in January and his son George is bookkeeper at Sherman Clay's in Spokane. Mr. Tharp during the old copper smelter days in this city, conducted a shoemaker shop in the building adjoining Charles Adam's planing mill and had many friends here.

Ex-President Woodrow Wilson died at 11:15 last Sunday forenoon at his home in Washington. The big newspapers and prominent people throughout the world are now lauding him as having been one of the greatest of Presidents—and he was. But it is too bad that many of the same ones lambasted him while President simply for political propaganda. Coolidge is also probably one of our best Presidents, but he will be vilified for the same old political reasons. The most beautiful thing to us however, in the lives of Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and

## A Former North- port Boy Becomes Manager of East Helena Smelter

Wm. J. O'Connor, who lived for many years in Northport with his parents and brother John when in his early boyhood, has risen to a high position, according to the following from the Helena (Montana) Independent. Billy, as he was then called by the writer and his other acquaintances, was not only a bright boy but a well behaved one. His father was the foreman of the machine shops of the old copper smelter here and the family was a highly respected one. We understand he has spent all his life since graduation from school in smelters and we feel pleased but not particularly surprised to see him exalted to this position although it is an exceedingly high one as the East Helena plant is an important and large one with four big lead furnaces. He is only about 35 years old. Bill and Mr. Adams have visited this plant and A. B. Norton, who has charge of its dismantling for the A. S. & R. Co., two or three times during the past two years and made the writer a pleasant call.

Announcement was made yesterday of the promotion of C. W. Adams from the East Helena plant of the American Smelting & Refining Co. to a higher position at the San

## A New Chimney Discovered in the Gladstone--Money Grows in Treasury

The Gladstone had a surplus of \$20,000 on Jan. 31, according to a report from Edw. T. Lavigne, Secretary, says last Wednesday's Spokane Review. This after a deduction for the January payroll, and may be compared with a surplus of nearly \$13,000 on Dec. 31.

In addition to this sum payments remain to be made on three carloads of ore, including one of sulphide, shipped in January, and final settlements on 10 carloads shipped in the same period.

"What appears to be a new chimney has been struck in virgin ground on the 200 foot level," said Mr. Lavigne. "It lies northwest of the shaft and appears to be blind as the upper part of the drift is in rock and the lower part in ore formation. The body has been entered but a short distance and is streaked with both carbonite and sulphide ores."

### Local Items

The Northport High School presentation of "The Fascinating Kanne Brown" at the Iris Theater Wednesday night drew a large and appreciative audience. It was good

### Local Items

A. R. Brewer of the Np. Mfg. Co., now in the hands of a Receiver, visited his family here a few days last week. He now holds a position as machinist in the Kellogg smelter.

A letter from Don Ranick, 312 N. 16th st., Tacoma, enclosing \$2 to pay his subscription to the News for the coming year says: "We now have our own home here which we got through a trade for our ranch. It is a nice place and in a good location. The weather is quite mild. The grass is green but it rains almost every day now."

Our old pioneer friend Ed Hightower came down from the Gladstone mine, where he has a steady position, last week, to visit his father, who was sick. After a few days, the old gentleman recovering, Ed returned to the mine.

The Laface Broderick trial as continued for 30 days, we understand to give one of the Laface witnesses (Mrs. Brewer) an opportunity to appear on the witness stand before the court, she having been ill and unable to attend at the trial on Tuesday of last week. At the first it was intended to have her testimony submitted in the form of a deposition.

## Bergman Meat - Market

Fine, Tender Meats always on hand. Sausage, Hams, Bacon and everything usually kept in a first-class market.

**FISH IN SEASON**  
Will Buy Hides at Highest Prices  
Bergman Bros., upper Fourth street,  
Northport, Wash. Phone 171

## BROWN & BREWER Pool Room

AND  
BAKERY  
BREAD, COOKIES, FRUIT,  
CANDIES, NUTS.

Cigars and Tobacco

Lodging by the Night, Week or Month

Liberty Hotel Bldg. Columbia av.

## GARAGE

J. M. TYLLIA  
Proprietor

February 8, 1924 edition of Northport  
News.



planned to move to Northport to continue in business. The store and saloon were easy, but the P.O. was a bit more trouble. The News reports thus on Nov. 28, 1892:

**"The Post Office that supplies Northport and this entire district with mail has an interesting history. It was established at Little Dalles in 1889 with Cy Townsend as postmaster. When the railroad was built thru Little Dalles to a point some four miles below the present site of Northport, in order to accommodate the increasing number of people around here, Mr. Townsend placed the post office building on a flat car and moved it to the end of the railroad. In September the railroad was pushed thru to Northport which left the former terminus out in the cold, so Mr. Townsend again moved the post office building and his business to the new end of the line, locating near the steamboat landing. Last Thursday afternoon it was again moved by contractor L. A. Clark to its present location on Columbia Ave. Mr. Townsend will retire from the post office at the end of the year. The office will then be discontinued as the Northport Post Office but will be reestablished with William P. Hughes as Postmaster."**

It was reported that the mail used to be brought up to the leading saloon and put out on the bar for people to pick out their letters. There were no newspapers shipped in.

One of the first, if not the first, big social event was a dance given on Sept. 28, 1892 in the new residence of W.R. Lee. Music was furnished by T. B. Marks, guitar, and P. George on harmonica. Chris Knutson and Frank Wilson did the calling. After a bounteous supper served at midnight dancing continued until 2:30 in the morning.

1894 was the year of high water. Seventy feet above low water mark was reached. All the railroad in town was under water, and it reached back to the ravine back of the Silver Crown saloon (Beard's store). Most of Columbia Avenue was under water. At Boundary the Fort Shepherd Hotel was under water. Not until June 17 did the water begin to recede, leaving great damage in

its wake. This was a big blow to overcome.

January 1897 saw the beginning of work on the railroad bridge to span the Columbia river. The bridge was 1700 feet in length, a combined steel, wood and concrete structure resting upon four piers composed of solid concrete. The tallest pier was 80 feet. The bridge was to be ready by June first, but in April high water got in its telling work and a large tree took out one of the pilings, so construction was not finished until autumn. The bridge had an important meaning for Northport.

In 1898 another "first" came to Northport. The Smelter was a -building. The railroad to Rossland was all but finished and the bridge built making the Town full of business and people. Changes had to be made in the mode of travel. Horses were still used, but the old wagons with their four and six horse teams pulling the ore down from Rossland and the stagecoaches were gone. Progress was in the wind, the town was booming with saloons, gambling houses, mercantile stores, and the people began to talk about some form of local government to oversee all this activity. The real wish probably, was to keep the proceeds from fines and fees within the Town. This notice appeared on bulletin boards and posting places:

**"By special request of many prominent citizens of the town of Northport, a mass meeting of the citizens will be held in Lee's Hall on Tuesday evening Feb. 2, 1898 at 7 o'clock for the purpose of considering the practicability of taking immediate legal steps toward incorporating the Town of Northport."**

Mr. Hughes was much concerned about the condition of Northport and reported in his newspaper:

**"It is understood the committee on Incorporation has met several times, but arrived at no definite line of action, except to go ahead. Northport now pays \$5,100 saloon license fees into the County Treasury, and gets nothing back. Last year not one cent was laid out upon our streets. We have no health officers. Our alleys and**

blow to

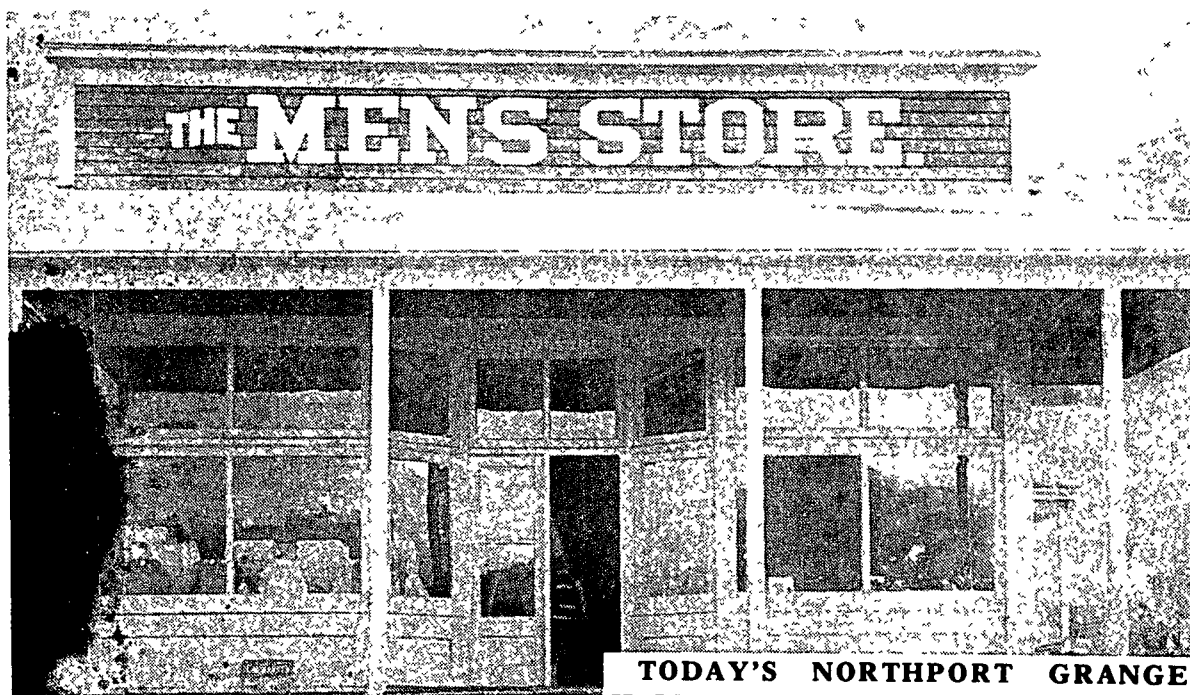
ing of work  
e Columbia  
in length, a  
concrete  
s composed  
pier was 80  
dy by June  
got in its  
k out one of  
not finished  
n important

o Northport.  
e railroad to  
d the bridge  
business and  
in the mode  
, but the old  
horse teams  
land and the  
ress was in  
oming with  
mercantile  
o talk about  
t to oversee  
h probably,  
n fines and  
ce appeared  
places:

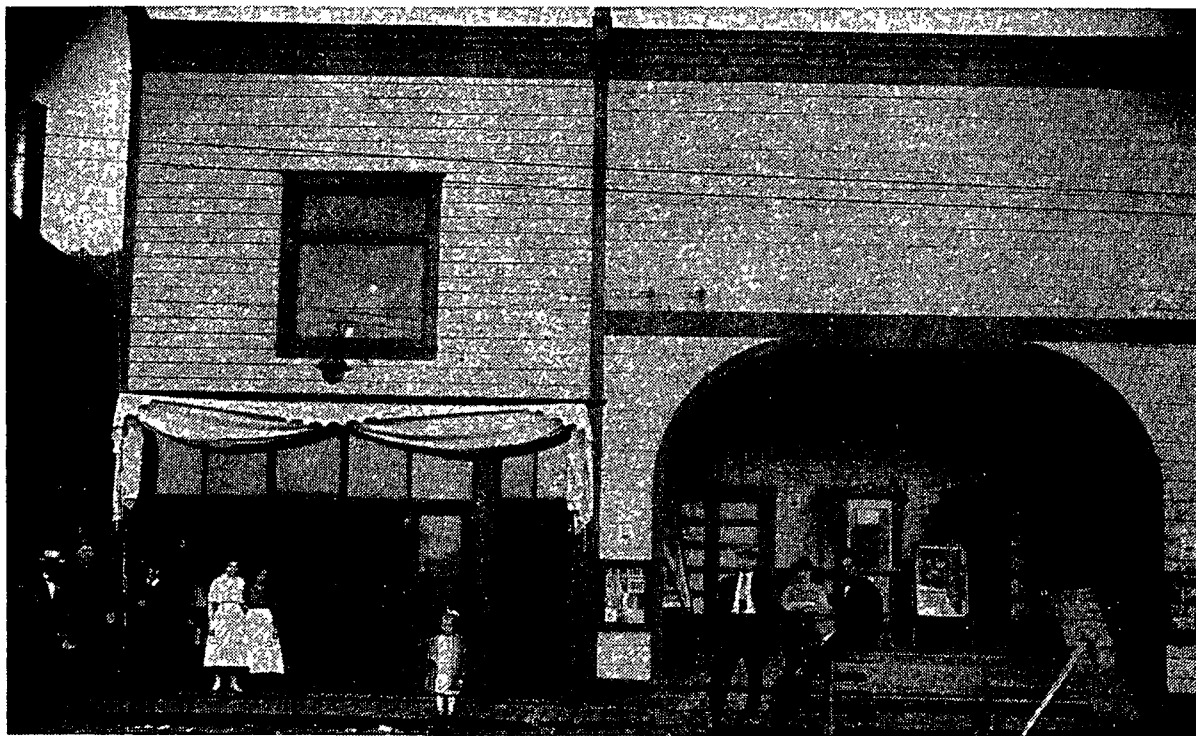
y prominent  
ort, a mass  
held in Lee's  
. 2, 1898 at 7  
sidering the  
ediate legal  
he Town of

erned about  
l reported in

mmittee on  
l times, but  
ction, except  
pays \$5,100  
the County  
k. Last year  
our streets.  
or s and



**TODAY'S NORTHPORT GRANGE HALL** on Summit Ave. was once a mens store. Then it became Joe LaFace's card room and pool hall. After that it was the "Cash & Carry" store operated by Hank Broderius.



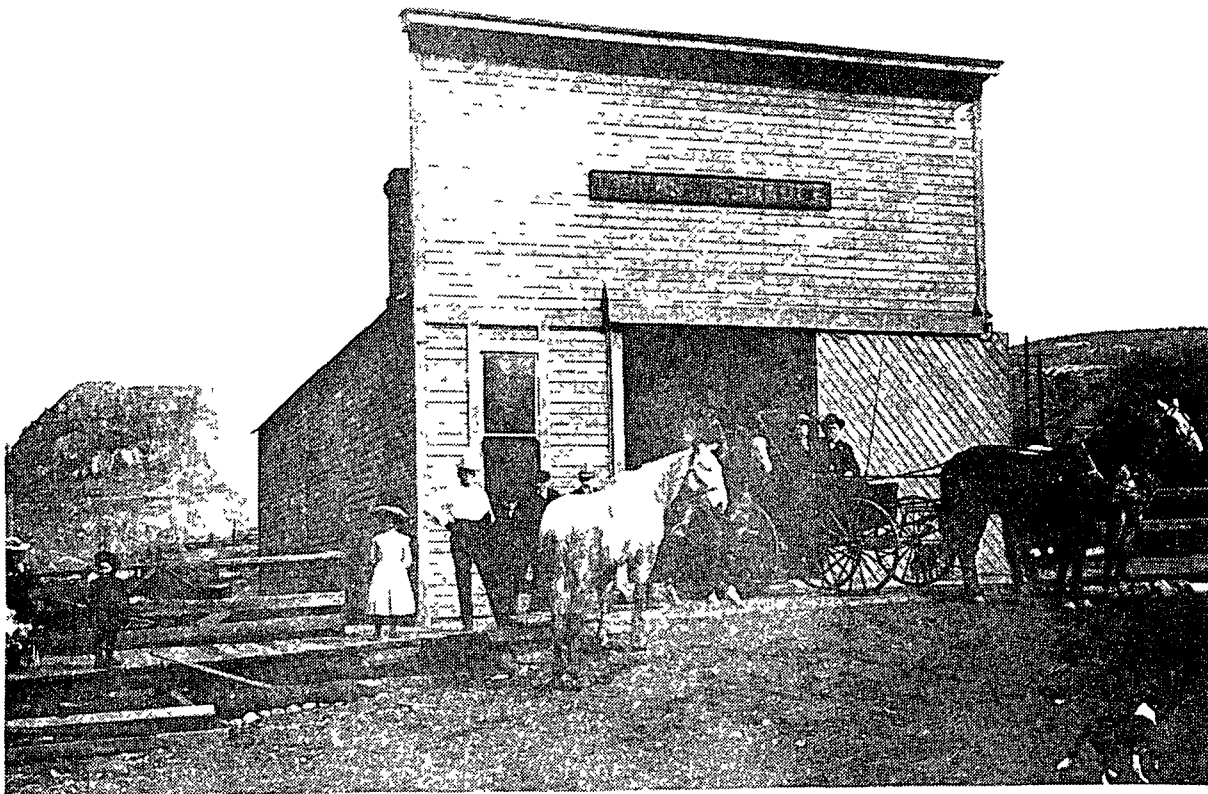
**SUMMIT AVENUE** business buildings - Left edge was Joe Tyllia garage, which burned. Center was Beard's feed store. Right was Liberty Theatre that became the Liberty dance hall.

streets are in fearful condition, and they will be worse if we do not incorporate. We have no jail and the County refuses to give us one. We have no Deputy Sheriff to serve process or other officer if the constable happens to be away. Mr. Corbin and the County Authorities have been approached about the matter of a jail, but they take no action in the matter. The only way we can get at the problem is to incorporate and the sooner the committee does its work and we proceed, the better it will be for the people of the Town."

By June 5, 1898 the Incorporation of Northport had moved to the point that an election of town officers was arranged. The slate: Messrs. Townsend, Travis, Savage, Murphy, Kendrick, Ogilvie and Thomas for Councilmen, Fred S. Phillips, Clerk; Ed Darling, Marshal; F. G. Slocum, Treasurer,

and Wm P. Hughes, Mayor. On June 26, the first election for Town officials was held in Northport with these results: Mayor, Wm P. Hughes; Councilmen: A. Almstrom, T. L. Savage, A. K. Ogilvie, A. T. Kendricks, Cy Townsend and J. F. Harris. Health Officer, Dr. J. J. Travis; City Attorney, J. A. Kellogg; Clerk, D. S. Hammond and Treasurer F. G. Slocum. It was a gala occasion. The opposing factions had gaily caparisoned horses and vehicles carrying voters to the polls. The heat arose and three fights were in progress at one time. All in all, said Mr. Hughes, "Good men were elected as well as defeated."

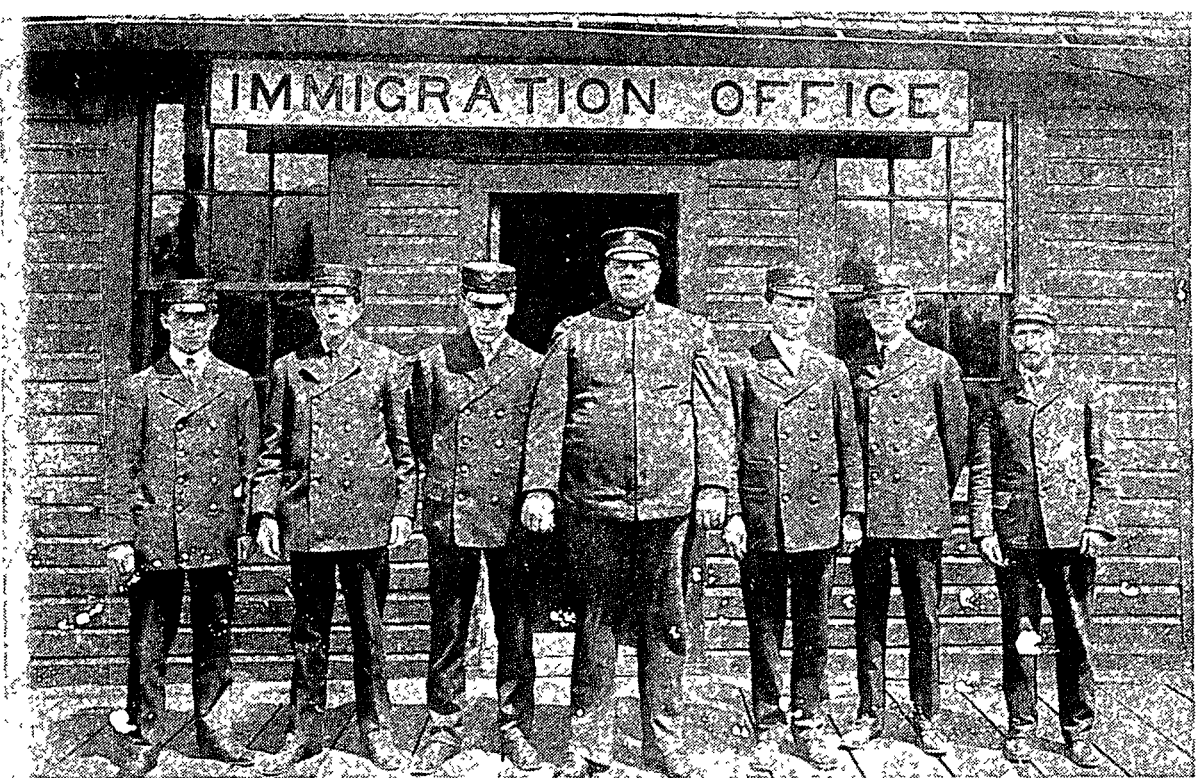
(The preceeding article was written in 1976 for the Bicentennial by W. M. Swartz, Sr. from the accounts of early days in the Northport area written by Margaret Evans and Carrie Allen, both "Old-timers" in Northport.)



**NORTHPORT LIVERY STABLE—** Adolph Fredrickson with a passenger at his Livery Stable in Northport sometime before 1914.

ne 26, the  
as held in  
ayor Wm  
str. T.  
endricks,  
s. Health  
orney, J.  
mond and  
as a gala  
had gaily  
carrying  
and three  
me. All in  
nen were

written in  
A. Swartz,  
ays in the  
ret Evans  
mers" in



**Early Northport Immigration Officers in front of Immigration Office.**



**COLUMBIA BAND, Northport - 1918 -**  
**First row, left to right, Dr. Hemmer,**  
**Eugene Clark, Albert Ogilvie, Harvey**  
**White, Art Cress, unknown, Nel Adams and**  
**Fred Gottbehuet. Second row: Bill**  
**Cummings, Mr. Morgan, Dewey Broderius,**  
**Ralph Gottbehuet, Charles Hofer and**  
**unknown.**



**J.E— Ado-**  
**ger at his**  
**me before**





**Ladies of the Northport Red Cross during World War I in front of the building that housed the Northport News. This building was located just north of the present Diamond Horseshoe Restaurant.**



**Newly completed buildings after the fire of July 22, 1914 on Columbia Ave. The first building on the right was the Northport post office. This picture was taken about 1916.**

North  
been sta  
chased  
and buil  
of peopl  
believe  
townsite  
dotted v  
homeste  
as earl  
homeste  
and Fra  
perman  
few mor  
into a to  
the plac

general  
business  
that th  
Railroa  
felt pro  
erected  
1, 1892.

The s  
built t  
newspap  
ting equ  
wagon p  
in Spoke  
Corbin t  
1892 the  
pearanc  
item of  
said the  
The New

"Seldo  
been nec  
for the  
cor op

# NORTHPORT HISTORY

By Ruth Hirsch

Northport is believed by some to have been started by a Mr. D. C. Corbin who purchased the townsite from the government and built a railroad which brought an influx of people to the areas in the 1890's.<sup>1</sup> Others believe that in the spring of 1892, the present townsite of Northport was just a wooded flat dotted with three homesteads. One of the homesteads is believed to have been there as early as 1876. The owners of the homesteads, A. V. Downs, Fred Farqhar and Frank George became sponsors for the permanency of the future townsite. Within a few months the woods had been converted into a town with a dozen people occupying the place.<sup>2</sup>

The first business established was a general store by T. L. Savage. He moved his business from Kettle Falls because he knew that the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad was headed for Northport and he felt profits would be greater in the newly erected town. He opened his business June 1, 1892.<sup>3</sup>

The second business house erected was built by W. P. Hughes a veteran newspaperman who had brought his printing equipment to Northport on the back of a wagon pulled by an oxen team. He stopped in Spokane and signed a contract with D. C. Corbin to establish a newspaper. On July 4, 1892 the Northport News made its first appearance. Doubtless the most interesting item of news in the paper was the one that said there was actually a town of Northport. The News had this to say:

"Seldom in the annals of journalism has it been necessary for a new paper to explain for the benefit and enlightenment of its contemporaries where it exists and who are

its expected patrons.

Yet save within a circumscribed area, one may presume that a certain ignorance anent Northport exists, and the reasons for such a presumption are as various as they are plausible. The most recently published map of the United States; the most comprehensive atlas; the very latest gazeteer, none of them indicate the location of Northport; none of them recognize its existence. The census taker has passed it by, it has so far enjoyed no place in history; a month or two ago it was a beautiful wooded flat; today it is already a town; tomorrow - a few tomorrows hence, at any rate - it will be a city.

The town started growing when the Northport sawmill began operations in August 1892. It was owned by William Smith, R. L. Barlow, W. R. Lee and H. Viet. The mill supplied employment for men in the area and added to the growth of Northport.

Sunday, Sept. 18, 1892, was the eventful day the railroad reached Northport with E. J. Roberts as engineer. The railroad was a pleasing sight and one that will never be forgotten by Northport pioneers. The first passenger train ran into town two days later. A box car was used as a temporary depot until a suitable one could be built. The arrival of the railroad meant a great deal to Northport.

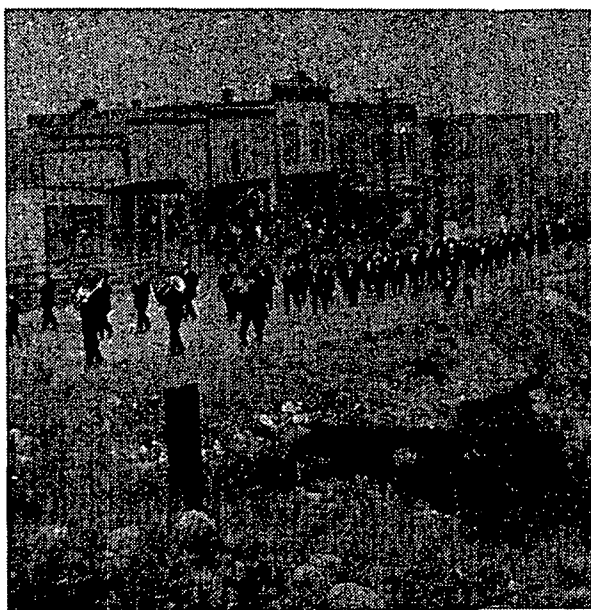
At the time the railroad had Little Dalles for a terminus connecting with a line of boats plying the Columbia river between Little Dalles and Revelstoke, B.C. This was the Kootenai Steamship Company; the boats in commission were the "Columbia," "Kootenai," and "Illicillawaet." At Revelstoke, B. C., the boats connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway. After the

railroad reached Northport the boats plied between Northport and Revelstoke until the road was built to Nelson and the steamship line discontinued.<sup>6</sup>

During the fall of 1892 a school was established. The county at the time could not warrant much aid to a school, but with thirty children of school age a need existed. The county said it could pay for the teacher if the people raised the money for a building among themselves. The people immediately raised \$235 and erected a building at a cost of \$150. School was opened Monday, Dec. 12, 1892. Miss Hogg was installed as temporary teacher and shortly followed by Mrs. William Haven who was the first regularly employed by Northport.<sup>7</sup>

Also in the fall of 1892, the people of Northport organized a mining district with the following boundary lines: Beginning at the international boundary line of the United States and British Columbia, on Kettle River; thence southerly along said river to a point west of the "Young America" mine; thence east to the Metaline District, or mines; thence north to the international boundary line; thence west along said line to the place of beginning. The district is to be known as the "Northport Mining District." People organized this particular district because they felt it would save miners considerable trouble, expense and delay in recording their locations and other notices. W. P. Hughes was elected recorder of the new mining district.

The post office that supplied Northport and vicinity with mail during the early years possesses an interesting story. The office was first established at Little Dalles with Cy Townsend as postmaster. After the railroad was extended to Northport, Cy moved the post office to Northport on Columbia Avenue. Cy also conducted a saloon - and it was also the post office. When the mail pouch was delivered it was Cy's custom to open it in the saloon, spread the mail on the bar and invite the inhabitants to "step up and select their mail." One day a post office inspector dropped into town without revealing his identity immediately and in doing so, witnessed the usual distribution of the mail. After the saloon



Knights of Pythias convention parade going up the hill from Kendrick's Mercantile.

was empty, the inspector made himself known and the following colloquy is said to have taken place:

"Is this your customary way of distributing the mail?" inquired the inspector.

"Yes," replied Mr. Townsend, "That's about the way we work it here."

"Well, don't you know that this is irregular? You should never open the pouch in the saloon."

"I don't know if it is regular or not, but I guess people around here are satisfied."

"Where do you keep your registered letters? Under lock and key?"

"No; I got them back here under the bar, and when somebody comes in who has a registered letter I give it to him."

"Well, this is very irregular and must be stopped. You are working for the government, and if you expect to hold your position you must conduct affairs differently in the future."

"Now see here; you may be a post office inspector, all right and be privileged to come around here asking questions and telling me what to do, but I want you to understand this: I never asked for this position, and am simply acting as post-



Northport Mercantile - General Merchandise. When this picture was taken the building had already been empty a number of years.



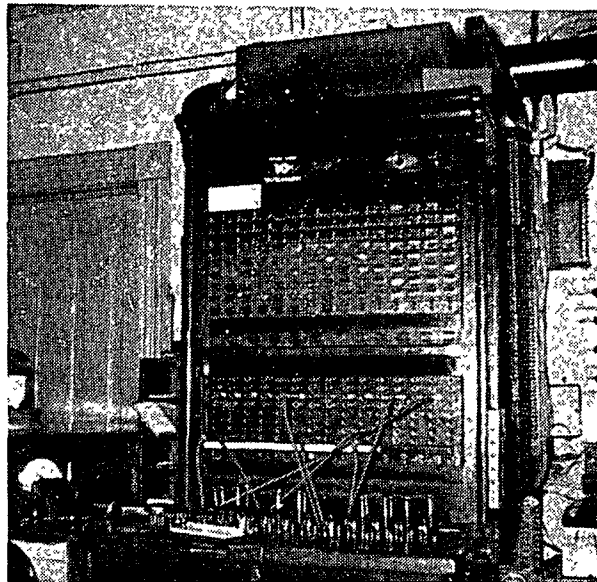
master to accommodate the people around here. They are satisfied with the way I run things, and if they are then the government ought to be, too. You can take your damned post office any time you want to!" The post office which consisted of a pasteboard box in which a few letters sat, landed in the street in front of the saloon.<sup>8</sup>

It is a matter of record, that Mr. Townsend continued to act as postmaster until an office was officially established in Northport. There weren't any changes in the manner of conducting the delivery of the mail until the new office was built.

On Jan. 1, 1893, a new post office was established with W. P. Hughes as postmaster until 1897 when Professor Todd received his commission to work. Following Todd was W. Case, T. Richardson, and Val Harworth who served for 30 years until Mrs. Asbell was appointed; she is currently post mistress.<sup>9</sup>

The biggest plus to the town was the railroad. The Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad was extended to Northport from the Little Dalles six miles away. It was then decided to extend the railroad route to Nelson, B. C. Northport was headquarters for this work for many months. About a thousand men were employed by the construction company and they made Northport their temporary home. Some men brought their families and stayed on after the construction was finished. In June a permanent depot was built at Northport.

On Monday, May 8, 1893, Northport's first great fire occurred. The fire broke out about 3:30 p.m. in the back of William Eaton's saloon. It was discovered by Fred Johnson, who at once raised alarm and ran to the scene with several others. They found the door securely fastened and they proceeded to break it down. No water was on hand and it was next to impossible to combat the flames. The small building was soon a mass of flames and within a few minutes from the discovery of the fire, the building was a mass of flames and spreading quickly taking the Big Ben Company's store. Mr. and Mrs. Eagan's restaurant, Jerry Spellman's saloon, Cy



Switchboard at the Northport telephone office. Picture taken in 1956 just prior to Northport going "dial."

Townsend's saloon and a lodging house, O'Hare and Kellerman's restaurant and meat market with Col. Pinkston's lodging house. With extra exertions the new buildings of John Burn and three smaller buildings were saved.<sup>10</sup> Within two hours from the time the flames were discovered nothing could be seen but a smoky mass of ruins. Losses totaled \$18,000. No cause was ever found for the fire. All the businesses were immediately rebuilt except for the Big Bend Company.

The Northport Echoes "Archives Revived" quotes what the Northport News said about the fire:

"In one way the fire has proven a benefit in the fact that it shows Northport to be a permanent town. Most of the people who were burned out came here in December and January thinking business, on account of the railroad work would be good for about three months. The fact of their rebuilding, and their evident determination to remain here shows that the place is solid."<sup>11</sup>

Disaster seemed inevitable when Northport was again plagued with fire three months and two days following the last one. Thursday, Aug. 10, 1893, the people of Northport were awoken with cries of "Fire!" The fire originated at the International





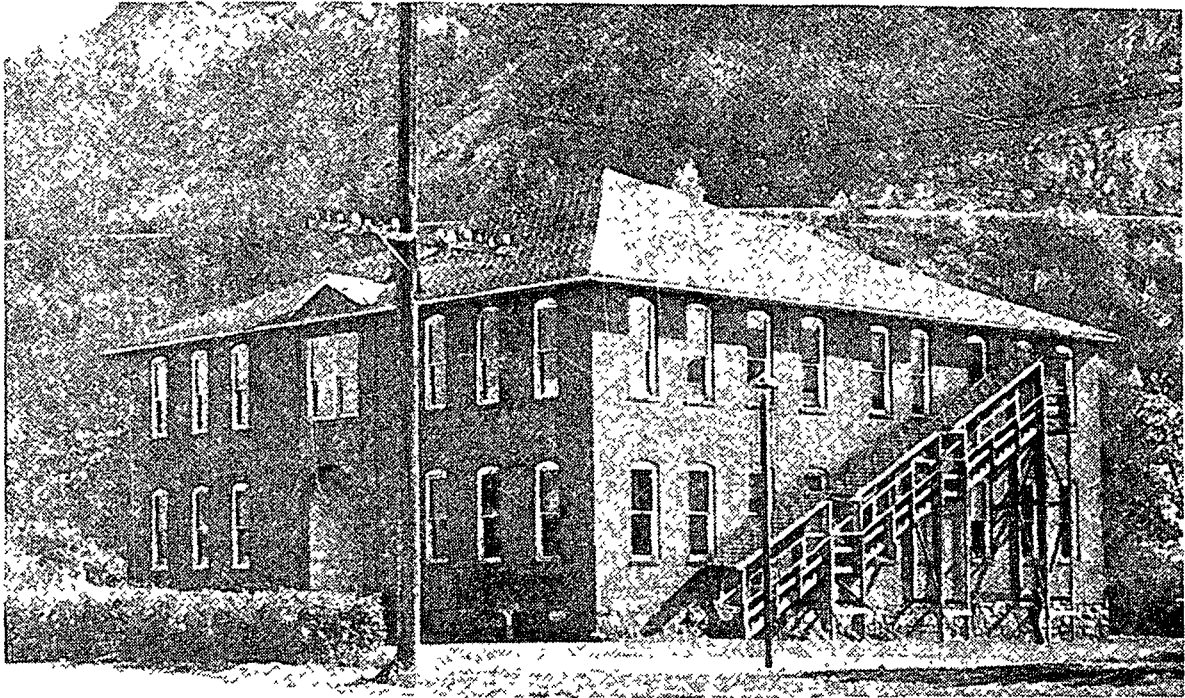
Telephone prior to

g house,  
ant and  
lodging  
he new  
smaller  
10 hours  
scattered  
mass of  
ause was  
usinesses  
r the Big

Archives  
ort News

a benefit  
rt to be a  
ople who  
December  
account  
for about  
building,  
o remain  
11

en North-  
ree mon-  
last one.  
le of Nor-  
"Fire!"  
rnal



**NORTHPORT GRADE SCHOOL - 1905 to 1980**



**Children line up during July 4, 1921 Northport parade.**

Hotel and spread to seven buildings making the losses \$9,000. As soon as the fires were out it was discovered one life had been lost - George Schild, who was well known as a miner. The fire is believed to have started when Schild went to his room under the influence of liquor and either upset the lamp or let a lighted cigar fall on his bed.

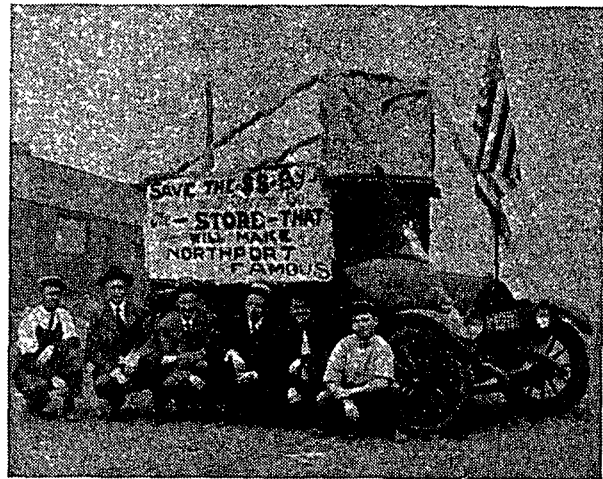
The part of town that had burnt was not immediately rebuilt. There were several vacant buildings farther to the east and those who had burnt moved into these.

According to the Northport News on Oct. 21, 1893, Northport had its share of excitement and even a Red Light District. Northport was believed to have had as many as 26 saloons at one time. The Northport News made this announcement:

**"A couple of charming young ladies from a neighboring Canadian town have been paying us frequent visits of late and a wave of wild insanity has in consequence swept over the town, affecting most of our young men. A "Lady of Elegant Leisure" has rented four bedrooms and a parlor over a business place on Columbia Avenue and will leave for Spokane tomorrow to lay in a "supply of girls.""**<sup>12</sup>

Northport did not have a lot of crime during its early days but the Northport News found one incident worth writing about. It was about one of the girls in the saloons, Miss Millie Powers. Millie playfully relieved Robert Johnson of his pocketbook and its contents one evening. Johnson was not aware of this but a friend of his saw it take place and reported it to Johnson. When Johnson accused Millie of taking his pocketbook she disagreed and showed fight to such an extent that an officer had to be called in. The city Marshal, Jack Dietrick tried to persuade Millie to give it up, but she refused. Jack was forced to search her and it is reported that she fought him like a tigress. The pocketbook was retrieved and Millie was placed in the "skookum house." The next day she was found guilty of petty larceny and fined for \$25 plus costs. Friends came to her aid and paid her fine.<sup>13</sup>

The Customs Service for the United



**Parade entry advertises Northport's "Co-Operative Co.," the store that will make Northport Famous.**

States to Canada has not always been at Frontier; it used to be in Northport at the railway depot in 1894 and operated by Mr. Hugh McCool.

The usual procedure of stopping at the office has not always been followed either. The officers used to go out in patrol cars - which they had seized from people.<sup>14</sup>

In 1900, Mr. McDonald became deputy collector and the inspectors were William Hutchinson, R. M. Close, Myron McLean and Van Dyke. In 1934, Sam Paul came over from Laurier and supervised inspectors C. L. Thompson, Rosco Kirk and W. T. Ogdon.<sup>15</sup>

H. A. Walley later became inspector and during this time the port of entry was moved from the depot to the junction of highway 25 and 195.

On Jan. 1, 1966 the port of entry was moved from Northport up to the border by the Canadian office. The port had been in Northport for economic reasons; it covered two entries in one stop. However, this presented a problem because 11 miles of the road was uncovered.

The elements of rain and wind visited Northport on Sunday June 3, 1894. The day had been really sultry and about noon dark clouds began to gather; thunder and lightning soon followed. Dust rose from the mountain sides and timber began falling. Within a short time the storm had reached



Northport's  
hat will

s been at  
port at the  
ed by Mr.

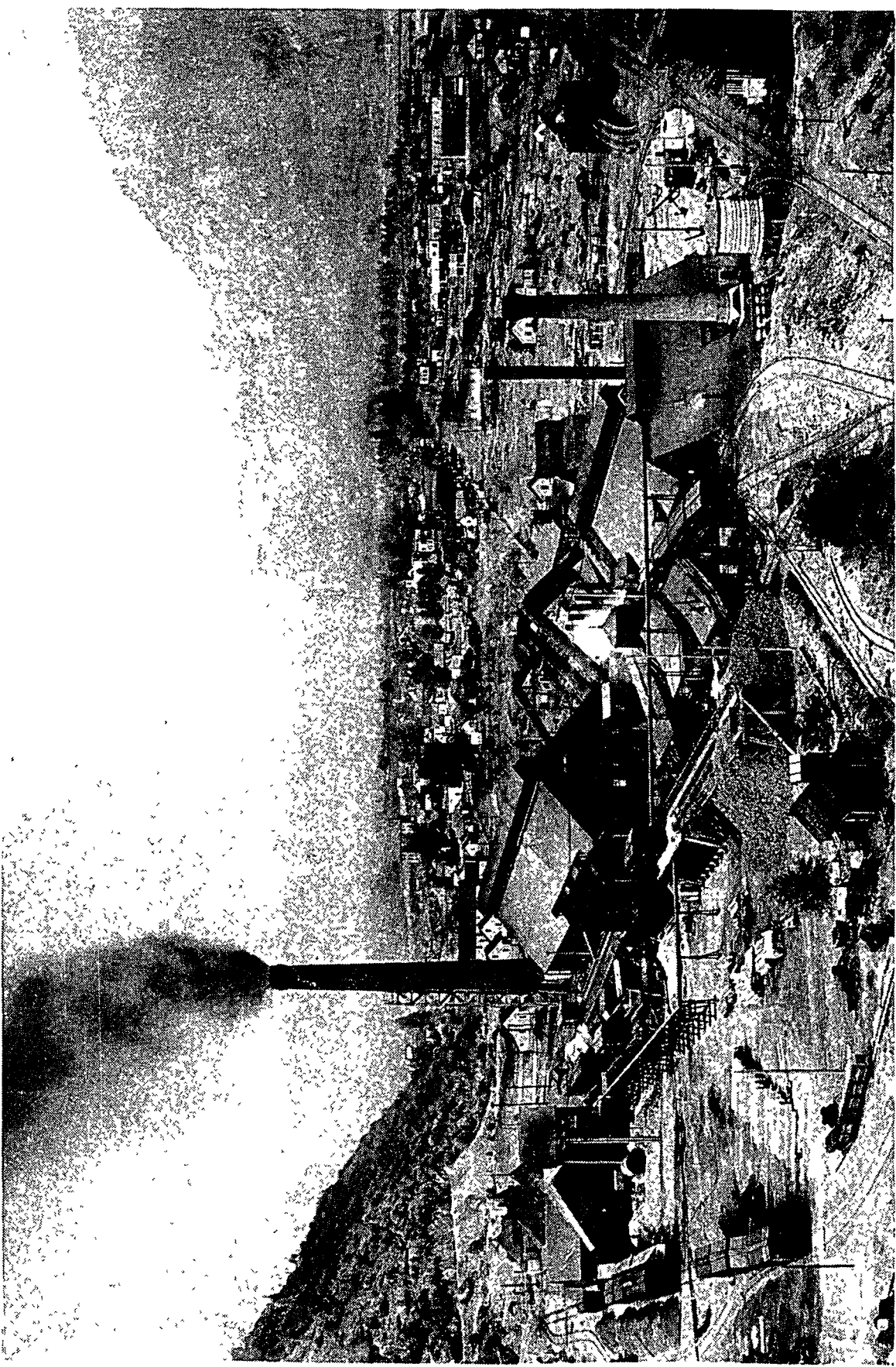
g at the of-  
ed either.  
trol cars -  
14

ne Deputy  
e William  
a McLean  
came over  
pectors C.  
d W. T.

ector and  
entry was  
unction of

entry was  
border by  
d been in  
it covered  
ever, this  
iles of the

ad visited  
l. The day  
noon dark  
nder and  
e from the  
in falling.  
d shed

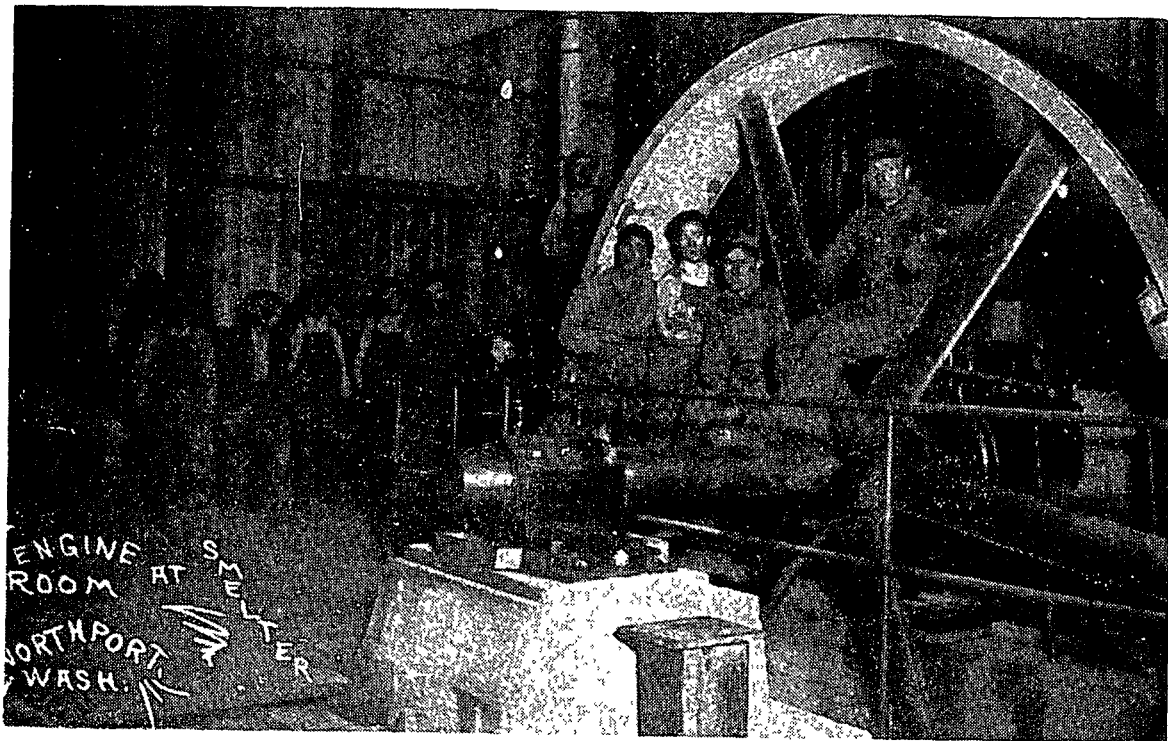


Northport Smelter during hey day. About  
1914.

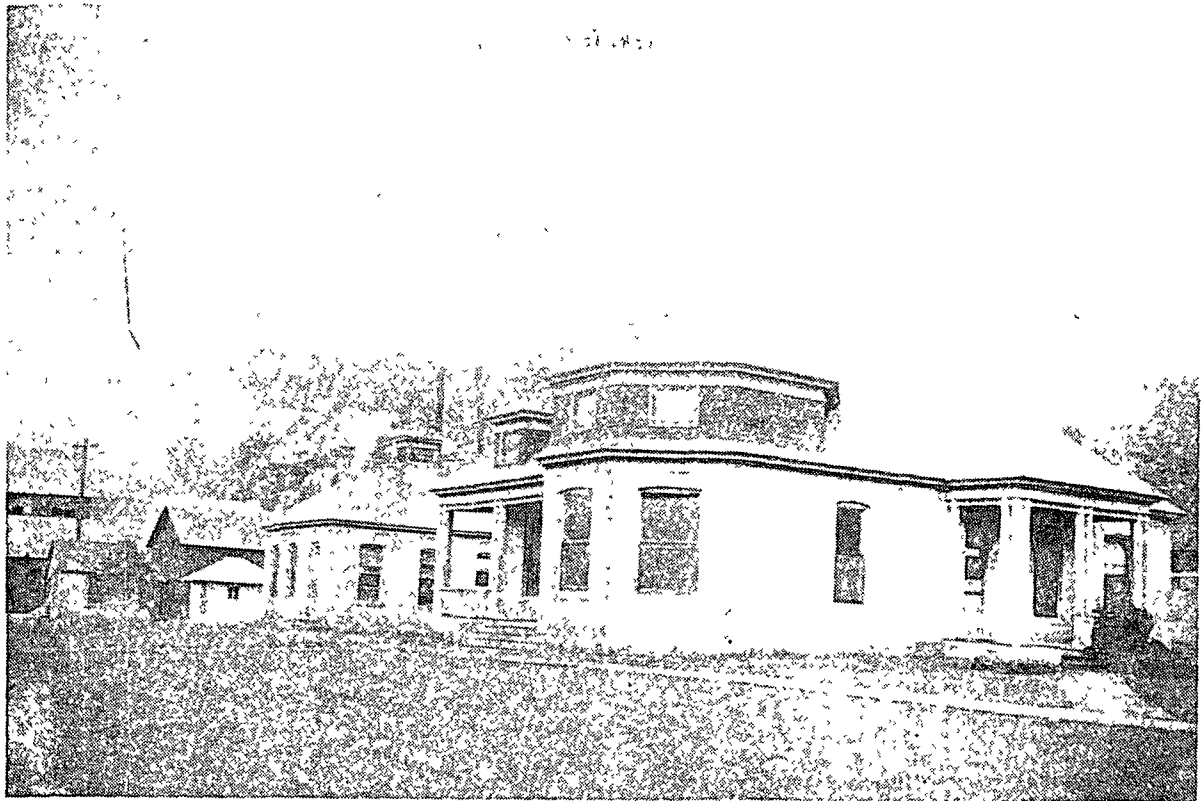




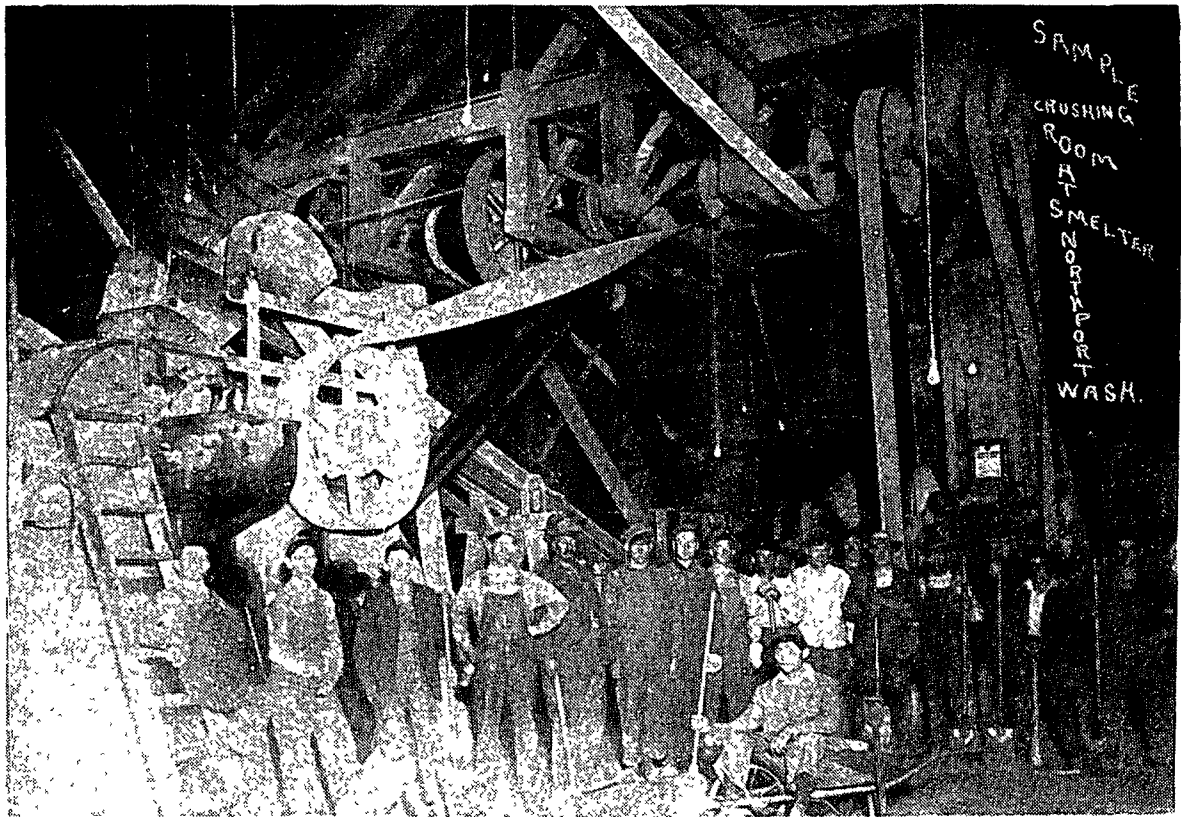
**LE ROI smelter under construction at Northport in 1897.**



**ENGINE ROOM at Northport smelter.**



**LAW HOUSE - Home of the man who at one time ran the smelter.**



**CRUSHING ROOM of Northport smelter.**

Northport and trees and signs were scattered by the wind. Rain followed for three hours.

Following the storm came the high waters of the Columbia which did more damage than the storm. The railroad track from Marcus to Waneta was covered with debris and trees. The damage cost several hundred thousand dollars. In time the water subsided. On June 14 the Northport News had this to say in review of the flood:

**"The worst scare that Northport ever had is now over, and we are breathing easier. The highest flood known in this section for seventy-five years has passed, and Northport with the exception of the mill, stood high and dry during the terrible ordeal..."**<sup>16</sup>

With the opening of the north half of the Colville Indian Reservation to the mineral entry in February 1896, Northport began to assume an air of general prosperity. Miners and prospectors began pouring into the town. Fifteen more businesses were erected to meet the growing demands of the town. Stores, shoe shops, barber shops, drug store, five more restaurants, laundries, brick yard and a ferry were all added.

Disasters seem to be an expected happening in Northport's history. A third fire broke out on March 18, 1896 in Mr. Bradbury's kitchen due to a defective flue. From Bradbury's the fire spread to Cy Townsend's two story building on the north and A. E. Allman's club saloon on the south. Many smaller buildings were also consumed, saloons, grocery stores and a harness shop to name a few. The losses were once again great, but this time none of the property carried insurance.

The year 1897 showed a growth in the town. It was settled during the summer that the prospective smelter was to be located at Northport and this aided materially in furthering the interest of people. Construction began on the smelter and a new railroad bridge across the Columbia. Several hundred men were employed for the construction work on both. The work on the bridge was completed in October 1897, but the smelter was not completed until 1898.

In 1898, the most disastrous fire in the history of Northport took place. The fire swept across more than three city blocks in the business district which lay between third and seventh streets on Columbia Avenue.

When the fire broke out bucket brigades were formed. Conditions would have been worse had it not been possible to get water from the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad's storage tank east of town. Railroaders and other citizens hauled water with railway engines and all the people fought against the odds.

A change in wind carried embers into the section west of fourth street and soon this block was a blaze. West of Fourth, the buildings on both sides of the railroad tracks were engulfed regardless of the use of dynamite to stop the spread of fire.

The A. T. Kendrick building was the only structure on the block that escaped destruction; it still houses the Kendrick Mercantile company. The State Bank was also burned along with the residences of many pioneers such as William Hughes and Dr. J. Travis.<sup>17</sup>

The "restricted district" which was located in the part of town where the fire took place was also burnt. The "houses of ill fame" as they were known and the dance hall near them (a part of them in reality), were destroyed - in a few short hours the gay and bawdy places which housed all sorts of gambling, harlotry and kindred vices were no more.<sup>18</sup>

The cause of the fire is generally believed to have started when an oil lamp in a barber shop was upset. The losses from the fire totaled around \$25,000. Little of this was covered by insurance as rates were high in the new and bustling town which was considered a fire trap. Following the disaster, the people rebuilt the business section because times were prosperous. Things were looking better every day with smelter workers and their families moving in.

The smelter opened in the fall of 1898 with a force of 200 workmen, but this steadily increased to 500 and 600 men. The town had a population of 1,500-2,000 people at this time.<sup>19</sup>

ce in the  
The fire  
blocks in  
be seen  
Columbia  
brigades  
ave been  
jet water  
Northern  
of town.  
led water  
ie people  
s into the  
soon this  
urth, the  
railroad  
if the use  
re.  
; the only  
destruct-  
mercantile  
to burned  
pioneers  
Dr. J.  
icli as  
the fire  
uses of ill  
he dance  
reality),  
hours the  
ad all sor-  
red vices  
believed  
a barber  
the fire  
this was  
re high in  
was con-  
disaster,  
section  
Things  
a smelter  
in.  
1898 with  
eadily in-  
wn had a  
af this

# The Northport Times

VOL. 1

NORTHPORT, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1918

No. 25

## THE Princess Fairies

A COMIC OPERETTA

Staged by

The Trail Dramatic Society

IRIS Theater

23 Monday, April 29th

Thirty People

Special Scenery

Assisted by their EIGHT PIECE  
ORCHESTRA

Ukelele Sextette

One hundred and fifty minutes in  
riot of melody and fun. The  
tango Artists, Fun in a Barber  
shop, the Hawaiian Hula Hulas

### Noted Lecturer Coming.

A privilege much appreciated is the opportunity given Northport's patriotic citizens of hearing (and seeing) a noted national lecturer at the Iris Friday when Amos H. Hause will speak on "Germany and the War" and illustrate his scholarly address with many colored views taken on European battle fields on sea, and in the air. Mr. Hause's lecture receives the highest praise from the press wherever he has delivered it. Most recently he has been touring the Inland Empire, but has spoken throughout the United States during the past two years. He is said to be an interesting and inspiring talker, with a fund of facts at his tongue's end.

### The Scarlet Pimpernel

Of special interest to local movie fans is the appearance in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" at the Iris Sunday as one of the leading actors in that great romantic story of adventure, of a Washington boy—Bert Hadley, born and raised (until he ran off to join a travelling theatrical troupe) at Walla Walla.

He has distinctly "made good," on the stage as well as before the camera, as all who see him in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" will freely admit.

REX BEACH PLAY "AUCTION  
BLOCK" FULL OF THRILLS

## Liberty Day Program Tonight

Pursuant to President Wilson designating today (Friday) as Liberty Day, this evening at 7 p. m., at Fourth street and Columbia avenue, the occasion will be observed in an auspicious manner by good speaking and music, under the direction of the Liberty Loan committee. The following is the program:

Selection by band.

Address by Mr. Bowers, chairman.

Address by Rev. Mr. Ware.

Address by Rev. Father Morris.

Address by Mr. Albo (in Italian).

Address by Judge Stephen Chadwick, justice of the state supreme court.

Address by Nick Kihalick.

Ukelele-guitar-acordian selection.

Selection by the band.

LAW MAKING BY THE INITIATIVE  
DEMANDS SACRIFICE

Mrs. Myrtle M. MacBoyle, or H. A. Miller, Colville, Washington. The way not to have these measures become law is to be indifferent enough to expect someone else will do what you should do yourself—circulate the petitions. (Signed); H. A. Miller.

### Promising Northport Factory

The writer notes from observations that the Northport Manufacturing Company is awakening. Mr. Moore, the secretary-treasurer of the company, is hustling around in a supreme effort to raise the money to purchase the machinery and start making saws. The Times wish him every success in his endeavors, hoping the public will support him. There is no question but what this industry will be a good thing when once placed in active operation.

Attend the Liberty Day exercises this evening near the depot.

## Miss Molly Acted by High School

A two act comedy, "Miss Molly," was presented by the seniors and juniors of the high school on April 20 at the Iris theater. The play was under the direction of Miss Mary Eller and was a success as the theater was well filled.

## High Grade Silver Mine

"The Young America mine, which was sold to residents of San Francisco and North Yakima on April 11, is high grade silver property carrying large tonnage of concentrating ore," says John P. Mackison of Bossburg, Wash.

"The mine is in the center of a large and rich mineral district that has several large groups of mining properties possessed of high merit.

"These properties surround the Young America and with very little development will take places as shipper with the rest of the many shipping mines throughout Stevens county.

"With high class management and honest development, I predict the Young America will make a record which the district and Stevens county will be proud."—Spokane Review.

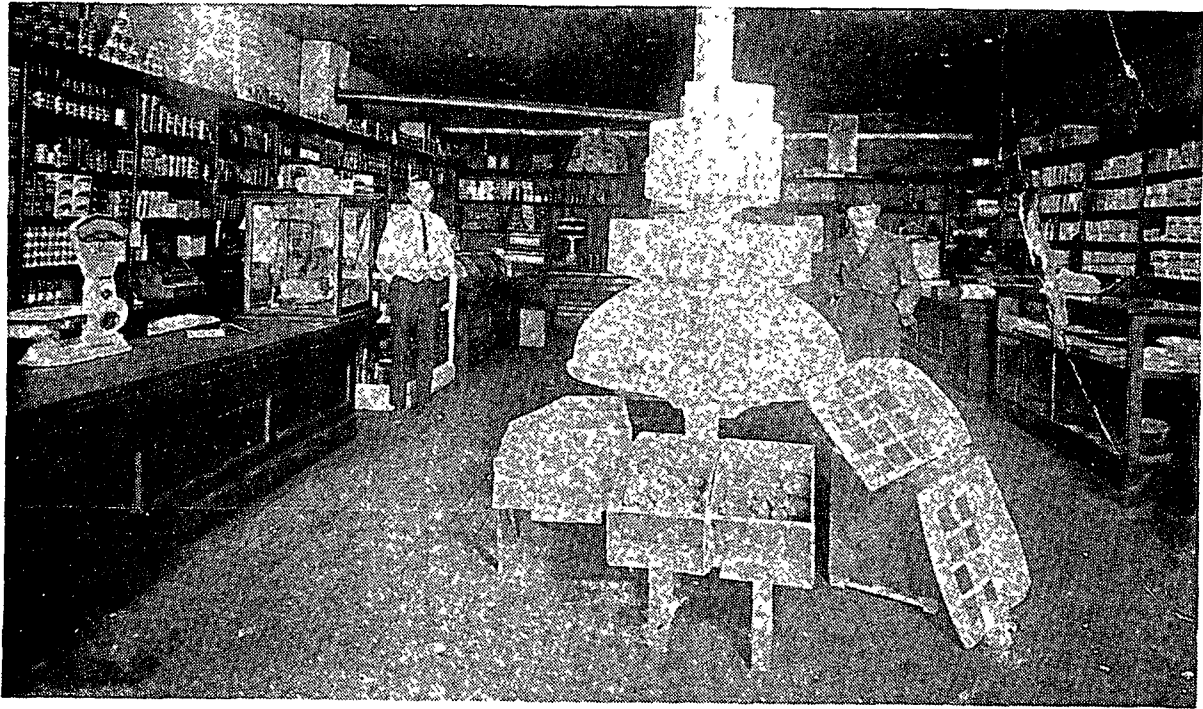
### At The Iris

The transitions made by Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston when they began playing their roles in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," to be seen at the Iris Theatre next Sunday almost amounted to changes from the ridiculous to the sublime.

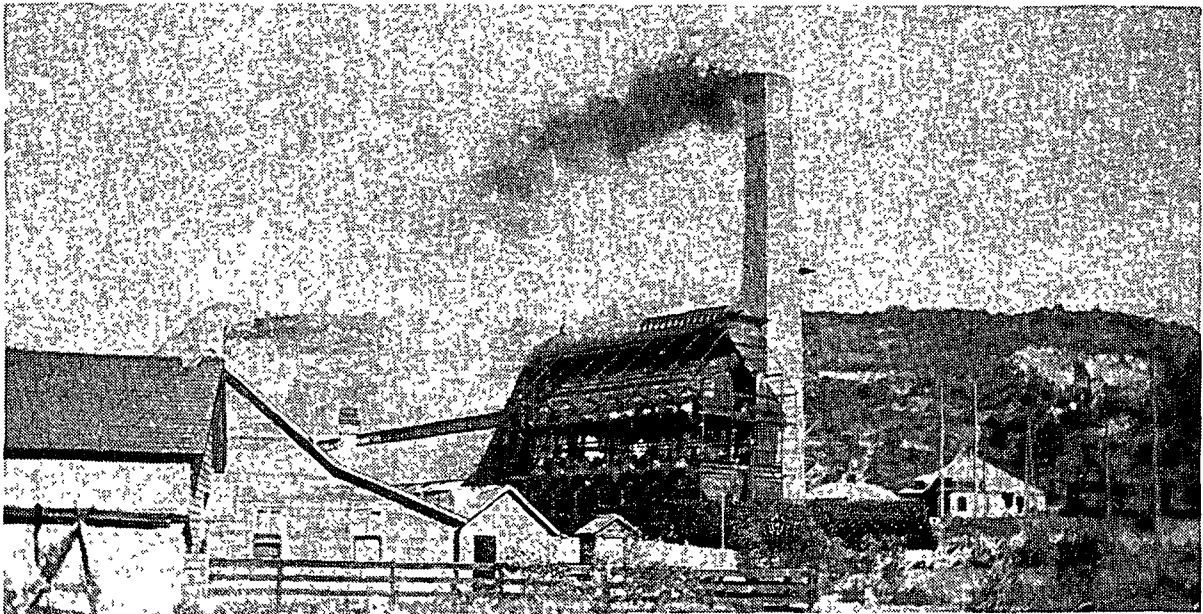
The week before they began their

**NORTHPORT TIMES - Northport had another newspaper for a time, published by Alex A. Anderson.**






**CASH & CARRY STORE—** About 1920 or 1921. Art Burklund, manager left and D. O. Westman, customer, right. Store formerly managed in 1918 and 1919 by Henry and Victor Bjorklund.



**Smoke pours from Northport Smelter stack.**



In 1899 the LeRoi mines and the Northport smelter were disposed of by an English Company and the enterprise at Northport became known as the Northport Refining and Smelting Company. The entire product of the LeRoi group of mines, the Kootenai and the Velvet mines were smelted at Northport.

In 1901, there was a strike at the smelter and it soon developed into one of the most memorable strikes in the Country. It carried on for nine months at varying intensities. The cause of the trouble was the customary objection of the smelter company to form a union among the workmen. The workmen insisted on the organization and accordingly the Northport Mill and Smeltermen's Union was formed.<sup>20</sup>

The smelter company said that a connection with the union would be just cause for an employee to be discharged from service to the company. Despite this announcement a large majority of the company's employees associated themselves with the union.<sup>21</sup> When the company's official came to look over the situation it was discovered that a wholesale discharge of all the men affiliated with the new union would seriously cripple their business. Matters were allowed to remain in status quo for a while and the smelterwork continued to be carried on along with the Mill and Smeltermen's Union.<sup>22</sup>

The members of the union discovered that their ranks in the smelter were gradually being taken down and they were being replaced with non-union workers. The union men quickly caught on and as soon as the non-union workers came on, they unionized them. It became a question of who would master the situation first; each was playing his own game.

In July the smelter company discharged carpenters and the strike began in force. The company hired skilled laborers from the mills. The local authorities were well aware of what was going on with labor troubles at the smelter, but they refused to interfere on behalf of either the smelter company or the union. Necessary affidavits were established in support of a petition for relief in the federal courts. As a result of the

affidavit an injunction was issued against the ones who were believed to be the most active in the opposition to the interests of the smelter company. The order was issued by Judge Hanfor, restraining the Mill and Smeltermen's Union at Northport from interfering with the management of the smelter or its employees.

The injunction basically said that the Mill and Smeltermen's Union at Northport was restrained from interfering with the Northport Smelting and Refining Company's work, including threats and intimidations.<sup>23</sup>

To the injunction there was filed an answer by the Union. It was drawn up by Union attorneys, Robertson, Miller and Rosenhaupt. The answer basically said that a superintendent of the smelter company had called a union worker into his office and offered him money to dispose of the union. The complaints towards them and to persuade people that they were not in the wrong.<sup>24</sup>

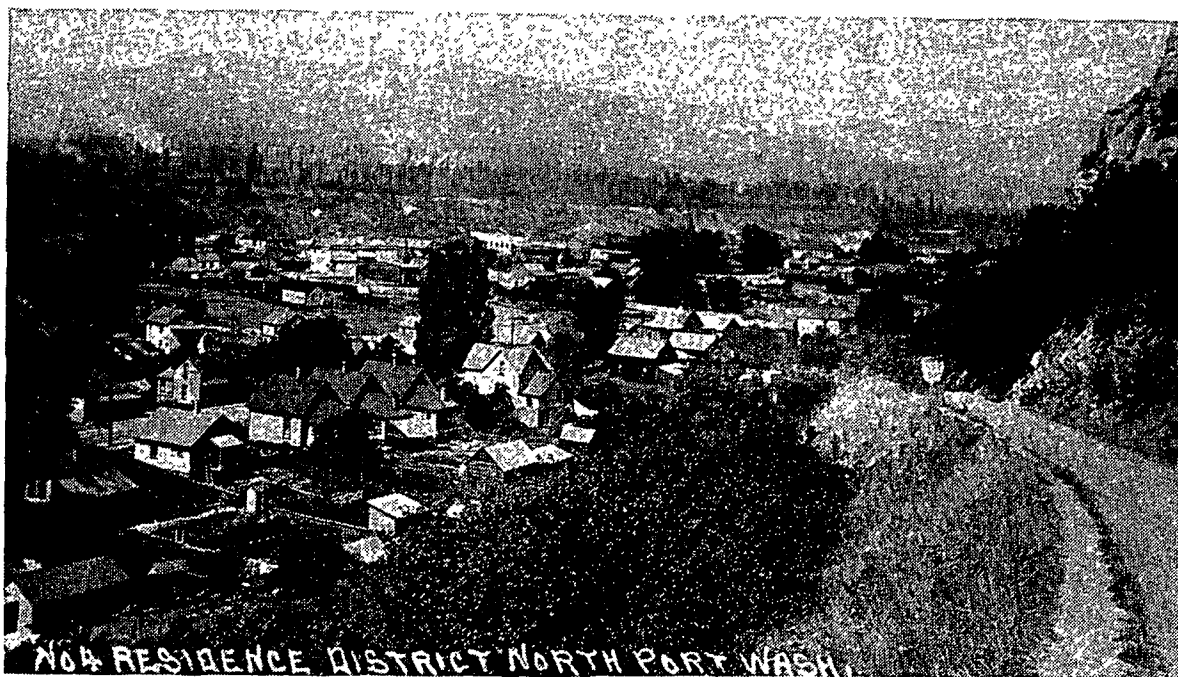
The smelter company brought in sixty-five men from Joplin, Missouri, to occupy the places deserted by strikers. On the day the men arrived; strikers met them at the railroad depot and tried to persuade them from going to work at the smelter. Forty-five of the men found employment elsewhere and the rest went to the smelter.

At the end of nine months with nothing settled, the Western Federation of Miners with headquarters in Denver, Colorado, decided to cut off the aid it had been extending to the Northport men. One morning, strikers found the union's free eating place closed down; many went hungry and as a result a meeting was held; the strike was called off March 12, 1902. The Union was abandoned.

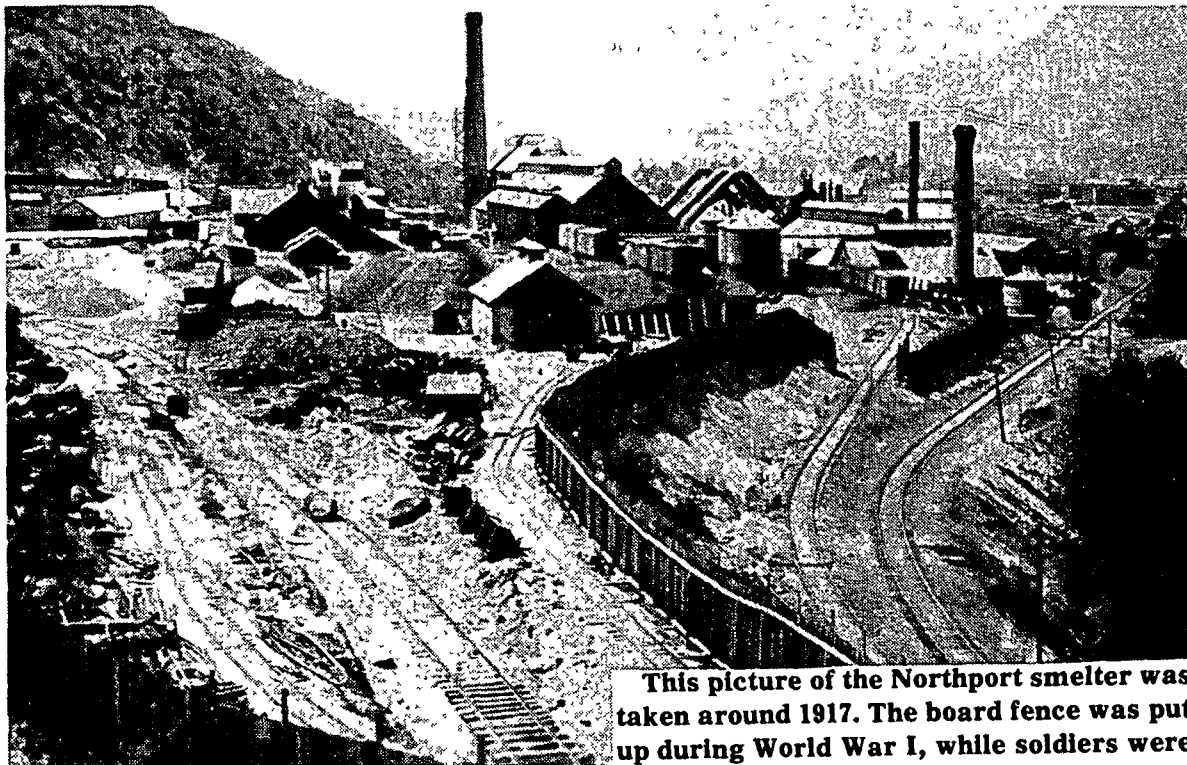
International difficulties cropped up in 1904 for the smelter and for a short time the smelter company was so overrun it shut down entirely. Accused of being aliens to the core, the company incorporated under the laws of Idaho and began accepting ores from the Coeur d'Alene districts. If the entire output of several mines in that area had been available to the Northport smelter, the action would have meant continuing life,



Northport about 1900. Picture taken from the northern most slope of Silver Crown Mountain, looking north across the Columbia to the mountains of British Columbia. The old brick grade school is shown in the right portion of picture.



Northport from the Deep Creek road running up Silver Crown Mountain. Picture taken during hey day of Northport Smelter.



This picture of the Northport smelter was taken around 1917. The board fence was put up during World War I, while soldiers were guarding the smelter.



Northport Commercial Club - About 1915. George Clarke with captains hat in back row. One over is Hank Broderius and Charlie Hofer. Charlie Allison in front row with light suit and black hat. Right of Allison is Mr. Wilbur and then Mr. Kane of Leader Store.





Northport Grade School Pupils about 1915.



Northport First Grade - About 1917. Mrs. Cooper is teacher.

but the Idal  
for themse  
plant was  
almo. se

Hope spr  
the Americ  
pany had b  
to move ba  
The buyer  
they had  
smelter.

Northpor  
shrunk to  
when the s

The tow  
population  
blows we  
depression  
B.C. smel

its smoke  
fumes dov  
the veget  
ficulties f

A bitter fi  
of Trail a

The Unit  
chemists  
tlen c

battling.  
built in T

was total

During  
along. P  
lots coul  
Northpor

rumors o

Busine  
pletely;  
market,  
hospital  
dance h

easies."

The lu  
employe  
touched  
on Shee

with two

In lat  
bought  
establis

sur-lic  
ar pec

but the Idaho smelters took most of the ores for themselves. Once again the Northport plant was closed down and the town was almost deserted.

Hope sprang up when a rumor spread that the American Smelting and Refining Company had bought the plant and people began to move back into the area. The blow came - The buyers wanted the machinery only; they had no intention of opening the smelter.

Northport died down and the population shrunk to less than 300 people, until 1915 when the smelter reopened to smelt lead.<sup>26</sup>

The town once again boomed and the population grew to around 1,500. Two more blows were to hit Northport during the depression. During the 1920's, the Trail, B.C. smelter built its smoke stack and sent its smoke filled with sulphur and other fumes down to Northport. The fumes burnt the vegetation in the area and caused difficulties for those with breathing problems. A bitter fight broke out between the smelter of Trail and the townspeople of Northport. The United States Government sent out chemists to analyze the situation and a settlement came after several years of court battling. As a result, the fertilizer plant was built in Trail, but the land around Northport was totally diminished.<sup>27</sup>

During all this Northport was plugging along. Property values were low; several lots could be bought for a \$100 dollars. The Northport News kept the spirits high with rumors of good times to come.

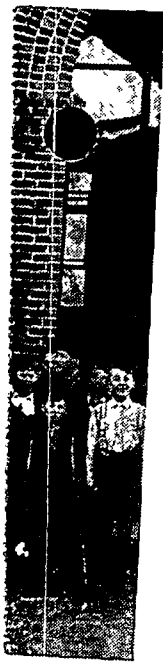
Business in Northport had not died completely; there were three stores, a meat market, a drug store, two doctors, a hospital staffed by a R.N., two pool halls, a dance hall and of course the "speakeasies."<sup>28</sup>

The lumbering industry became a leading employer due to the vast amount of untouched lumber in the area. Mills were built on Sheep, Deep and Onion Creeks, along with two mills in Northport.

In late 1917, a large Eastern Company bought up land near Northport, and established a large apple orchard. This also supplied employment seasonally for the area people.

After the end of World War I, stories started going around that the Northport smelter was closing down again. The people of Northport would not accept this until the last blow hit them. In 1922, "Junkers" dismantled the smelter. People were so desperate for money that many of them intentionally burnt their houses to collect the insurance money on them. People moved out and the population once again dropped to 300 people.<sup>29</sup> Many people thought then that Northport had had it. However the town is still there today. The only reminder of the past is in the memories of pioneers; the symbol from the smelter days is now gone--the smoke stack was torn down for the brick.

Footnotes: 1. Interview with Mrs. Margaret Evans of Northport, April 5, 1978. 2. Interview with Konrad Hartbauer of Northport, April 5, 1978. 3. "Northport," History of Northern Washington, p. 137. 4. Ibid., P. 138. 5. Ibid. 6. Robert Ruby and John Brown, Ferryboats on the Columbia River. P. 63. 7. "Northport", History of Northern Washington, p. 139. 8. "From Spokane Through Stevens County," Wilhem's Magazine, The Coast, 9, March, 1905, pp. 92-93. 9. "New Post Office in Northport," Statesman-Examiner, Feb. 2, 1978, p. 12. 10. "Northport," History of Northern Washington, p. 142. 11. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 11, August 4, 1977, p. 2. 12. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 1, November 18, 1976, p. 3. 13. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 1, December 16, 1976, p. 2. 14. Interview with Jerry Day of Custom's Service at Frontier, Wa April 5, 1978. 15. Bill B. Jones, The Northport Story, p. 2. 16. "Northport," History of Northern Washington, P. 142. 17. Alice H. Travis, "Northport's Big Fire," Spokesman Review, 22, 1953, p. 8. 18. Ibid., p. 9. 19. Interview with Mrs. Evans of Northport, April 5, 1978. 20. Florin Lambert, Washington Ghost Towns, p. 56. 21. Ibid., p. 57. 22. "Northport," History of Northern Washington, p. 147. 23. Ibid., 24. Ibid., p. 148. 25. Lambert, P. 57. 26. Interview with Anna Paparich of Northport, April 28, 1978. 27. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 11, June 23, 1977, p. 3. 28. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 11, June 16, 1977, p. 3. 29. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 11, June 2, 1977, p. 3. 30. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 1 November, 18, 1976, p. 2. 31. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 1, December, 16, 1977, p. 3. 32. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 11, June 2, 1977, p. 3. 33. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 11, June 16,



ills about



7. Mrs.

1977, p. 3. 34. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 11, June 23, 1977, p. 3. 35. "Archives Revived," Northport Echoes, 11, August 4, 1977, p. 2. 36. "From Spokane Through Stevens County," Wilhem's Magazine, The Coast, IX, March 1905, pp. 92-93. 37. Interview with Jerry Day of Custom's Service at Frontier, Wa, April 1978. 38. Interview with Mrs. Evans of Northport, April

5, 1978. 39. Interview with Konrad Hartbauer of Northport, April 5, 1978. 40. Interview with Anna Papparich of Northport, April, 28, 1978. 41. Jones, Bill B., The Northport Story, May, 1965. 42. Lambert, Florin, Washington Ghost Towns, Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1970. 43. "New Post Office in Northport," Statesman-Examiner, February 2, 1978. p. 12.



Northport Second Grade - 1917. Miss Mullin is the teacher.



Northport Third Grade - 1917

Lau  
By t  
glimps  
"Forty  
Briggs  
Barra  
Bound  
the 18.  
of a la  
of Col  
As s  
broad  
gale u  
specta  
aineer  
vesse  
pa  
with t  
befor  
lay a  
celeb  
Colour  
craft  
Sho  
seen  
the b  
sava;  
name  
He w  
calle  
signi  
the l  
flesh  
celeb  
his c  
of ov  
succ  
A  
"For  
land  
on



# EARLY STEAMERS ON THE COLUMBIA

## Launch of the Steamer "Forty-Nine"

By the light of some candles, and fitful glimpses of the polar star, the Steamer "Forty-Nine", built by Messrs. White and Briggs, was launched at the old Hawkin's Barracks, the winter-quarters of the Boundary Commissioner, on the evening of the 18th of November 1865, in the presence of a large crowd of the citizens and military of Colville Valley.

As she slid into the Columbia on her port broadside, there was a strong northwest gale upon her bows, and on the heads of her spectators. Yet those transplanted mountaineers and spectators gave the brave little vessel three hearty cheers, which borne by the passing breeze struck the Colville hills with the sound of a fact that never happened before nor shall happen again. There she lay afloat, and the nearer the foot of the celebrated Mount Hooker, the source of the Columbia, by four hundred miles, than any craft, propelled by steam, ever was.

Shortly before the launch, two riders were seen on the banks of the Columbia eyeing the boat. One of these was a medium sized savage, of more than ordinary cranium and name, riding a beautiful elk colored horse. He was the great red orator of Oregon fame called "The Eagle of the Light", which signifies, when translated, "The Eagle of the Dawn". The other rider was a tall, fleshless son of Scotland, riding the celebrated Rocky Mountain black horse, in his day, performed the extraordinary feat of overtaking, in one heat, five elk stags in succession.

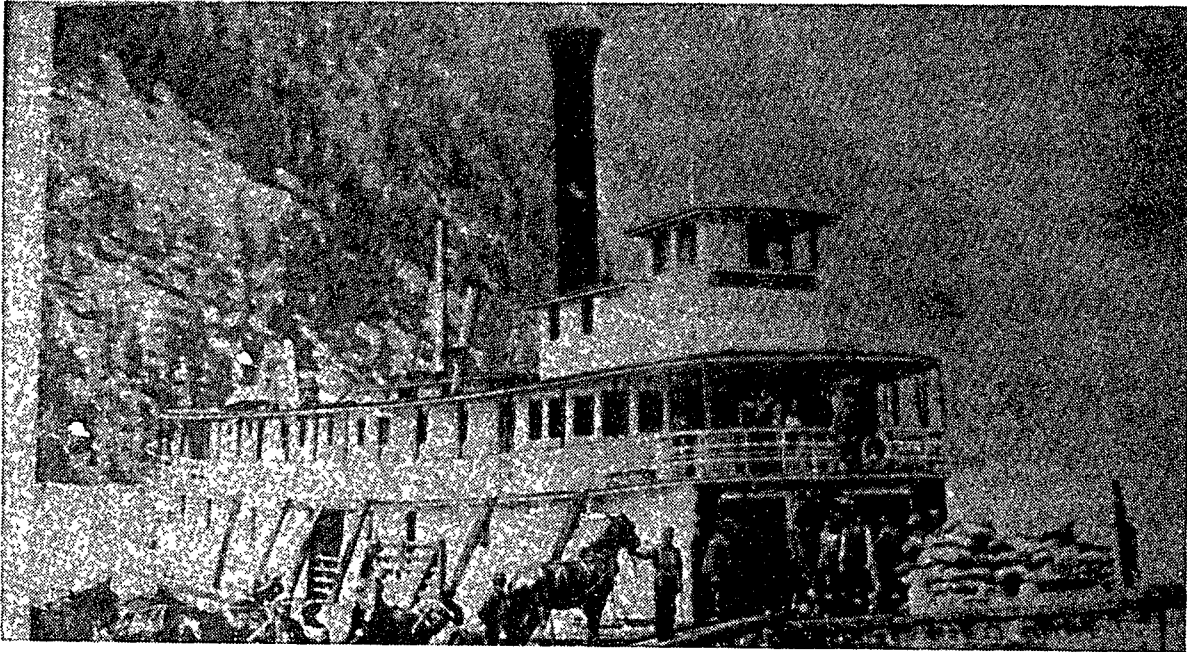
A few days after the launch of the "Forty-Nine", she steamed down to the old landing of the Hudson Bay Company, in front of Fort Colville. With her decks

crowded with miners, hunters and farmers, Celestials, Gentiles and Jews, she cautiously and boldly edged the Kettle Falls, to her temporary landing. Her crew and passengers behaved well, particularly as they saw and knew that a few yards below them was a grave that possibly might cover them with a water sheet.

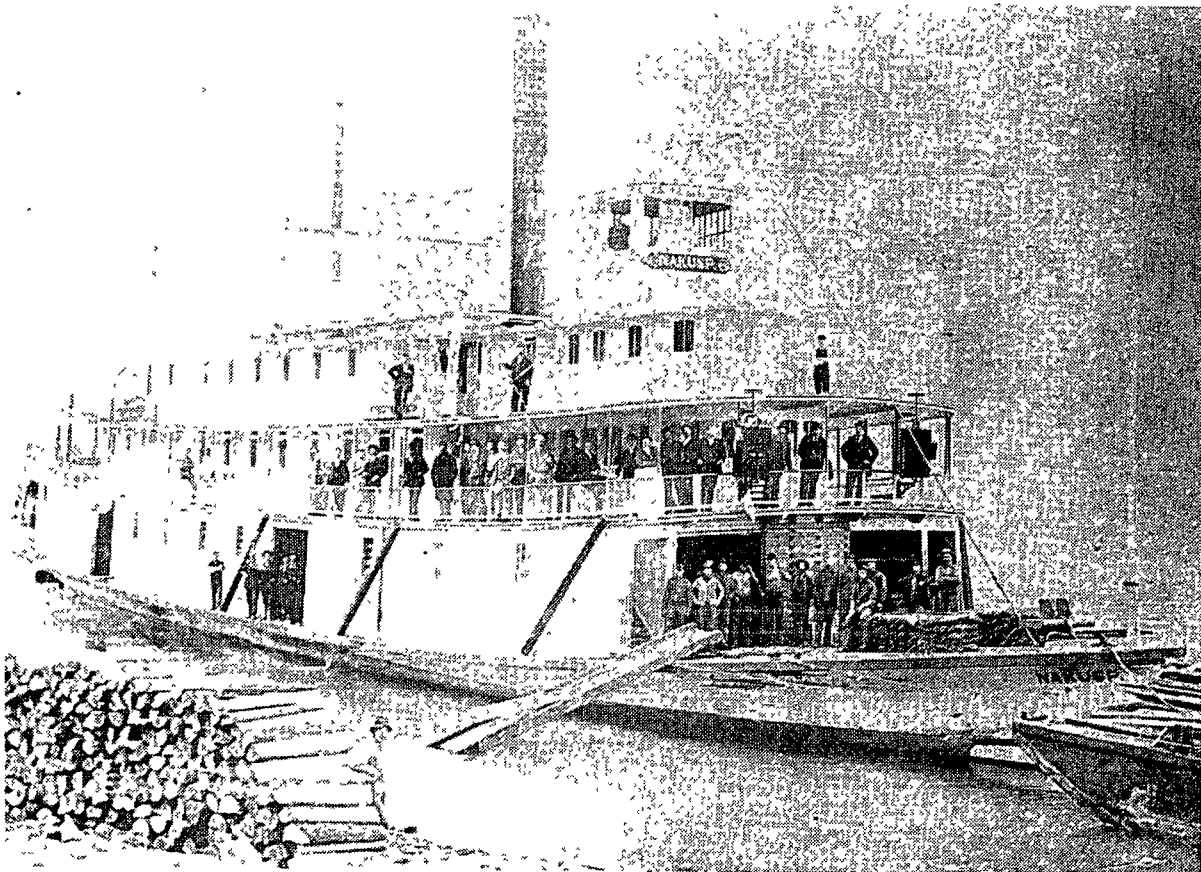
Her lady passengers were Mrs. Brown with her daughters, and Miss Christina McDonald, daughter of Mr. A. McDonald, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, at Colville. When the steamer appeared in sight of the fort, and upon hearing the whistle, the officer in charge signaled the Union Jack, and fired a salute from the old brass piece said to have been taken at the battle of Waterloo.

Upon the draining of a few bottles of Hudson Bay by the people of the steamer and the Fort, the vessel started up the river on her trial trip. She performed the trip with skill and power, turning back at the upper end of the lower Columbia Arrow Lake, with the thermometer at 28 degrees below zero. Had it not been for the ice forming in the river, Upper Lake and the "Rapids of the Dead" 260 miles above Colville would have been reached, having gone over the difficult portion of the river. This proves beyond a doubt, contrary to previous notions of travelers, that the Columbia River is navigable for steamers 100 miles above the 49th parallel. The steamer was named in allusion to the 49th parallel.

Engagements for wood all along the river and lakes were concluded on the upward trip. The steamer returned in safety, and is laid up for the winter above old Fort Colville, some two miles, at the point where she was built.



**C.K.S.N. STEAMER "Lytton" - 131-ft. length, 25½-ft. beam, 125 tons net Burden. Built at Farwell by Alexander Watson of Victoria. Maiden trip July 2, 1890 with Capt. Frank Odin, Master.**



**Steamer "Nakusp"**

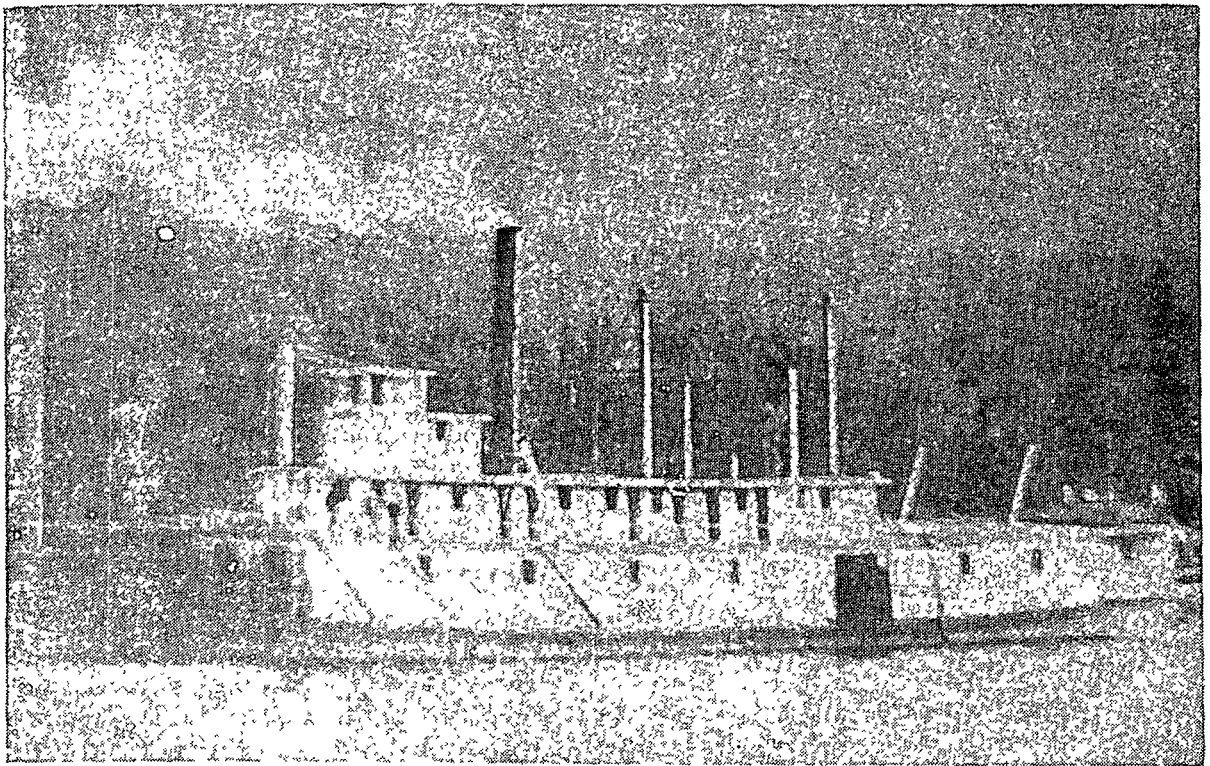
The dim  
follows:

Length  
Breadth  
Depth

She is full  
each 12½  
with a nor  
The boat  
twenty mil  
thus enabl  
in at low

Yours,  
Statesman

General  
returned fr  
us the late  
steamer  
place on t  
and was ex  
Saturday  
by those  
boat, and  
the time.



Steamer "Trall"

The dimensions of the steamer are as follows.

Length.....114 R.  
Width .....20 ft. 4 in.  
Depth ..... 5 ft.

She is furnished with a pair of engines, each  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches bore, by 4 feet stroke, with a nominal power of 80 horses.

The boat will ascend the river to within twenty miles of the newly discovered mines, thus enabling miners to get their provisions in at low rates.

Yours, Ke-Wa The Walla Walla Statesman, January 12, 1866.

#### From Colville

General James McAuliff has just returned from Colville, and kindly furnishes us the latest news from that locality. The steamer "49" was all ready to take her place on the route to the Big Bend Mines, and was expected to start on her first trip on Saturday last, the 14th. She is pronounced by those who have examined her, a fine boat, and fully equal the requirements of the trade. Cap. Len White, the Purser, and

the whole crew were on the ground, and it is quite certain that the boat started at the time stated. Parties who have been hurrying flour through to Colville, paying exorbitant freights, are in bad luck, it being difficult to realize charges.

At Little Dalles, which is to be landing place of the steamer, it is expected that a little town will spring up. All through the country the settlers are hopeful, and calculate upon big things from the Big Bend Mines.

#### From the Upper Columbia

The Steamer "Forty-Nine", plying on the Columbia River between Little Dalles, W.T., and Death Rapids, B.C., Captain L. White, commanding, has made her first trip. She left Little Dalles on the 15th of April, and arrived at Death Rapids, on the 24th - a distance of nearly 300 miles. She had a large number of passengers, enroute for the Columbia mines. The trip was not a pleasant one, as it was storming nearly all the time. Besides they had to break through 12 miles of ice. The snow on the River banks



Charles Allen Meyers poses in his Gorden and Meyers Pool Hall at Northport.

ranged from 2 to 4 feet in depth. Only two persons had come in from the other side this spring; both of them had their feet badly frozen. They report that the trail cannot be traveled with safety for over a month yet. Nearly 300 miners wintered in the mines. Several more creeks have been discovered that give promise of great richness. The steamer made her return trip in 26 running hours. The road from Colville to Little Dalles is in good order. The steamer was to start on her second trip, Monday, April 30th. Walla Walla Statesman, May 4, 1866.

#### The Steamer Forty-Nine

A correspondent writes us from Colville, under date of May 5th, as follows: "I left the Little Dalles, on the steamer Forty-Nine, on the 16th day of April, and saw the foot of Death Rapids on the morning of the 25th. The steamer has proved a perfect success; she found no obstacles that she did not readily overcome. There was some little ice in the upper end of the lower lake, and about

five miles of much ice in the lower end of the upper lake. The river - from Little Dalles to the head of the Upper Dalles, a distance of about fifty miles from the mines - is as easy of navigation as the Columbia below the mouth of the Willamette; above that point, at extreme low water, the navigation is difficult.

In going up, the water was so low that the boat had to wait at the foot of some of the rapids for the water to raise. The snow on the banks above the upper lake we found from eighteen inches to two feet in depth, and I was told that the snow on the divide was from four or five feet deep, and very soft. The steamer will continue to run during the season between Little Dalles and Death Rapids. She left again on Monday, the 30th ult., taking about 30 tons freight and 82 passengers. On the first trip she took 15 tons freight and 75 passengers. The trip was made in 9 days up and 26 hours down - cutting her own wood. The Walla Walla Statesman, May 18, 1866.

#### The First

Young p into the sometimes railroad gr the bridge we came abandonec into a high planked. H two planks they got ou did drive i ferry and

I was i built and reasons ir that ad

"May 1 railroad w would not see a rail this pass summer. that direc

At this t Mine and down to railroad f Smelter. mountain way, then a bridge bridge, tl Traces of are too n. the wago the prese whi ra

# RED MOUNTAIN RAILROAD

## And The Northport Bridge

By Margaret Evans

### The First Northport Bridge and Railroad Up Sheep Creek

Young people and those who have come into the country in the last years, sometimes wonder about the traces of railroad grade up Sheep Creek Canyon and the bridges across the creek. In 1923 when we came here, it had already been abandoned and the road was being made into a highway, also the bridge was to be planked. However, at this time, it only had two planks to drive on across the ties, and if they got out of line, you were in trouble. We did drive it because it cost \$3 to cross on the ferry and at that time, \$3 was money!

I was interested why the railroad was built and why abandoned and found the reasons in the Old Northport News items that I had collected. The Editor wrote:

"May 1894. There are rumors that a railroad will be built up Sheep Creek pass. It would not be the least bit astonishing to us to see a railroad under construction through this pass from Northport this spring or summer. Straws are beginning to point in that direction."

At this time, the rich ore from the Le Roi Mine and others at Rossland was hauled down to Northport and loaded on the railroad here to be shipped to the Tacoma Smelter. The road came down the mountain, following somewhat the highway, then angled across Sheep Creek across a bridge about a mile above the present bridge, then across the flat to the river. Traces of it can still be seen, cuts thru rock are too narrow for a car but were okay for the wagons. The ferry crossed just above the present bridge, the railroad had a spur which ran down to the river, and the cars

were loaded and connected to the railroad. The teams were four and six-horse teams.

It happened that there was a very high water in 1894 and the ferry was put out of commission and it was taken down about the first of June. However, on Sept 18, 1894, the ferry was put back in commission. During the time it was out, the steamer Lytton had been bringing the ore down from Trail, B.C. Mr. Hughes wrote:

"During the winter when the ferry is out of service, Capt. Troop contemplates running the steam barge Illecillewaet between Northport and Trail landing to bring the ore down to the railroad."

In October, 1894, the matter of the railroad up Sheep Creek Pass was again brought to the fore. They talked of a bridge as the road through the Pass would cost at least \$5,000. So many people were coming into the country, pack trains were leaving daily to get in supplies to the miners and mines before the winter set in. In November a stage line was begun between Northport and Rossland carrying passengers. The first passengers over the new line were Mr. English and three other millionaires!

On Feb. 5, 1895, the News reported:

"An important document was filed in the Land Office this morning - the official map showing the location line of the Red Mountain railway from the northwest bank of the Columbia river at the point opposite Sec. 4 Twp 39N R 40E (which is in Northport), via Sheep Creek valley to the International Boundary. The map was prepared by Chief Engineer E.J. Roberts and certified to by President D.C. Corbin, both of the Spokane Falls and Northern



Railway. It will immediately be forwarded to Washington D.C. for approval by the Secretary of the Interior, and upon the return of the map to the local Land Office, the building of the seven miles of road that crosses the Colville Reservation can at once begin."

There was a great need for some way to bring the ore out of Rossland and Trail landing, many rich strikes had been made, the country was booming, but hauling with teams was slow business. The News reports:

"Several teams are expected from Spokane Saturday and will immediately commence hauling ore from the Trail Creek mines to Northport. Also, the 'Toot' of the steamer, Lytton coming into Northport on the afternoon of the first was a very pleasant sound. The same old crew with Capt. Gore in command and James Anderson purser are still on her. She will ply between Trail Creek Landing and Northport and expects to make a trip a day carrying ore and transacting other business."

On March 30, 1895, the News reported:

"The snow has all disappeared from the flats and the weather is delightful. Teams are still hauling ore from the Rossland mines into Northport, but the loads are much smaller since sleds were replaced with wheels. We were more than astonished at the number of teams that are on the road between Rossland and Northport."

The last part of April and first part of May found people pouring into Northport. The news that there would be work on the new railroad, the talk of a Smelter brought them here. Still they were hauling rich ore from the mines of Rossland to Northport to be shipped out - the News reported:

"Wilson Brothers, teamsters, on Saturday brought down from the War Eagle Mine, with a six horse team (two wagons) 15,500 pounds of ore and with a four horse team 9,000 pounds making about 12 tons in all with two teams. About a hundred large, fine teaming outfits are on our streets and

give a lively appearance to the town. The Mitchell Brothers arrived in our Town from Spokane Saturday with 15 magnificent four horse teams and are now hauling ore for the War Eagle and Josie Mines over the Northport-Rossland road. You can see the need for a railroad."

By May 5th of that year two gangs of men were working on the road-bed of the new railroad from Northport to Rossland, one gang from the International Boundary to Rossland and one from Northport to the Int. Boundary.

In June, a meeting was held in Kendrick's Store to devise ways and means for keeping the Sheep Creek wagon road in good order. The heavy ore hauling was damaging it, and the Stages were having difficulty. It was decided to put four men at work at \$1.50 per day each to be paid for from contributions from stages and teamsters and others using the road.

June was a busy month for the new Town. It was reported that the party of Red Mt. Railroad surveyors finished tying in the survey across the Indian Reservation. It was now determined that the railroad would build whenever it wanted without permission from anyone and that the Interior Dept. would fix the matter all right in the future. It was cited as a precedent, the D. & R.G. railroad building through the Indian Reservation across the river.

You could now picture the many teams, drivers, miners, trappers, mixed with Indians and the riff-raff that follows boom towns, you can see a motley crew milling around 17 saloons and dance halls, three hotels, four stores which carried everything and several cafes and boarding houses. Most of this was along the river and Columbia Avenue also up toward Smelter Eddy. The Editor painted a vivid picture about all this. The proposed Smelter Site at this time was a homestead, had not been developed in any way.

For some reason the going on the Railroad was slow. Oct. 5, 1895 Hughes reported:

"A force of Red Mountain railroad surveyors went into camp at the Okay Mine



the town. The  
 or Town from  
 magnificent four  
 ing for the  
 es over the  
 can see the

gangs of men  
 of the new  
 ssland, one  
 Boundary to  
 ort to the Int.

Kendrick's  
 for keeping  
 good order.  
 aging it, and  
 ulty. It was  
 at \$1.50 per  
 ontributions  
 others using

the new Town.  
 of Red Mt.  
 ying in the  
 ervation. It  
 would  
 d without  
 d that the  
 ter all right  
 precedent,  
 through the  
 river.

many teams,  
 nixed with  
 llows boom  
 rew milling  
 halls, three  
 everything  
 ing houses.  
 river and  
 ord Smelter  
 vid picture  
 elter Site at  
 d not been

ing on the  
 195 Hughes

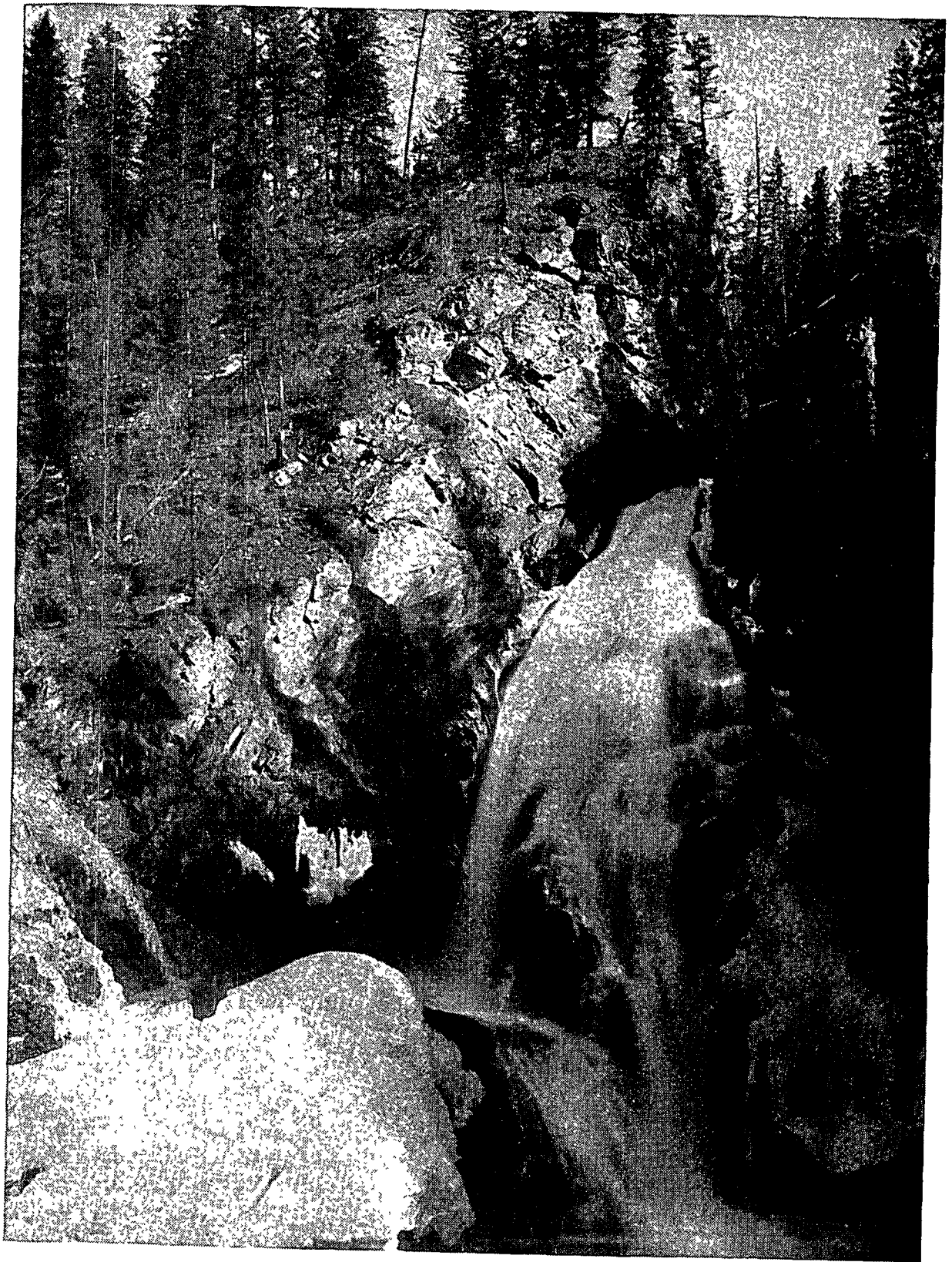
in railroad  
 Mine



Old Northport-Rossland railroad bridge  
 across Sheep Creek. (Photo by Bill Hewes)



Upper Sheep Creek Falls showing the  
railroad bridge.



Lower Sheep Creek Falls.

howing the

in the Sheep Creek Pass this morning. S. F. Bradbury is conducting the eating department. This, some think, is a pointer to the fact that the railroad will continue to be built during the coming winter and spring."

By Jan. 1896 there was more news:

"The Bill has been passed by the Senate permitting the Red Mountain Ry. to cross the Colville Indian Reservation. There is no doubt but it will pass through Congress and then it is expected the building will immediately commence. Jack Tracy and a force of engineers were running lines on the river bank at the old Mill site to determine the best place for the railroad bridge to be built."

In spite of all the talk and surveying, it was not until Jan. 1897 that the first work on construction of the much talked of railroad bridge across the Columbia was begun. By that time the camp established at the approach showed considerable activity. Hughes said:

"Carpenters are at work erecting a building to be used as a dining room and kitchen, 20x26 feet in size. Workmen are driving piles at the approach on this side. Two engines are puffing away doing their part of the work, wood-hauling lumber and about 25 other men are busy at various tasks. The foreman says the force will be increased to more than 100 before the end of the present work. H. Krust, the chief engineer in charge is a very busy man, but he kindly took time to furnish the News representative with the following data as to the character and dimensions of the structure.

"The bridge will be what is known as a combination of steel and wood and will rest upon four river piers composed of solid concrete cased with boiler steel. There will be three spans, each 250 feet in length, and three other spans each 150 in length, making a total length of the spans, 1,200 feet. There will be about 500 feet of trestle work at the approaches to the spans, making a total length of the bridge proper 1,700 feet.

Besides the spans and trestle work there will be a heavy dirt fill or embankment several hundred feet in length, that will make a total length of spans, trestle and fills of nearly one-half mile in length. The height of the railroad track above low water mark is 67 feet. The height of the tallest pier is 80 feet. The bridge is to be ready for use on June 1, hence it will be seen that the San Francisco Bridge Co. which has the contract for building the bridge has only 5 months in which to complete same."

Hughes continues:

"Many have thought that the bridge would contain a draw span, but such is not the case. It is supposed there was no necessity for a draw, there being no navigation below the bridge. The bridge is so high it is estimated that with the highest flood water, we ever get at this point that flood wood of all descriptions will easily pass under."

While work was going on with the bridge, all did not go well with the railroad itself. There were many slides and the rock cuts and log rip-rap often were not as easy to take care of as had been planned. Slides after rock blasts were common, and it did not always take a blast to get a slide. On April 25, 1897, Editor Hughes had the following:

"On Tuesday morning about 2 a.m. about one mile north of the International Boundary line on the Red Mt. Railway occurred one of the worst land slides in the annals of this section. A camp of 12 railroad construction men stationed on the west side of the railroad track and opposite of the mouth of Lake Gulch were sleeping in a tent they had set up on a knoll. The first indication of the awful avalanche of dirt, mud, rocks and trees that was about to be hurled upon them came from a young man who heard a noise that he took to be a train and he awakened the foreman, Charles Olson and they started to investigate. The foreman was just behind the young man, but the latter is the only one surviving the disaster. The body of the former having not



yet been the only one from one disaster, not others es and bruils John Con Desmond McWhinn injured. injured. T but few partly bu Clark, Fr Cook, wh Coroner I the bodie

On Feb

"The b piles hav across the begun and timber an all, abou already,



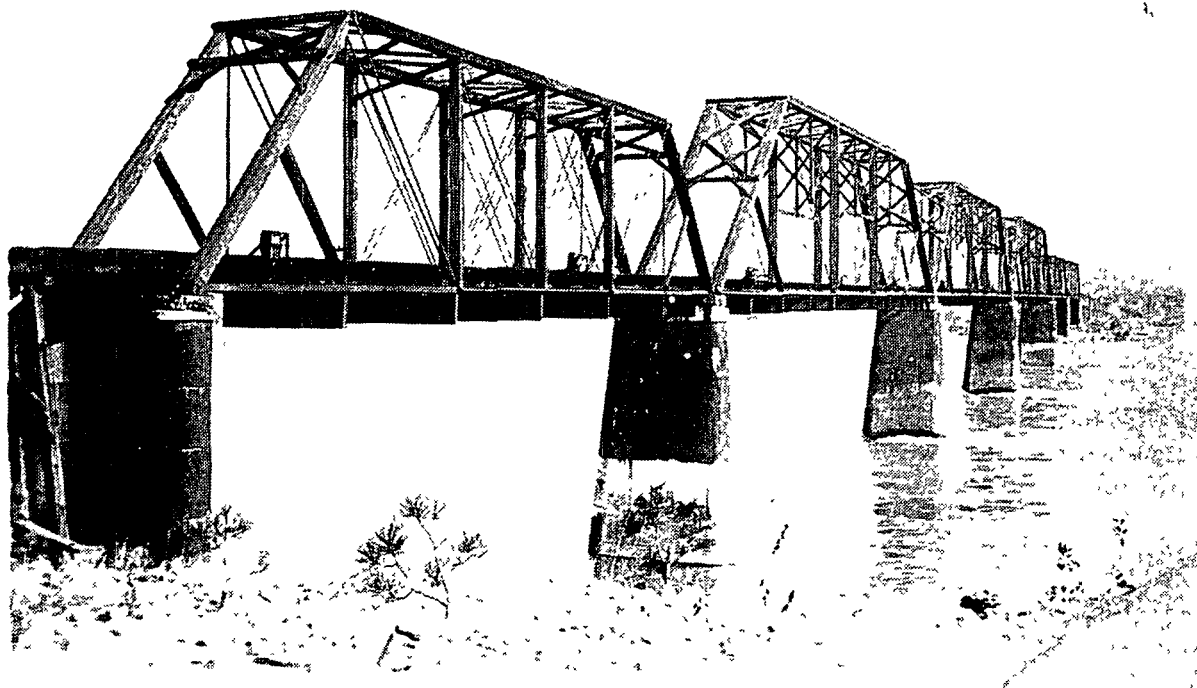
work there  
bankment  
that will  
fill  
The light  
water mark  
t pier is 80  
for use on  
at the San  
has the  
has only 5  
me."

the bridge  
such is not  
e was no  
being no  
e bridge is  
the highest  
point that  
will easily

the bridge,  
road itself.  
e rock cuts  
as easy to  
ned. Slides  
and it did  
a slide. On  
s had the

a.m. about  
ternational  
t. Railway  
lides in the  
12 railroad  
e west side  
site of the  
ng in a tent

The first  
he of dirt,  
about to be  
young man  
o be a train  
n, Charles  
tigate. The  
young man,  
rviving the  
hanging not

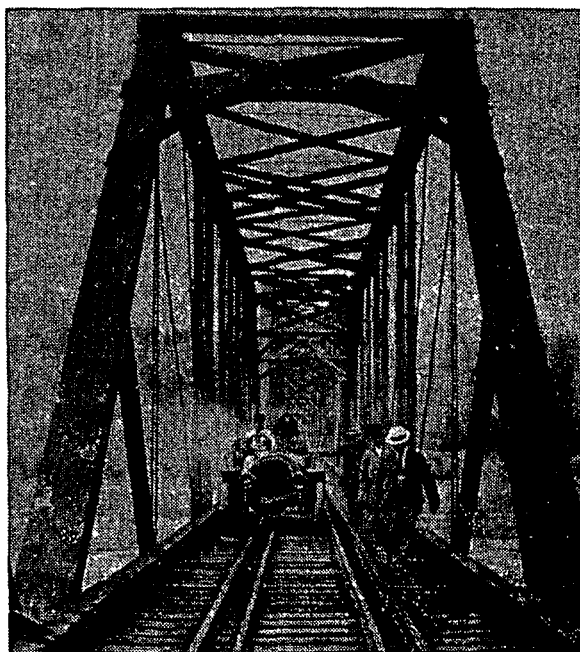


Northport railroad bridge built in 1897 by Spokane Falls and Northern railroad to carry ore to the smelter out of Rossland, B.C. The bridge was located about a mile below the present bridge. It had a 1,200 foot span across the Columbia. The piers were concrete cased in heavy boiler iron.

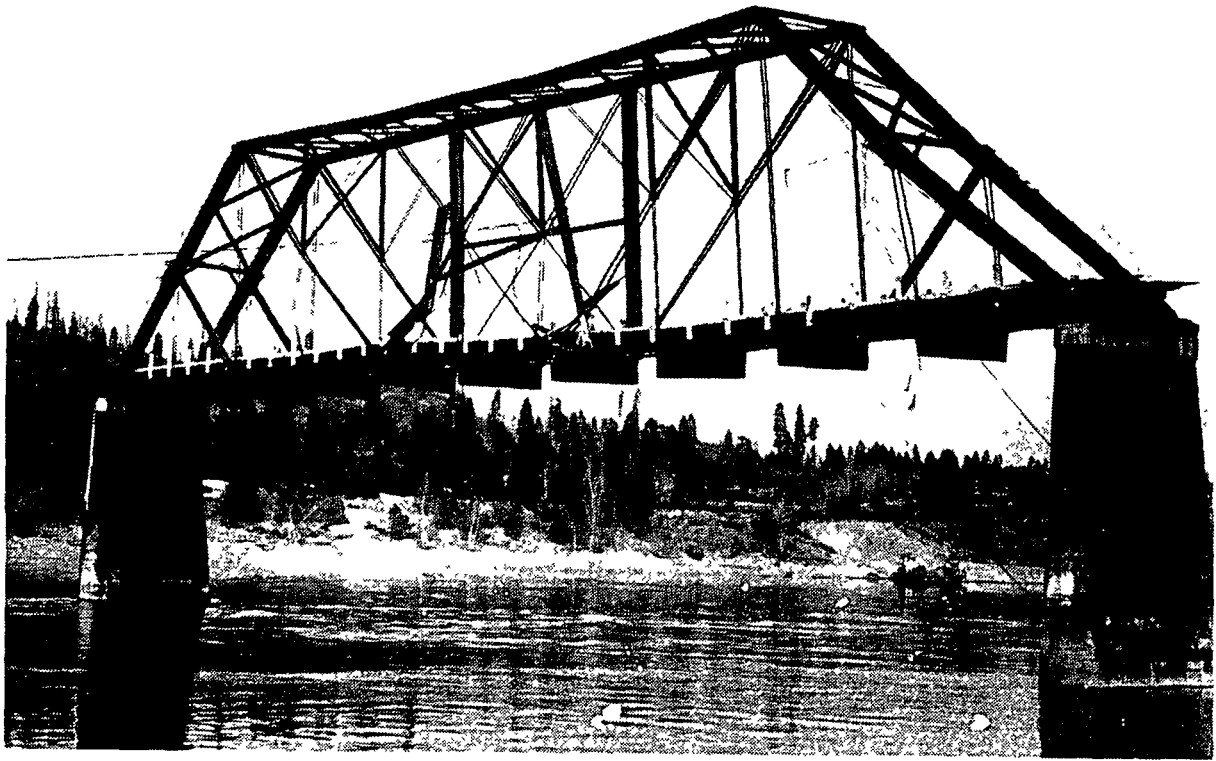
yet been found. In fact, this young man is the only one of the 12 that saw the avalanche from one side. As a result of the terrible disaster, six men are dead, and one other if not two others are seriously injured, the others escaping with more or less wounds and bruises. The dead are Charles Olson, John Condon, Thomas Kane or King, Pat Desmond, Dan McCafferty and Robert McWhinney. Max Englehart was fatally injured. George Rice was quite seriously injured. The other parties who escaped with but few bruises, although having been partly buried in the debris, were John Clark, Frank Clark, Albert Somers and the Cook, whose name we failed to learn. Coroner Bowes of Rossland is in charge of the bodies recovered."

On Feb. 15, 1897 the News reported:

"The bridge work is advancing rapidly, piles have been driven nearly half way across the river, work on the piers already begun and men are in the woods getting out timber and in the quarry getting stone. In all, about 75 men have been working already, but soon the force will be



CROSSING Columbia River on Northport railroad bridge.



**Northport Bridge comes down. First a railroad bridge, it later was used as a car bridge. Condemned in 1946 it was replaced by the present bridge. Note ferry operating in background. These pictures were taken in 1947 by Walt Ames.**

**materially enlarged. James Easty is the foreman of the water driver force, S. Parks of the land driver force, Wm Bats and F. Walters are each foreman of framing and erecting gangs. The Bridge Co. has some half dozen or more buildings at the east approach of the Bridge making quite a village. Mr. Foy is the General Supt. in charge at the bridge building site."**

**(This was located about where the Carney Pole Co. has its Pole Yard now.)**

**However, the old Columbia showed its force, and although the bridge was to have been finished on June 1, 1897, it was not to be. During the high water, the river which at that time had a 10 mile current at its regular height, became a raging torrent with large trees and heavy drift. In spite of all efforts to keep the drift into the main**

**channel, it took out one of the bents and work was stopped until the flood was over. Hughes said that at the time the bent went out, (the false work) one more week would have given them ample time to have placed the bridge beyond the danger of the high water.**

**On October 4, 1897 Hughes again wrote about the bridge, a sort of recapitulation, to give the Town reasons why it had not been completed. These are his words:**

**"On Jan. 25, 1897 the San Francisco Bridge Co. commenced work on the Columbia and Red Mountain Railway bridge across the Columbia at this place. The contract called for its completion on June 1, 1897. Owing to high water in May taking out the false work of two spans, they were unable to replace the false work until**





n. First a  
d as a car  
s replaced  
' operating  
were taken

bents and  
was over.  
bent went  
week would  
ave placed  
of the high

gain wrote  
tulation, to  
d not been  
:

Francisco  
on the  
Railway  
this place.  
pletion on  
er in May  
pans, they  
wo until



the low water of this Fall, and the work, of course was stopped. At the time the piling or false was taken out one more week would have given them time to have placed the bridge beyond danger of high water. A few weeks ago work was resumed, the piling work replaced, and the remaining spans thrown across from pier to pier. On Monday it was noised about Town that the bridge was to be tested and should the test prove all right, the bridge would be thrown open for traffic at once.

"During the afternoon four flat cars heavily loaded with rock and three with coal were hauled on the side track between town and the bridge. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the heavy hog locomotive, with engineer J. C. Smith at the throttle and C. E. McBride as fireman was run to the heavily laden flat cars and attached thereto. Yard Master C. H. Hudson also called into requisition locomotive No. 3, in charge of engineer J. Smith and fireman J. Walch. It also moved down near the east approach to the bridge. Crowds of people assembled on the street along the river bank, on the railroad track and at the bridge to see the trial. Amid stirring strains of music, rendered by the Northport Brass Band, J. C. Smith moved his big locomotive with its heavy load slowly on to and across the bridge. Engineer J. H. Smith followed with locomotive No. 3, E. J. Roberts, Chief engineer of the S.F. & N. Ry. was there with his assistants. The two locomotives with their heavy loads were moved from place to place on the bridge. Chief Engineer Roberts took his measurements and levels. He pronounced the test a success in every way. The San Francisco Bridge Co. had built another great bridge to their credit. President D. C. Corbin was not present, but he was ably represented by his chief engineer, the path-finder of the north. He has spanned the mighty Columbia and formed still another great link in the chain to substantiate the future greatness of Northport, the future home of a Great Smelter. It must come here now." (And it did!)

Hughes wrote further:

"The first freight train passed over the bridge a few hours after the test was completed, and on Tuesday the first passenger train passed safely over."

"We suppose that Capt. Forbes, who has so long and ably conducted the railway ferry, will abandon the ferry to its fate. The captain has had his hands full to keep the railroad approaches to his big boat to connect, but he has succeeded in making a success of the ferry in this respect and now his boat will be a thing of the past."

Speaking of the railroad ferry, the main line of the railroad was completed before the bridge, because of the high water which damaged it. However, the ore was brought down on the trains, there was a large ferry just above the bridge, and the cars of ore were transferred across the river to the railroad on this side. Hughes tells us that the Ferry was 26 feet wide, 90 feet long with 5 feet below depth. She is built of good material and so strongly constructed as she easily carries two loaded railway cars at each trip. She is controlled by two large wheels instead of one as is usual. The current of the river is used as power to drive the boat, attached to a large cable 1500 long to cross the stream. This end of the cable will run over a tower 32' high and fastened to a "Dead man" some 60-70 feet back from the Tower, the other end will be fastened and held by two capstans on the high bank. It will be used until the railroad bridge is finished. When launched the boat drew only five inches of water.

At the completion of the Bridge, the Editor grew nostalgic and printed the following:

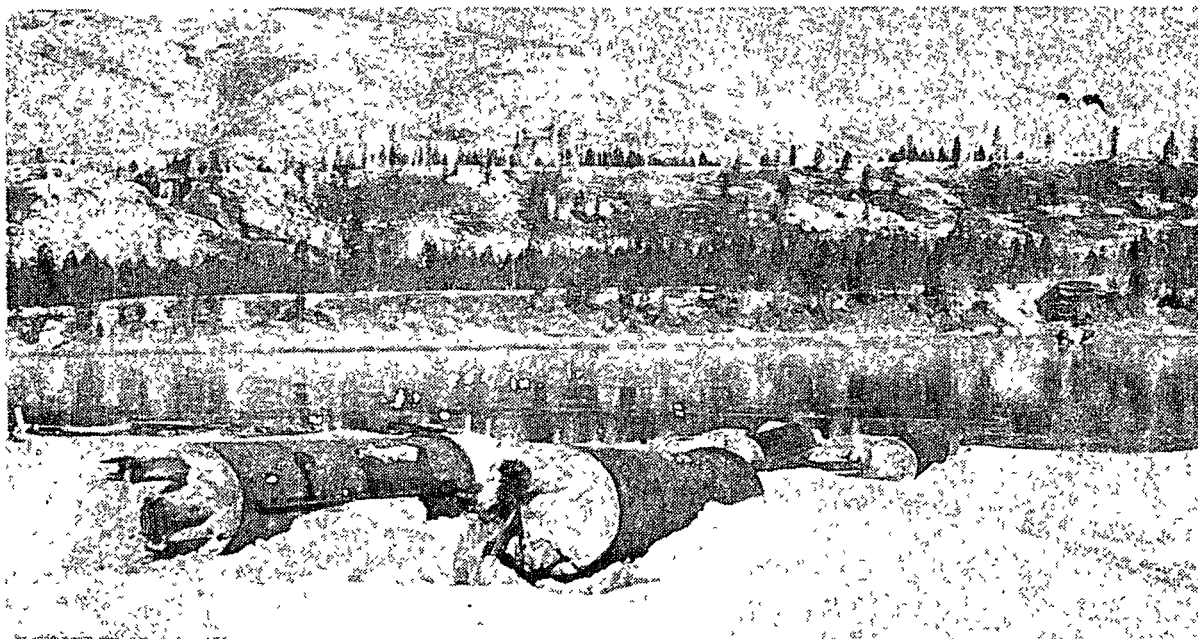
"FIRST AND LAST" Many thousands of people have staged it between Northport and Rossland. It required several stages each day to transport the people going to and fro between two points. They were a genial lot of men who conducted and ran the various stages that plied their business over this line. The first to establish a line of stages and held the reins over this route was our jovial Dan McKellar, of whom it may be truthfully said was the peer of them all.

ed over the  
e test was  
th first  
ve  
es, who has  
he railway  
ts fate. The  
to keep the  
lg boat to  
a making a  
et and now  
past."

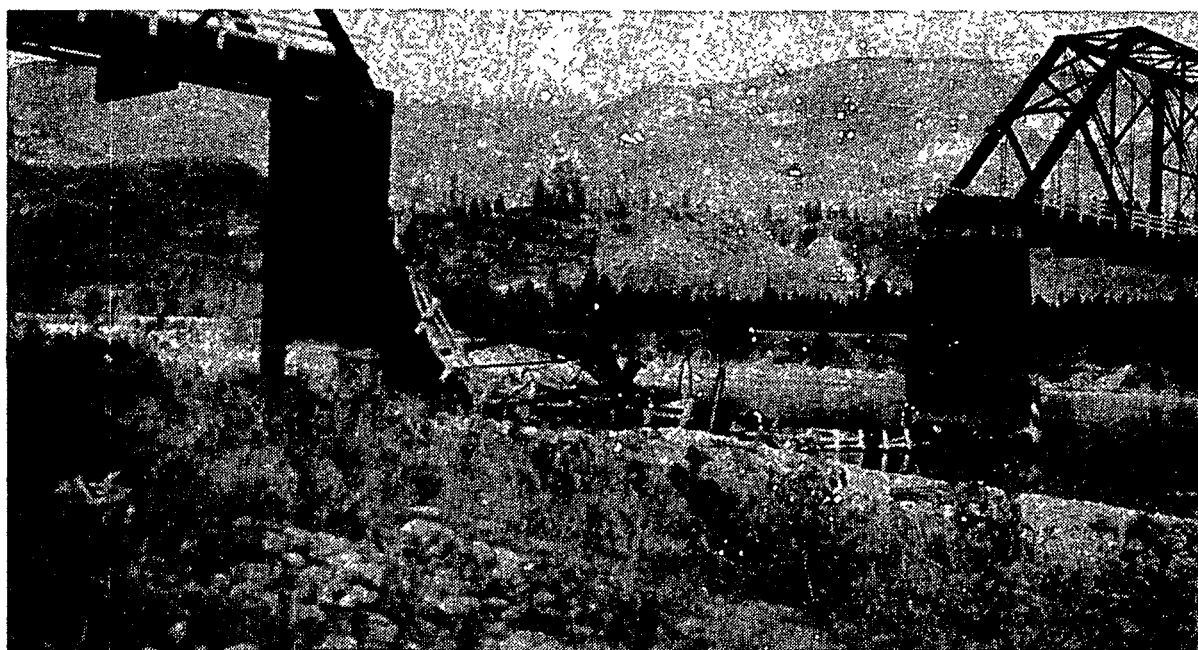
7, the main  
eted before  
water which  
as brought  
large ferry  
cars of ore  
ver to the  
us that the  
long with 5  
lt of good  
acted as she  
ray cars at  
two large  
usual. The  
ve drive  
le 1500 long  
f the cable  
d fastened  
t back from  
e fastened  
high bank.  
d bridge is  
t drew only

Bridge, the  
rinted the

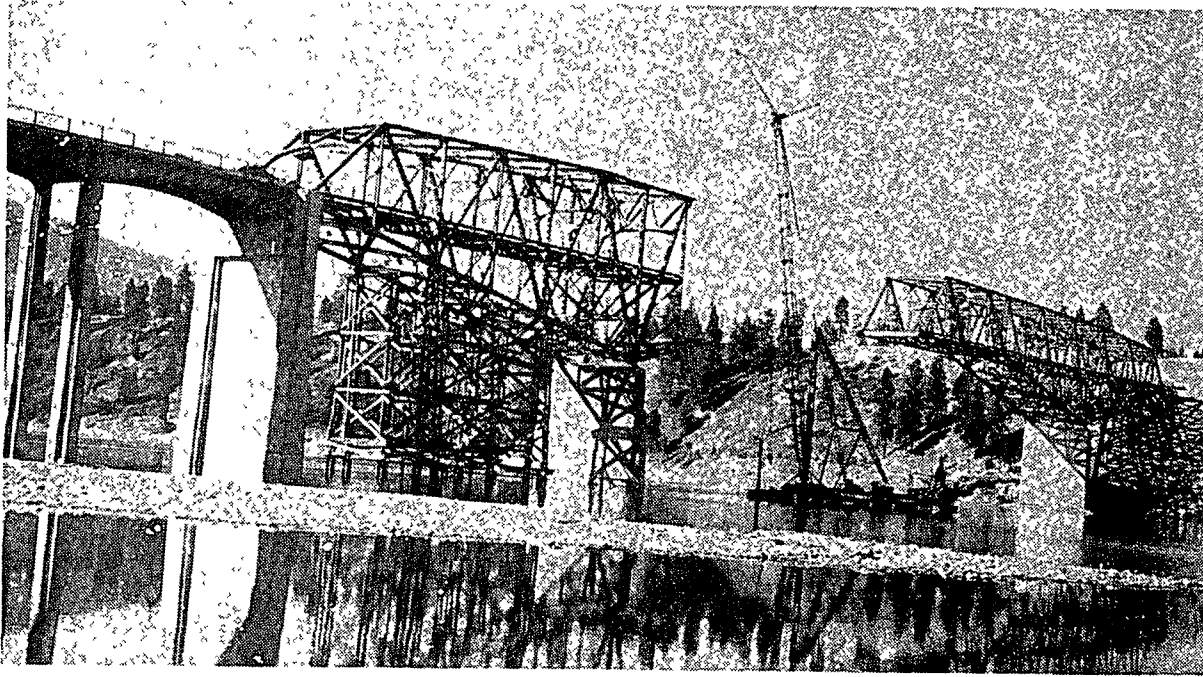
ousands of  
Northport  
eral stages  
le going to  
ey were a  
and ran the  
siness over  
a line of  
s route was  
n it may be  
t than all.



**Old Northport Railroad-car bridge - All that remained in March 1951. The bridge was condemned because it was rotten. Many spans fell of their own weight. Rest of spans and piers were dynamited. A 7-foot monument has been erected near this spot honoring the old bridge.**



**Old Northport railroad-car bridge - Second span fell of its own weight in February 1950.**



Many a man going into the mines stranded, or who had been in the mines and failed to get employment and wishing to get out, has gone to old Dan and said, "I am broke and must get" but before the words of the sentence were finished the answer would come in his bluff voice but kindly manner, "Get on, get on, if you can find a place, I'll catch you with taller next time."

"On last Saturday Mr. McKellar withdrew the last stage from the line. The Iron Horse has come and driven the stage men to new fields, and Dan, who was the first to come was the last to go, having held on long after all the others had deserted the route."

Now the railroad and bridge at Northport were going concerns, but there were some problems to overcome and once in a while a dangerous accident. One such was reported on Jan. 29, 1899.

"Engine No. 7 which was coupled to a flanger on the Red Mountain Railroad became uncontrollable on account of the air brakes failing to respond, last Wednesday and started down the steep mountain grade south of Rossland with four men on board. Before it obtained a rapid speed the fireman, brakeman and Roadmaster, Gus

Nelson leaped to the ground, but Engineer O'Neill remained at his post until he succeeded in stopping his engine on a level track several miles from where it started. With the exception of a sprained knee received by Mr. Nelson, no other damage was done, however, it was a close call."

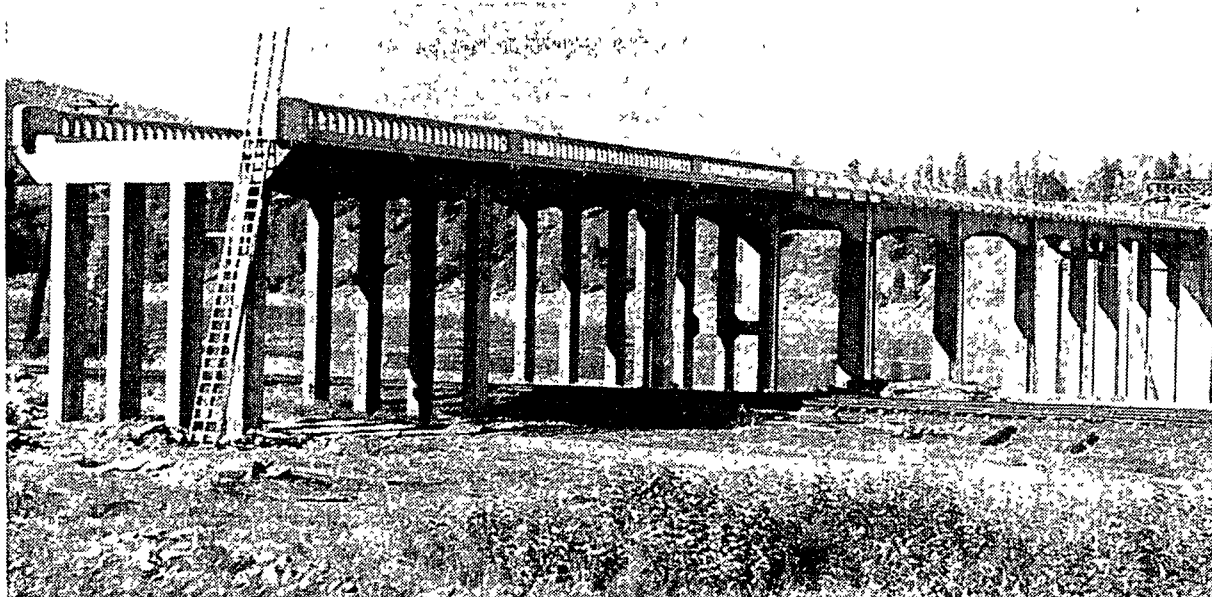
The grades were steep, the canyon deep, there were several bridges, one just above the upper fall spanned a roaring gorge, but the trains seemed to bear a charmed life, or they had good trainmen, and the fatalities were minimum.

Now the railroad and the bridges are gone. The last one crashed down into the gorge, a twisted mass of iron and wood. Most of the road bed which was built upon log rip rap through the canyon has slid down. Where the road left Big Sheep Creek Canyon to follow up Little Sheep, remnants of the road can be seen. Yes, a road was made of the old railroad grade when it was abandoned, and was travelled some 24 years as a highway between Northport and Rossland, B.C. It was a beautiful drive, through magnificent scenery. It was a fisherman's paradise, to camp along the road and fish the creek or just to look at the falls and rapids was really great. The road through the canyon was really quite

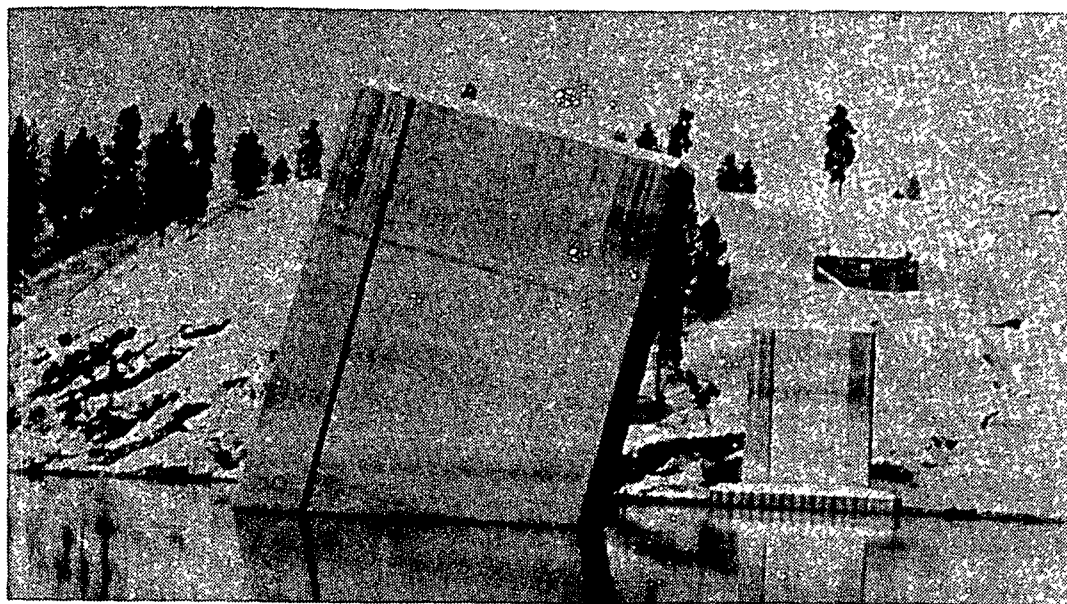


narrow as  
hundred fe  
joke to tell  
over the si

Why wa  
changed, a  
1922, Nort  
town had s  
1800 to ab  
were yi



**NORTHPORT HIGHWAY BRIDGE  
CONSTRUCTION** - Note tipped pier in  
lower picture. Pier tipped during high water  
of 1947.



narrow and the canyon wall was many hundred feet to the creek. It was a standing joke to tell outsiders who asked if folks went over the side often, to answer, "Only once."

Why was the railroad abandoned? Times changed, as they have a way of doing. By 1922, Northport's smelters were gone, the town had shrunk from a population of some 1800 to about 700. The mines at Rossland were playing out and Trail was the coming

smelter town. But let the Editor of the News tell it:

"April 8, 1922. "RED MOUNTAIN RAILWAY TO BE ABANDONED" "We have it from an apparently reliable source that the Red Mountain Railway between here and Rossland, B.C. owned and operated by the Great Northern Railway Co. will soon commence tearing up its



tracks and turn the bridges and right of way over to Stevens county - at least, that portion of it lying in this county which is a distance of eight or nine miles to the International Boundary Line, just this side of Paterson, B.C. The loss of operating the road for some years has been approximately \$60,000 per year and the future does not give promise of anything better. When the road and bridge spanning the Columbia River at this point were built some 23 years ago, Rossland was booming and the road was a big paying proposition for 15 years or more.

"In the first place, the ores of Rossland were shipped over the road via Northport to outside smelters, principally Tacoma. A short time after that the big copper smelter was built here and the tonnage of the then big Velvet mine was brought here. In later years, the Northport Smelter was closed down and from that time on the business of the railroad declined. The Rossland mines are working with very small forces, and there is little call for people to go there, as business is insignificant. In fact, the once famous gold camp appears to be without hope. With turning over of the bridge here to the county, and the converting of it into a wagon and foot bridge, we believe will prove a great blessing to the reservation ranchers, as, with a free bridge on which to cross the river they can handle their timber products, produce, etc. much cheaper than at the present and in consequence Northport will be much benefitted." (At this time it costs \$3 for any rig to cross the ferry.)

On March 16, 1923, Hughes reported:

"County Commissioner J. S. Lane and County Engineer T. M. Offutt were in Northport Saturday making preparations to take over the railway bridge across the Columbia River at this place and convert it into one for vehicle traffic. Mr. Lane informed us that the Railway Co. had promised to take up their rails and turn the bridge over to the County just as soon as the snow was gone, which will be in a few days, from the way it is melting now. The Commissioners will lose no time in getting

the structure ready for use. They have made arrangements with the Munroe Brothers' mill to saw logs, which the reservation land owners have promised to donate, into planks. The citizens of Northport are expected to give as liberally as they can toward helping the county in the work. After the completion of the bridge the matter of converting the railway right-of-way into a vehicle traffic highway will be taken up, and after it is completed the whole county will be greatly benefitted as there will be extensive travel between Spokane and British Columbia which will take in the entire length of the county.

"While this undertaking may look like a small matter to some, it may mean much, as the lands across the river from Northport will have a fair chance to be developed and then the Upper Columbia Co. may see it to their advantage to colonize their holdings as they had when they made their purchase in 1917."

On August 10, 1923, the News reported its last news on the opening and closing of the bridge.

**"BRIDGE CONTRACT LET TO THAYER BROS. FOR \$999.** County Commissioners John H. Savage, J. S. Lane and Joseph Hudspeth, County Engineer T. M. Offutt and County Assessor Chester R. Wiley were in the city Tuesday and stated to the news Editor that the contract for putting the floor and guard rails on the abandoned Columbia River railroad bridge was let to Thayer Bros. of Chewelah on their bid of \$999. Work is expected to commence immediately and when it is completed, it will be opened to the public for free vehicle travel.

"One way of looking at it is, this will be a matter of small importance to Northport, but in any other way it, together with the development of mines, farm lands, and forest products, will tend to make Northport a better and more important city than ever before. While it is probably better that we should not build too high hopes on getting a large industry to take the place of the smelter, such a thing is not beyond a

possibilit  
the heigh  
"The b  
be the  
Col bl  
as we kn  
these tw  
highway  
British C  
of tourist  
the grea  
miners."  
Editor





possibility. There is no way in estimating the heights we might attain.

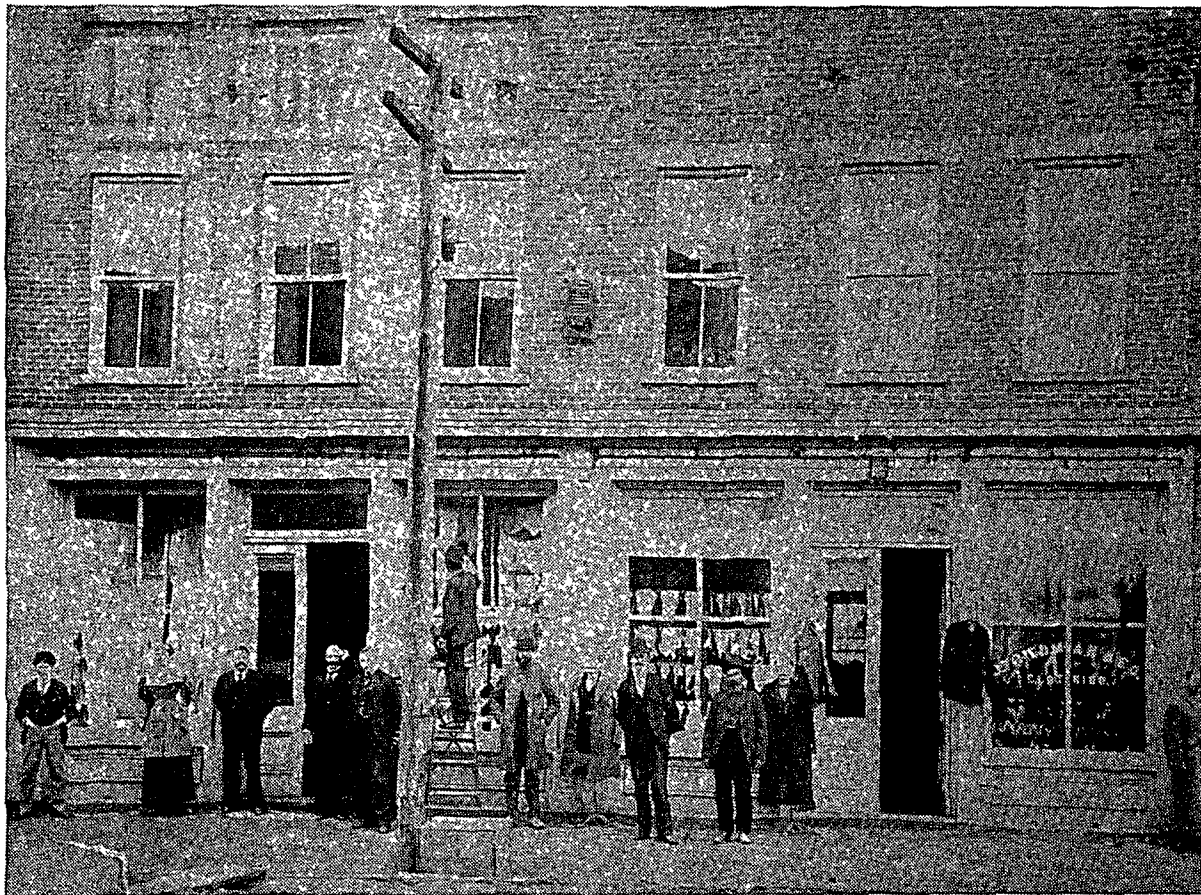
"The bridge is 1850 feet in length, and will be the only free bridge spanning the Columbia River in the United States as far as we know. There is one at Trail, B.C. and these two structures will open a great highway between the United States and British Columbia, causing a large number of tourists to pass through our city as well as the great convenience to ranchers and miners."

Editor Hughes was ever the optimist,

always trying to build up and never tearing down. The bridge was planked, the railroad bed made into a road and we traveled on it for some 20 years, when the roadbed began to disintegrate, the bridge was condemned and we had another ferry, free this time, but on restricted hours. A new highway was built, a new bridge which had the same trouble in the building as the old one (high water washed out one of the bents) but finally opened in 1956. The high water of 1948 took out most of the old bridge, the rest was blown out by a demolition crew.



**NORTHPORT LIVERY STABLE—** Adolph Fredrickson in front of his Livery Stable in Northport 1912.



**J. F. FRIEDMAN CO. clothing and dry goods. Located on Columbia Ave. it was destroyed by 1914 fire.**



**TURNER-STERRETT CO., INC. - Located on Columbia Ave. Destroyed by 1914 fire.**

At  
shots  
resid-  
was t

Not  
sever  
the d.  
fire s  
in the  
Third  
avent  
buildi  
bank  
these  
which

At ti  
having  
Falls  
e-enc  
1 d  
miles  
near t

The  
by D.  
later w  
about

The  
Rossla  
Corbin  
for the  
Le Roi  
Until t  
in 1897  
across  
the bri-  
Le Roi  
said th.  
daily to

The  
Columb  
and alt  
was not  
w ag.

## NORTHPORT FIRES

### NORTHPORT'S BIG FIRE

By Alice J. Travis of Northport

At 4:20 Monday morning May 3, 1898, four shots rang out to waken Northport's residents to the realization that their town was threatened with destruction by fire.

Northport, up to that time, had suffered several destructive fires, but none wrought the damage of the 1898 conflagration. This fire swept across three or more city blocks in the business district which lay between Third and Seventh streets on Columbia avenue, facing the river. Numerous small buildings occupied space above the river bank and various businesses flourished in these small and very unpretentious places which were soon burned to the ground.

At that time, Northport was in its infancy, having been established when the Spokane Falls & Northern Railway company extended its road here, but it was growing rapidly as a border town located only 9 miles from the boundary line which lies near the mouth of the Pend Oreille river.

The Spokane Falls & Northern was built by D. C. Corbin, of Spokane, in 1892 and later was built to Nelson, B.C. - a distance of about 80 miles.

The Red Mountain railway, or spur, to Rossland, B. C., was also built by Mr. Corbin, to connect with the main line here, for the purpose of transporting ore from the Le Roi mine to smelters east of Spokane. Until the SF&N railroad bridge was built in 1897, it was necessary to ferry the ore across the Columbia but after completion of the bridge and the Northport smelter, the Le Roi ore was smelted in Northport. It is said that 375 to 750 tons of ore were hauled daily to the Le Roi smelter here.

The railroad bridge was one of the first Columbia river bridges built in this state and although it was condemned in 1946, it was not taken down until 1950. Ferry service was again installed, in 1946, and continued

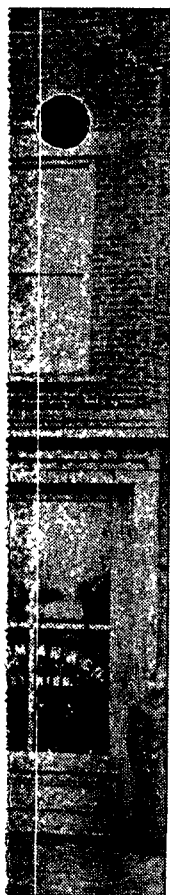
until the present highway bridge was completed. This bridge is, of course, not a railway bridge - the railroad to Rossland was torn up years ago.

Railroad and bridge construction, combined with smelter construction, brought a steady influx of workers during those early days - and prosperity too - to this little town on the Columbia. Newcomers, fired with the spirit of true frontiersmen, located here, many of them going into business, construction work, blacksmithing, and other trades and professions. Among well-known early-day characters, were Onion Creek Jack, Mule Jackson, and later a tall black-haired robust fellow who was called Black Jackson.

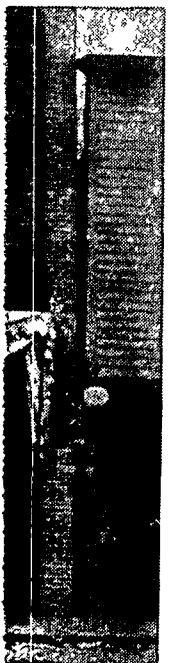
The main street, Columbia, named, of course for the river which flows past the town, was like the proverbial bee, but the residential area lay on what was known as the upper flat, on which was located a number of attractive homes and a few business places. Tall pine trees and wild shrubs were numerous throughout the residential area and this district was quiet and peaceful as most small towns are.

Silver Crown Mountain, which lies back of the town, overlooked, as it still does, Northport and its river and mountains to the north and west. The farm-to-market road encircles the mountain, on the town side and leads to Deep Creek district. Majestic old Silver Crown Mountain has seen many changes, both good and bad, throughout the years, but stands as guardian and sentinel still.

At the time of the fire, Northport had no complete water system, no fire department, and no electric light plant, though the smelter company later furnished water mains for the city water system which has been in use many years. A fellow named Bob Morrill built a small power plant in Deep Creek Canyon and furnished



Inc. and dry  
Ave. It was



INC. -  
destroyed by

electricity to Northport for some time later.

When the 1898 fire broke out bucket brigades were formed and they battled tirelessly to save the town's business blocks. Conditions would have been even worse, had it not been possible to get water from the SF&N storage tank just east of town in the vicinity of the smelter site. Railroaders and other citizens hauled water with railway engines and all workers fought valiantly against odds.

It is interesting, at this point, to note that water for public drinking and household purposes was sold to townspeople by the barrel at this time. It was hauled from the river and from Deep Creek by the "water-man," and one of the first to sell it, was a certain Bill Adams. The foregoing information was given the writer by one who resided here at that time.

Most of Northport's buildings were of frame construction, many of them two-storied, and the fire fanned by a light wind, spread rapidly.

The cause of the fire was not positively determined but it is generally believed that an upset oil lamp started it, in the rear of the R. E. Stout barber shop, on the So. E. corner of Fourth and Columbia, and spread rapidly to the Madden-Riley building.

Due, likely, to the early hour, help was slow in arriving at the scene and these buildings were soon enveloped by flames which spread to other buildings south and east of the new Madden building and the Madden-Riley saloon, both of which were destroyed.

The occupants of adjacent buildings carried out furniture, stock and personal belongings at breakneck speed and teams and wagons were used to haul them to safer places. Even a large portion of the drugstore stock, belonging to Dr. J. J. Travis, (more or less difficult to handle) was moved across the railroad track and saved from the flames.

A change in the wind carried embers into the section west of Fourth street and soon this block of buildings was ablaze.

The first section to burn east of Fourth

included the Madden-Riley buildings and saloon; the Weaver livery barn and contents (though the horses were turned out and saved); F. Gribi restaurant, C. C. Anderson building, Bartlett & Trullinger cigar store, Wallace lodging house, the Peerless building, owned by George Thomas; Perdue & Thomas building, Otis Arnold store, Vance store, Swanson restaurant, Blake building, Huglo Moser saloon (one of 26 which flourished here during that era), P. J. Lyons building, Harris & De Haven meat market; Dawson merchandise store, Charles Trullinger jewelry store, Pat Devine saloon, Macy Brothers building and restaurant, Floyd Smith barber shop, Ferguson saloon, Billy Moore bowling alley and the Northport Trading company store, owned by T. L. Savage and located on the southwest corner of Columbia and Third, present site of the New Zealand hotel.

West of Fourth the buildings on both sides of the railroad track were built close together (as were those east of Fourth) and fire enveloped them almost simultaneously, regardless of the use of dynamite to stop the spread of the fire.

The A. T. Kendrick building, a two-story brick general merchandise store, on the corner, was the only structure that escaped destruction in this entire block and it escaped, also, the big fire of 1914 - perhaps a rabbit foot had been placed in its cornerstone. It still houses the Kendrick Mercantile company, Northport's largest store, though A. T. Kendrick, first owner, sold out to the present owners many years ago.

It is significant (of something or other) that the only building left standing east of Fourth Street on Columbia was the small wooden structure which housed the law office of J. A. Kellogg, on the corner of Third. Attorney J. A. Kellogg left for the Coast about 1904 and located in Bellingham. He was prominent in that city and became its mayor a short time later.

West of the A. T. Kendrick store places destroyed were the Northport State bank. Newland lodging house and one of Northport's first drugstores (owned by Dr.





**NORTHPORT GYM—** Built by the WPA during the depression. Poles for the unique building came from the Boundary pole yard. The building burnt in 1963.

*June 29 - 1934*  
**Work on Northport Gym**  
**Started This Morning**  
*6/29 - 1934*

B. V. Stewart was expected to come to Northport Wednesday to start up the work on the school gymnasium, under the Washington Emergency Relief Administration, but on account of an emergency call to Cheney, he was unable to be here. However, Miss Ruth Brown, relief commissioner, was delegated the job and examined applicants for work and issued cards. There were between 45 and 50 applicants.

The first shift was put to work this morning, Friday, June 29th. As yet it has not been decided just exactly how many men will be employed on each shift, as a number will be employed at the sawmill where the timbers will be squared on three

sides.

We understand that it is planned to investigate each applicant thoroughly and give out the work to fit the needs of the parties, those most needy getting the most work. This plan seems to have the approval of nearly everybody.

Emil Schmeller of Chewelah, who had charge of the construction work when it shut down in the spring, will again be on the job, and Ray Evans will be foreman as before. Both have proved their efficiency and no doubt, the work will be pushed through rapidly on schedule.

We are informed that the men will each be paid 50c per hour and work eight hours per day and be kept on two to three days per week, but this may possibly be changed slightly later on.

It is hoped by all that nothing will occur to halt the progress of the work and that the structure will be finished by the time school starts in the fall. The gym will be very commodious and a credit to Northport.

**Early newspaper story on June 29, 1934 tells of gym's construction.**

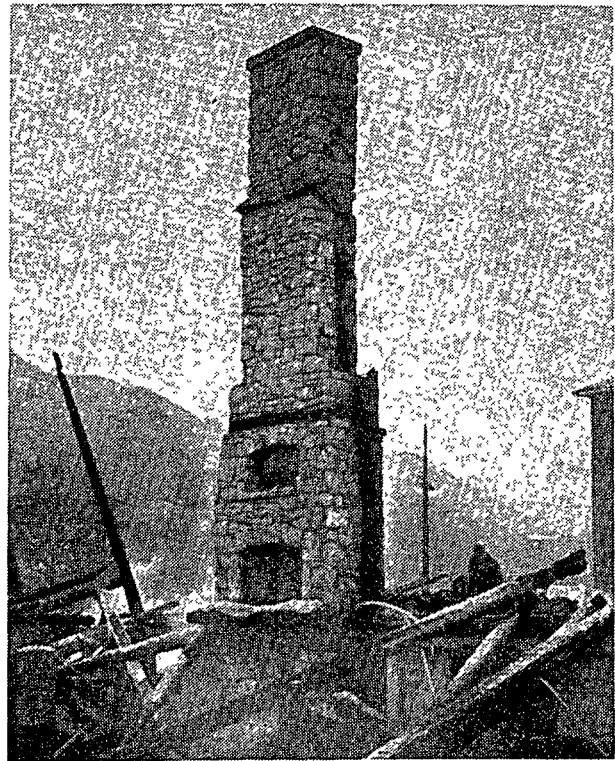




J. J. Travis, well-known Stevens county pioneer who had served as a member of the constitutional convention of the state in 1889; R. G. Field grocery, Halbeiss harness shop; Sline saloon, building and stock; Sanderlin barber shop, Cy Townsend building. (Cy Townsend was Northport's first postmaster and his service dated back to 1891 when the post office was located six miles below the town. It was moved from there as soon as the railroad was completed into Northport.)

Other places destroyed were three buildings owned by M. R. Galusha (perhaps Spokane's M. R. Galush); two buildings owned by John A. Finch, King building, several houses owned by Robert Rembel, Wigwam saloon, Mary Eagen hotel and restaurant, Columbia Hardware company, S. F. Davis block, Alberta House, owned by Albert Loiselle, and various other frame buildings owned by O'Conner and Cunningham, T. A. Perrott, William Sluthour, Almstrom Brothers, Henry Hicks, Theresa Klepsch, A. K. Ogilvie, A. A. Batterson, Dr. J. J. Travis, William P. Hughes (Northport's first mayor, pioneer newspaper man who owned, edited and published the Northport News. His first printing press was brought into this town by ox-team before the railroad was built. Mr. Hughes was also notary public and United

Inside the former log gym. This building served for many years as the town's sport center, hall for dances, plays, social gatherings, wedding receptions. Note the large white stone fireplace at right. Picture taken 1947.



Rock fireplace only standing remains of Northport gym fire.

State  
Wh  
house  
A. W  
Othe  
seco  
lm  
m  
equip  
black  
Harr  
milli  
whic  
days  
sma  
trac  
busi  
close  
Of  
reac  
(anc  
had  
loca  
tow  
as t  
nea  
dest  
baw  
gan  
no  
T

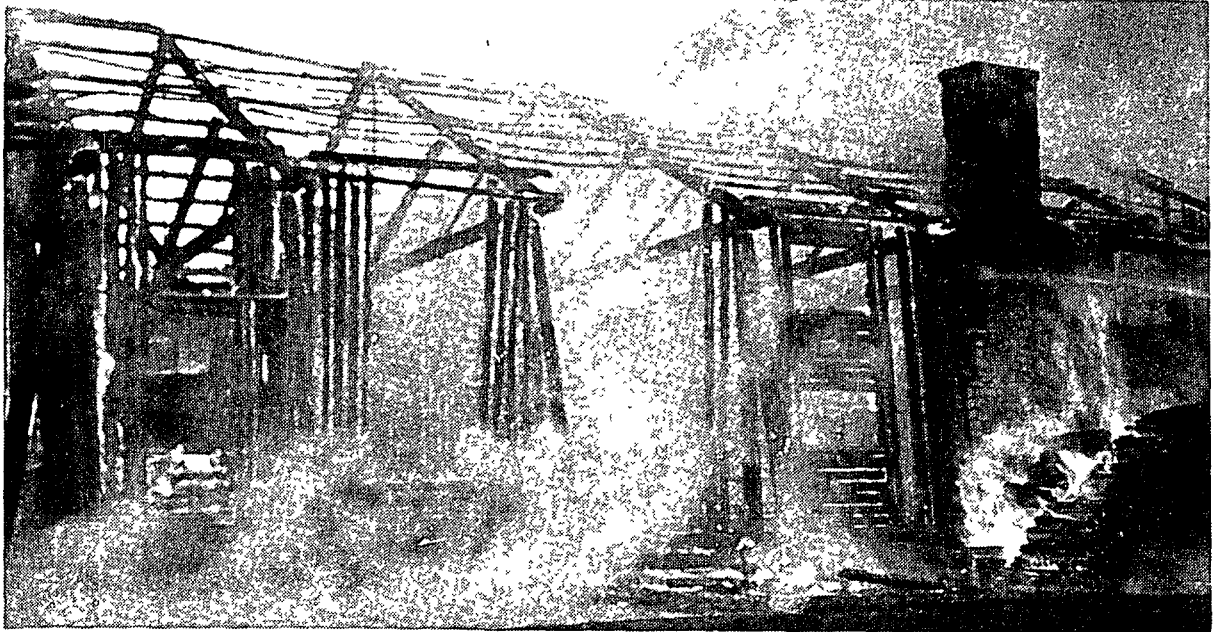




This building town's sport lays, social as. Note the light. Picture



remains of



Northport gym consumed by flames.

States commissioner here for many years.).

What was known as the Jennie Crow house was taken by the flames and also the A. W. Calder dental office and equipment. Other buildings lost were Webb's second-hand store; Stark lodging house; Ahlman restaurant, Welch building, Dr. Armstrong's veterinary offices and equipment, E. Black store, Cameron blacksmith shop, Adel Bishop livery barn, Harris lodging house and the Waters-Honey millinery shop. Several Chinese laundries, which did a flourishing business in those days, were completely destroyed as were small shops on the north side of the railroad track, and several other small places of business, more or less removed from the closely-built-up area.

Of more or less interest to the average reader is the fact that at the time of this fire, (and for some years afterward) Northport had a "restricted district," which was located in this part of town, and back toward the hill. These "houses of ill fame," as they were known, and the dance halls near them (a part of them in reality), were destroyed - in a few short hours the gay and bawdy places which housed all sorts of gambling, harlotry and kindred vices, were no more.

The total financial loss has been

estimated at various amounts but the generally accepted figure is between \$200,000 and \$250,000 - no definite record seems available.

Little of this loss was covered by insurance as rates were high in the new and bustling town which was without adequate fire protection.

At the time of the 1898 fire, two mills were supplying the lumber for Northport's building needs. One was located at the mouth of Deep creek about three miles east of town. It was owned and operated by "Doc" Thompson and son, Cully, of Chewelah. The other mill was operating on the river in town and was known as the Lee mill. Thousands of feet of lumber were supplied by these two mills for the building era which preceded and followed the big fire.

The old Le Roi copper smelter, which operated some years, was purchased later by the Day brothers of the Coeur d'Alenes and transformed into a lead smelter. It was rebuilt at a cost of approximately \$1,500,000 and operated for eight to 10 years and was then dismantled. The smelter site is now owned by J.D. Harms.

Northport's population during smelter days was about 2000 to 2500.

The first city election was held on June 23,



**JULY 1914 Fire - Looking upriver from 4th Street.**

1898, and officers elected to serve the new town were: Mayor, William P. Hughes; attorney, J. A. Kellogg; clerk, D. S. Hammond; treasurer, F. G. Slocum; health officer, Dr. J. J. Travis.

Councilmen elected were: Al Almstrom, T. L. Savage, A. K. Ogilvie, A. T. Kendrick, Cy Townsend, Dr. J. J. Travis and Dr. J. F. Harris.

A number of these early day city fathers were active in city administration work for

many years afterward and served in various capacities when the city was incorporated.

One old building to stand the onslaught of time and unaffected by any fires is the former Grand View hotel, built by D. C. Corbin during railroad construction days. It is a two and one-half story frame located on Fourth and Summit, and is owned by Tony Gallo.

From  
29th, 1914

"Three Northpor portion o times, th 1893, wh consume principal and 5 we fires oc outlook : re-built b it so dull sight for doubtful buildings futu I exp sis those w success with a w this town are othe generally who say. not be lo ever."

.. "The s bent for and out resource little tim or three rise, Ph will not ever bef prosperi

"At a aft 1900

# THE BIG FIRE OF 1914

**The Big Fire of 1914**  
**By Margaret Evans**

From the Northport News, Wed. July 29th, 1914. - After the Third and largest fire.

"Three times and out. That's where Northport stands today. The business portion of the City has been burned three times, the first one being in the summer of 1893, when two blocks (5 and 6) were consumed, at that time these were the principal business blocks. In 1898, blocks 4 and 5 were burned. When the first two big fires occurred, the city had a bright outlook and in a very short time it was re-built better than ever. We have now had it so dull for so long, and with nothing in sight for the immediate future, that it is doubtful whether more than two or three buildings will be rebuilt in the immediate future. It is rather amusing to hear the expressions of different people. Most of those who never made any particular success in life will shake their heads and with a wise look say: "That is the last of this town, it will never be rebuilt." There are others of indomitable will who have generally met with a fair share of success who say: "The town is all right and it will not be long before she will be better than ever."

.. "The scribe's opinion is that we are badly bent for the present. In fact we are down and out now. But with the admirable resources of various kinds, which will take a little time to develop, it will not be over two or three years at most, when Northport will rise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes, and it will not only be a better built city than ever before, but more prosperous, with a prosperity that will not down or wear off.

### Another Great Affliction

"At about 3 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon fire was discovered bursting out

of the Adolph Fredrickson two story frame building on Fourth street. The first floor of the building was lower than the sidewalk, which was unoccupied, and the upper floor which was level with the street, was used as a garage, and therefore considerably soaked with gasoline. The weather was hot, the buildings dry as tinder and a stiff little breeze was blowing from the South. The fire department was quickly on the scene with hose and ladders, but the flames were so fierce and sudden, and the water pressure, usually so strong, was very weak from some unknown cause, that it was seen from the start a big fight was on hand to cope with it. The flames soon jumped across a vacant lot to the telephone building, and then almost immediately spread to the Davis and Deconinck buildings, the latter being occupied by L. Cook as a restaurant and lodging house. From this time on it rapidly spread to surrounding buildings, and in about an hour had consumed everything in block 4, the most solidly built business block in the city. The flames then jumped across Third Street and did not stop until the large depot and U.S. Customs house combined was consumed.

"The fire was so hot and the flames so far-reaching that most of the little that was saved afterward burned while reposing in its supposed place of safety.

"The firemen fought bravely and well and made few mistakes.

"While the fire was raging in block 4 the surrounding blocks were in so much danger that constant playing on the fronts and roofs of the buildings with garden hose was necessary to prevent them from becoming ignited. The business buildings on the west side of Fourth Street, although the wind was in their favor, were so hot that the paint on them sizzled and most of the windows were broken. The large frame buildings on Summit Ave. across the street from the fire

were also in grave danger, and only for constant work with garden hose would have been burned. While the Ferandini building was burning, the Chas Adam cabinet shop and Farmer's Co-op Store across the street were found to be smoking several times. Had the fire jumped across the street on Fourth or across Summit Ave. God only knows where it would have stopped, but we feel quite sure that the News would not be here to tell of it.

"The fire is thought to have been caused by boys lighting matches in the lower story or by spontaneous combustion.

"The Following were the buildings destroyed and losses etc. so far as we could learn. Necessarily there will no doubt be a few errors, but in the main it is correct.

Garage, two stories, with unoccupied cottage owned by Adolph Fredrickson. No Ins. Loss, \$4,000

Telephone building, two stores, Occupied by telephone office, also by F. M. Claghorn's family as a residence and Joe Deconinck with a room for sleeping. Loss on building, \$2000 Loss to the Claghorns \$1,000, loss to Joe Deconinck on furniture, clothing etc. \$250

Loss to Telephone Co. \$1000. No Insurance.

G. F. Davis, two stories with basement. Unoccupied. No Insurance. Loss \$1,000.

L. Cook, restaurant and lodging, two stories with basement, building owned by Joe Deconinck No Insurance. Mr. Cook's loss was \$1,000 and Mr. Deconinck's on building \$2,000.

Meumann two story building, owned by F. G. Slocum, Unoccupied and no Insurance. Loss \$2,000.

Home Plate Saloon of Jack Leonard. Building owned by F. G. Slocum. No insurance on Saloon loss \$2,000. Insurance on building \$500, loss \$1,000.

Harris & Dehaven meat market building, owned by W. W. Harris and Carl Dehaven with all butcher outfit such as sausage and other machines, knives, cleavers, furniture etc. No insurance, Loss \$2,000.

Two story building, unoccupied owned by A. V. Downs, no Insurance, loss \$2,000

Quigley's Pool room, building owned by F. G. Slocum. Insurance on building \$500 loss \$1,000. No insurance on Mr. Quigley's outfit, loss \$400.

Post office building owned by W. F. Case, who conducted the Post office Store in the front part and T. T. Richardson with the Post office in the rear. Mr Case's insurance was \$1,900 loss, \$4,000. Mr. Richardson was uninsured and lost about \$500.

Unoccupied building owned by F. G. Slocum. No insurance. Loss \$1,000.

Building owned by Floyd C. Smith and occupied by him as a barber shop and bath house. No insurance, Loss \$2,000.

Log Cabin Saloon, business and equipment owned by E. F. Pick and Thomas McLaughlin: Insurance \$2,000; loss \$4,500. The building was of brick and owned by F. G. Slocum, insurance \$1,000 Loss \$3,000.

Big two story building owned by George Thomas, unoccupied. No insurance, Loss \$4,000.

Two story building owned by T. B. Rouston and occupied by him with Headquarters Saloon and sleeping rooms; Insurance, \$1,500; loss \$4,000.

Savage building owned by F. G. Slocum, used for public hall and theater down stairs and offices and Lodge rooms upstairs. Insurance on building \$2,000, loss \$6,000. Loss to C. E. Allison who had an office upstairs, real estate, \$500 with no insurance. The building was a big two story brick structure and covered two lots.

Livery stable, building and business owned by David M. Downs. No insurance and loss \$2,000. Fortunately all the horses and most of the vehicles were hired out.

The New Zealand Hotel, a large two story with basement brick building covering two lots owned by Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Wulff and the business conducted by them. Insurance, \$3,000., Loss on building \$9,000; on furniture, fixtures etc. \$4,000. Total loss, \$13,000.

Two story frame building owned by a Spokane man, formerly called the Dakota House, and unoccupied, no insurance, loss \$1000.

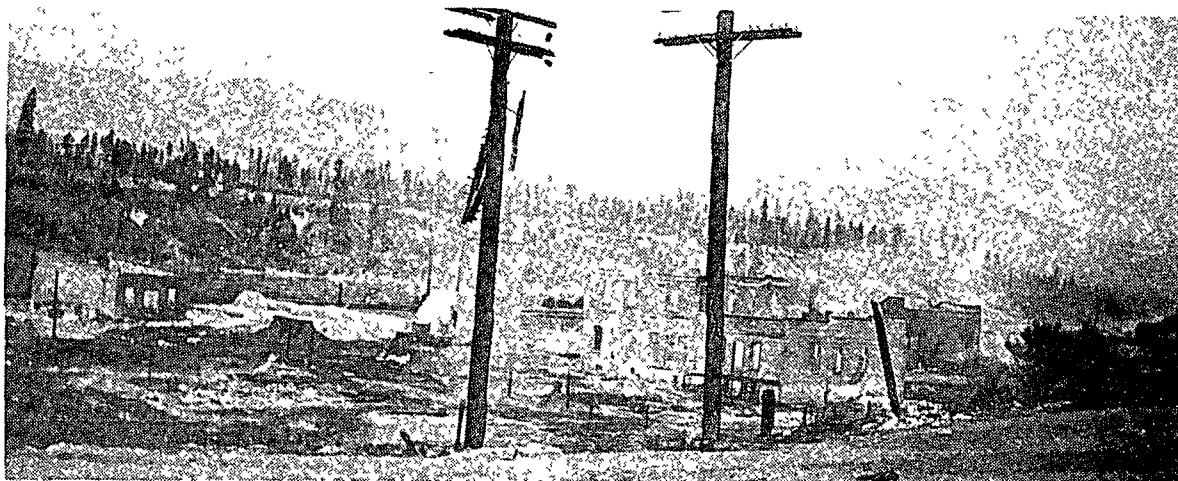
Two small houses and a three story building owned by Mr. and Mrs. Magnus

ng owned by  
building \$500  
Mr. Outgley's  
y W. F. Case,  
Store in the  
son with the  
e's insurance  
hardson was  
d by F. G.  
1,000.  
Smith and  
hop and bath  
000.  
siness and  
and Thomas  
; loss \$4,500.  
owned by F.  
oss \$3,000.  
d by George  
urance, Loss  
l by T. B.  
him with  
pling rooms;  
G. ocum,  
down stairs  
as upstairs.  
loss \$6,000.  
id an office  
o insurance.  
story brick  
id business  
o insurance  
l the horses  
hired out.  
ge two story  
overing two  
agnus Wulff  
by them.  
ding \$9,000;  
. Total loss,  
wned by a  
the Dakota  
urance, loss  
hree story  
rs. gnus

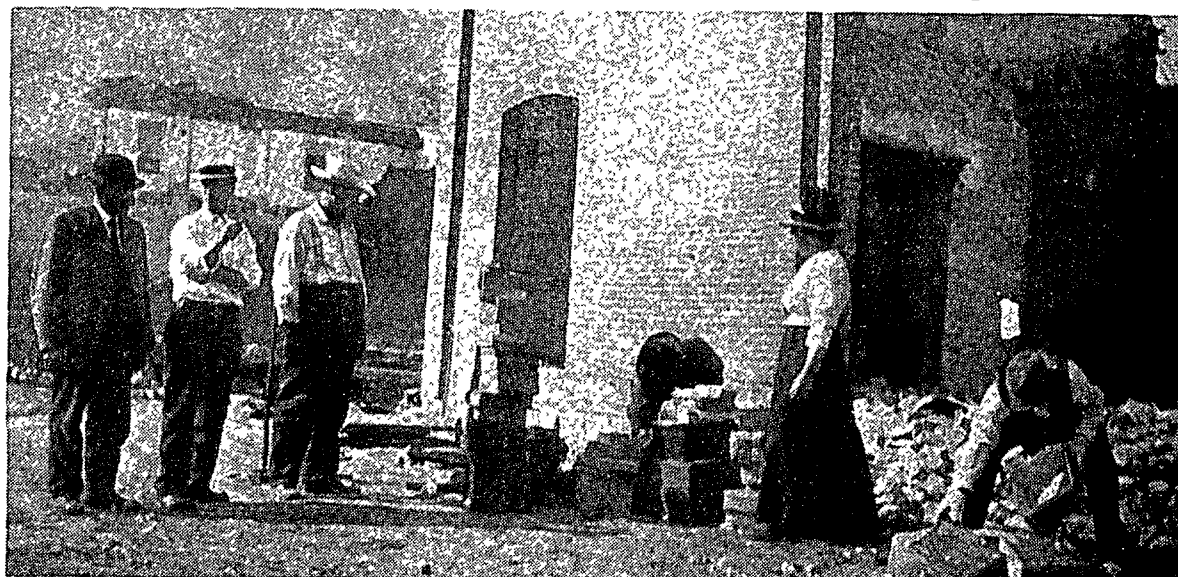


**RARE PICTURE** of Northport's downtown section on Front street just before the 1914 fire.

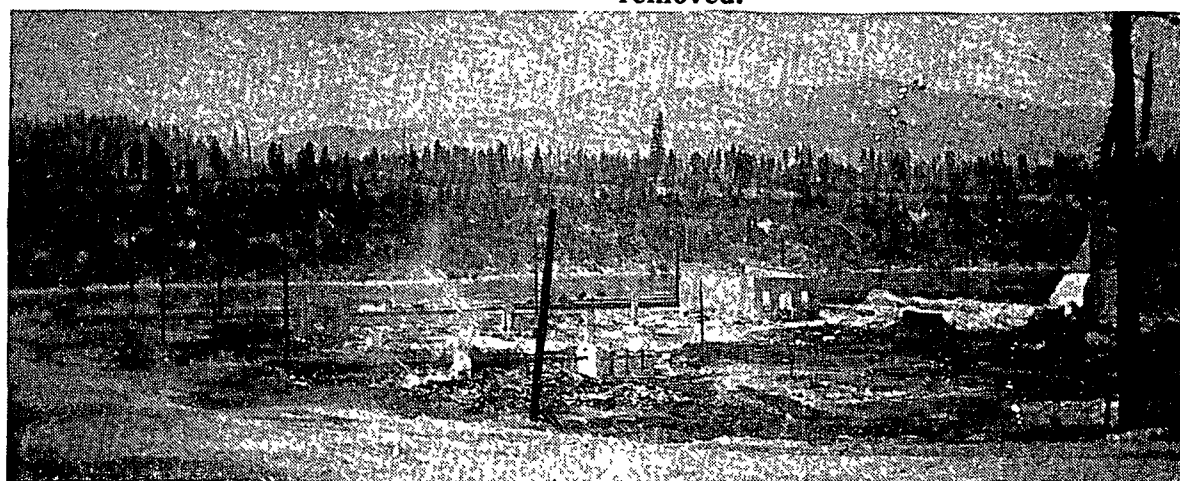




**JULY 1914 Fire - Looking towards river.**

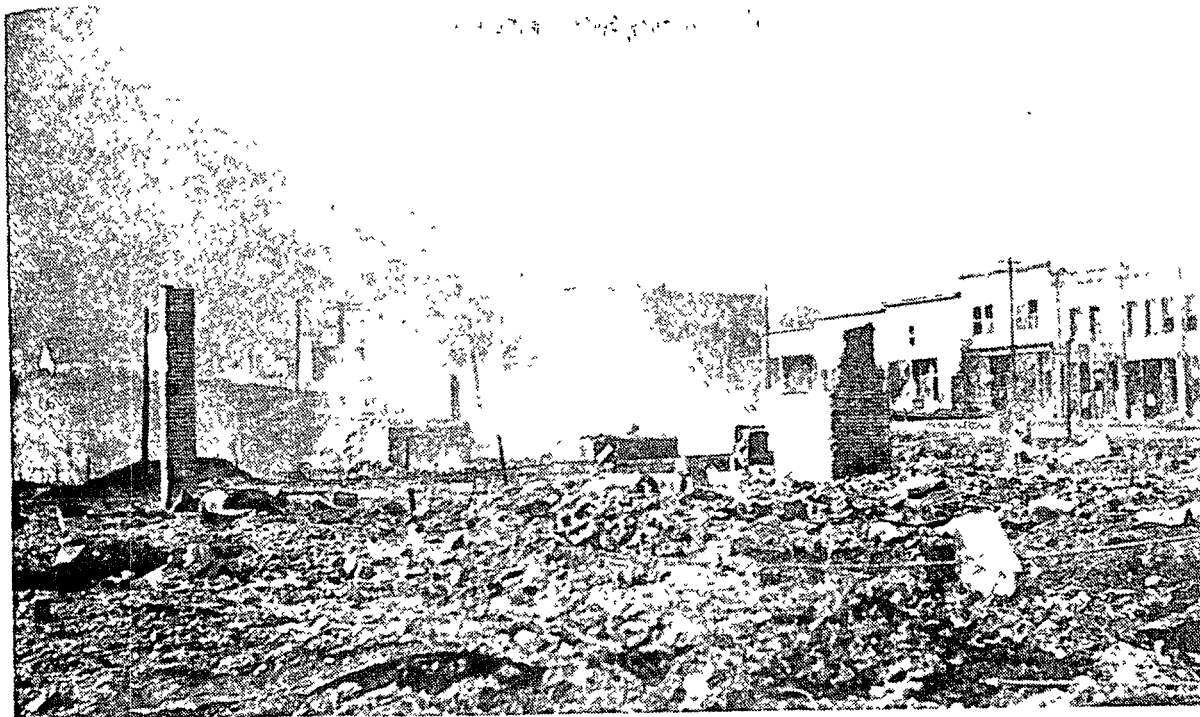


**JULY 1914 Fire - Vault in the Savage building at right with contents, center, removed.**

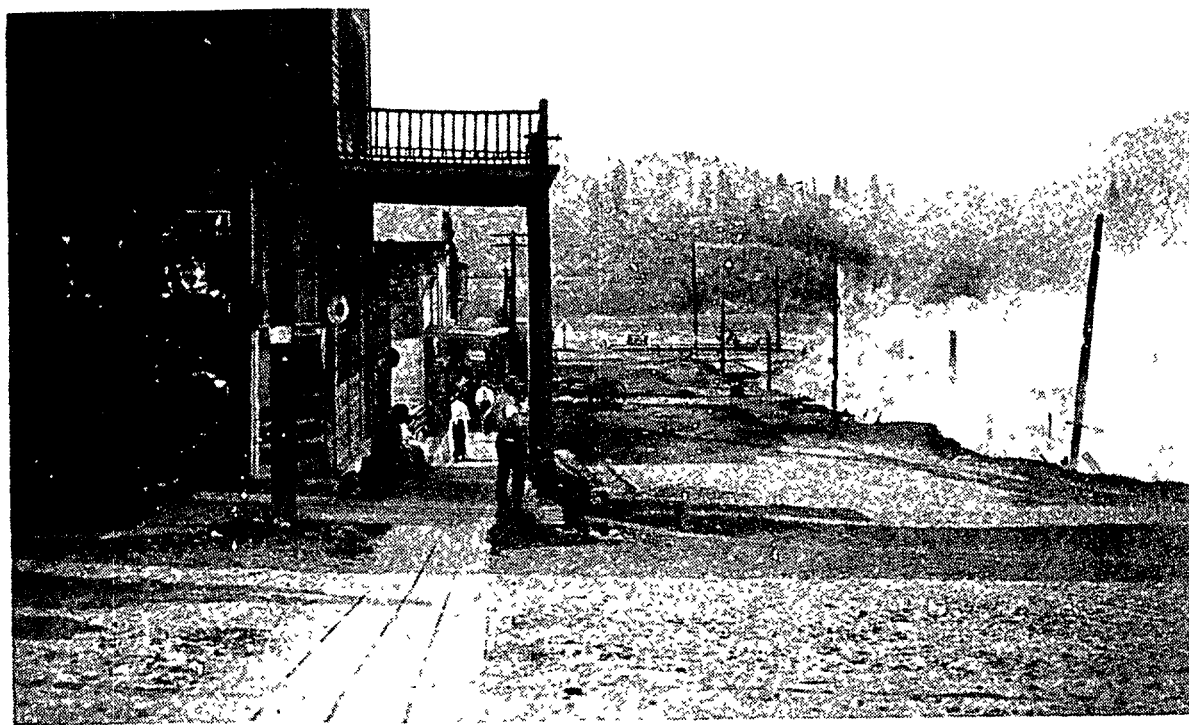


**JULY 1914 Fire - Looking down 4th Street after the fire.**





**JULY 1914 fire - Looking southeast towards 4th St.**

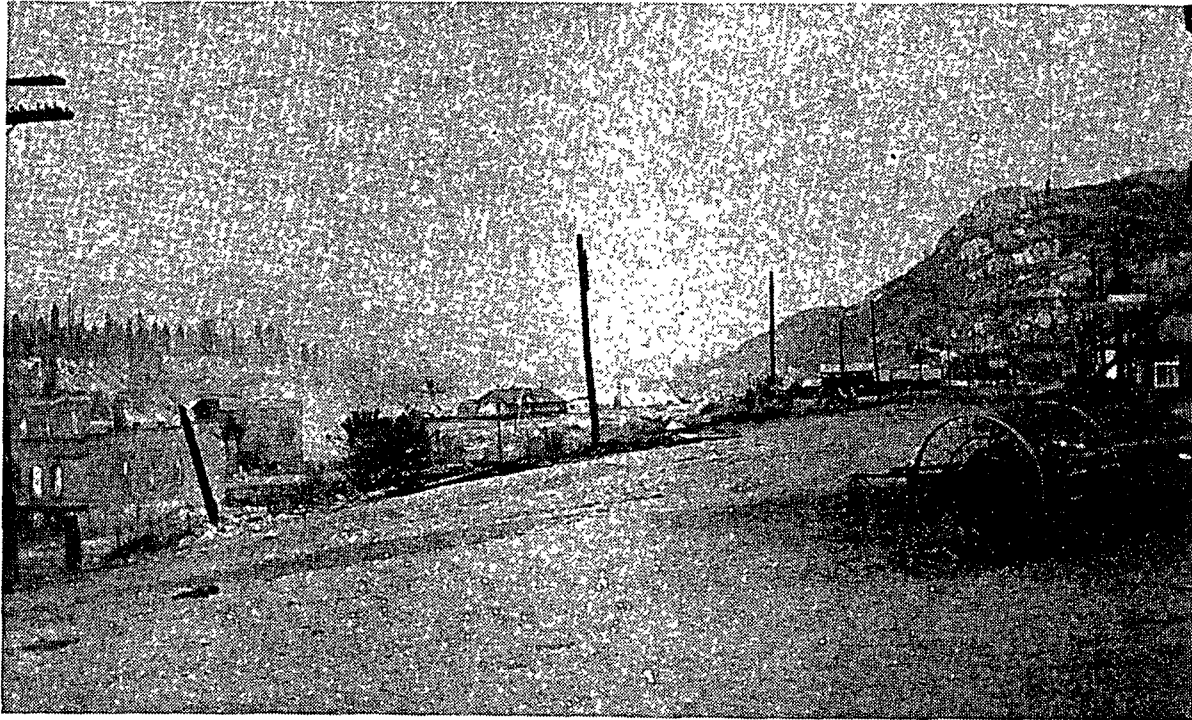


**JULY 1914 Fire - Looking down 4th St.**

**wards river.**

**the Savage  
its, center,**

**n 4th Street**



**JULY 1914 Fire - Looking down towards railroad depot. Note fire hose carrier at right.**

Wulff all used for lodging purposes by the Wulffs except the lower floor of the big building, which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spicer as a photograph gallery and a place of abode when they were in the city. Fortunately friends of the Spicers saved most of their goods, therefore their loss will probably not exceed \$200 with no insurance. The Wulffs had no insurance and their loss was about \$2000.

Two story building occupied by H. W. Brooks for storing elderberry wine on the ground floor, owned by Mrs. Rose Ferrandini. Neither party carried insurance. Mr. Brook's loss about \$2000, the building, \$1,000.

One story building owned by Dr. Diffenbacher, unoccupied and uninsured. Loss \$1,000.

Residence of Mrs. Wm St. Clair. No insurance. Lost everything about the premises - even all their clothing except what they had on, the house cat and rabbits, which jumped back into the flames after she had previously rescued them. Loss \$500.

Kendrick Merc. Co. big two story brick warehouse. Filled with flour, agricultural

implements, and merchandise of various kinds. Loss of goods \$3,000, loss of building \$4,000, Insurance, \$3,000.

S. F. & N. depot - largest in Stevens County. Occupied as railway offices, express office and U.S. Customs offices. Insurance unknown, Loss of Building, about \$8,000, and other losses unknown.

Beer warehouse owned by Spokane Breweries. Loss unknown but probably about \$1,000.

Loss to fraternal Orders in records paraphernalia etc. I.O.O.F., \$400; Masons, \$600; Eastern Star \$250; I.O.R.N. \$300; F.O.E. \$300 W.O.W. \$300; Women of Woodcraft, \$600.

B.J. Carney & Co. cedar poles; loss \$3,000 fully covered by Insurance.

C. C. Knutson, cedar poles, no insurance, loss \$1,000.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rigg, who lived upstairs over the depot lost all their furniture and clothing worth about \$500 with no insurance.

The City had about 800 feet of hose burned, loss about \$800. The firemen had pulled the hose along an alley so as to fight

the flames had to flee the hose c  
We made  
of c  
Losses  
broken gla  
\$1,000.

Miscella  
small bar  
goods st  
belonging  
above pro

Each of  
about the  
destroyed  
destroyed  
one, block

TI  
The last  
the Town,  
View Hote  
evidently l  
used it for  
August, th  
The floor  
smol  
to the gras  
smoldered  
early in  
Before the  
mass of f  
best, but  
across the  
and the  
Theatre  
Grand Vie  
as a gara  
hottest fire  
New Zeala

The old C  
mark, buil  
two-story  
early Nort  
around it,  
the top, so  
view walk  
reservation  
marriage  
News

the flames from all directions, but they soon had to flee for their lives and could not get the hose out.

We understand that John Beard lost a pile of cedar poles.

Losses to surrounding buildings by broken glass, parched paint etc. probably \$1,000.

Miscellaneous losses such as ice houses, small barns, chicken houses, sidewalks, goods stored in various places, etc. belonging to others than those mentioned above probably \$3,000.

Each of Northport's big fires created about the same loss. The first in 1893 destroyed blocks 6 and 7, the second in 1898 destroyed blocks 5 and 6, and the present one, blocks 3 and 4.

#### The Grand View Hotel Fire

The last big fire that was a real blow to the Town, was the burning of the old Grand View Hotel and Tony's Market. The fire evidently began in the old Hotel, no one had used it for many years, and since it was August, there was dry grass all around it. The theory is that perhaps children were smoking in the building, or near and set fire to the grass or papers near. It had evidently smoldered all night and broke out in flames early in the morning, August 10, 1972. Before the alarm was turned in, it was a mass of flames, the Fire Dept. tried its best, but they could only save buildings across the street, like Skrobian's pool Hall and the Standard Station, also the old Theatre Building. Tony's Market, the Grand View and a building next to it used as a garage all went up in one of the hottest fires I ever attended, excepting the New Zealand Hotel fire.

The old Grand View Hotel was a real landmark, built in 1893, it was a large square two-story building and one of the finest in early Northport. It had a large porch all around it, and a sort of promenade walk on the top, so that the second story had a real view walk, taking in the river and the reservation. It was the scene of the first marriage in Northport, Oct. 21, 1893, the News tells it thus:

"Todd and Qualey, Yesterday, :Sunday Oct. 21st, Morning about 10 o'clock a young couple were seen riding into Northport on horseback from the direction of Deep Creek. They rode up to the Grand View hotel and dismounted. A short time afterward quite an excitement was created when it was learned that they were to be married, as a wedding had never occurred in Northport.

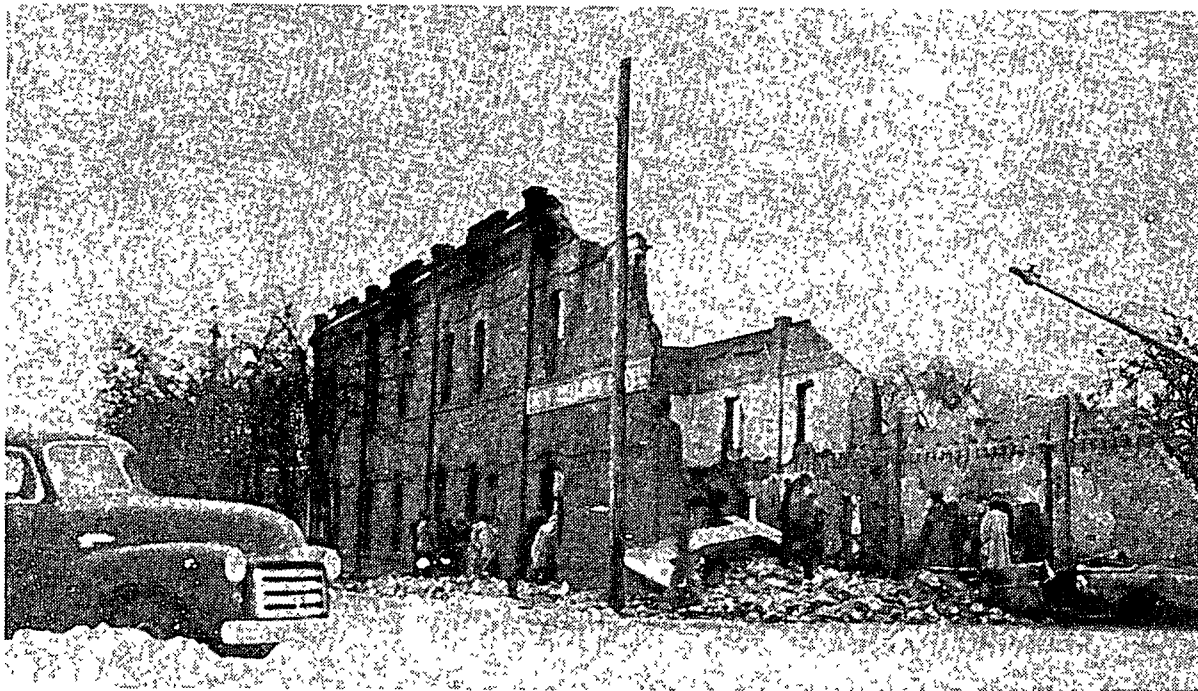
The happy couple proved to be Miss Julia A. Todd, eldest daughter of Rev. Todd, and Nels Qualey, all of Deep Lake. Judge W. M. Blake performed the ceremony in the parlor of the Grand View hotel in the presence of a few friends.

After receiving the congratulations of those present, Mr. and Mrs. Qualey mounted their horses and departed for their Deep Creek home. The News extends congratulations and wishes them a happy voyage on the matrimonial sea."

The old Hotel was the scene of many gatherings, dances, dinners, it was quite a place of entertainment for the "Society People" of Northport. When I came here, it was deserted, except for a business office. Allison, the real estate potentate of Northport, also sold Insurance, land, and did surveying and appraisals. Quite a man. The porches and other appendages of the hotel had fallen off, but the building, other than putting a new roof on it, he would not move in any other direction. It was such a waste to have it burn and lose it, many times outsiders coming in remarked that it was a noble looking old building, and it was. However, now it is gone.

#### New Zealand Hotel Fire

Perhaps before I get off the fires of Northport, I should mention the New Zealand fire of 1962. The New Zealand Hotel owned by Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Wulff and their grandson Ed. Williams, was built after the disastrous fire of 1914, and stood on the corner of 3rd and Columbia Ave. It was a large brick building, two story, with a large dining room and kitchen. When I came here, it was all for rooming and feeding, but after the tavern on the east side, a real nice place.



**The Old New Zealand Hotel burned Jan. 1, 1958. Picture taken by Konrad Hartbauer.**

Mr. and Mrs. Wulff retired in the late '40's and others came to run the tavern, the last man was named Rukke.

On the night it burned, Jan. 1st, there had been the usual hilarity and partying, it was quite a hangout for Canadians. The fire was raging before it was discovered, and in spite of being a brick building it burned completely to the ground. I went to the fire, could not get within 3 blocks of it for the terrible heat. Afterward, it was discovered three people were burned in the fire, two men and one woman.



**Bunnie and Jack Scott and children Rick and Connie in 1951. They operated the New Zealand Hotel a few years before it burned.**

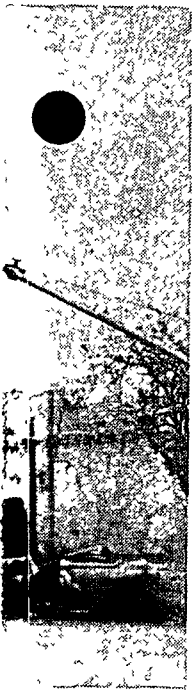




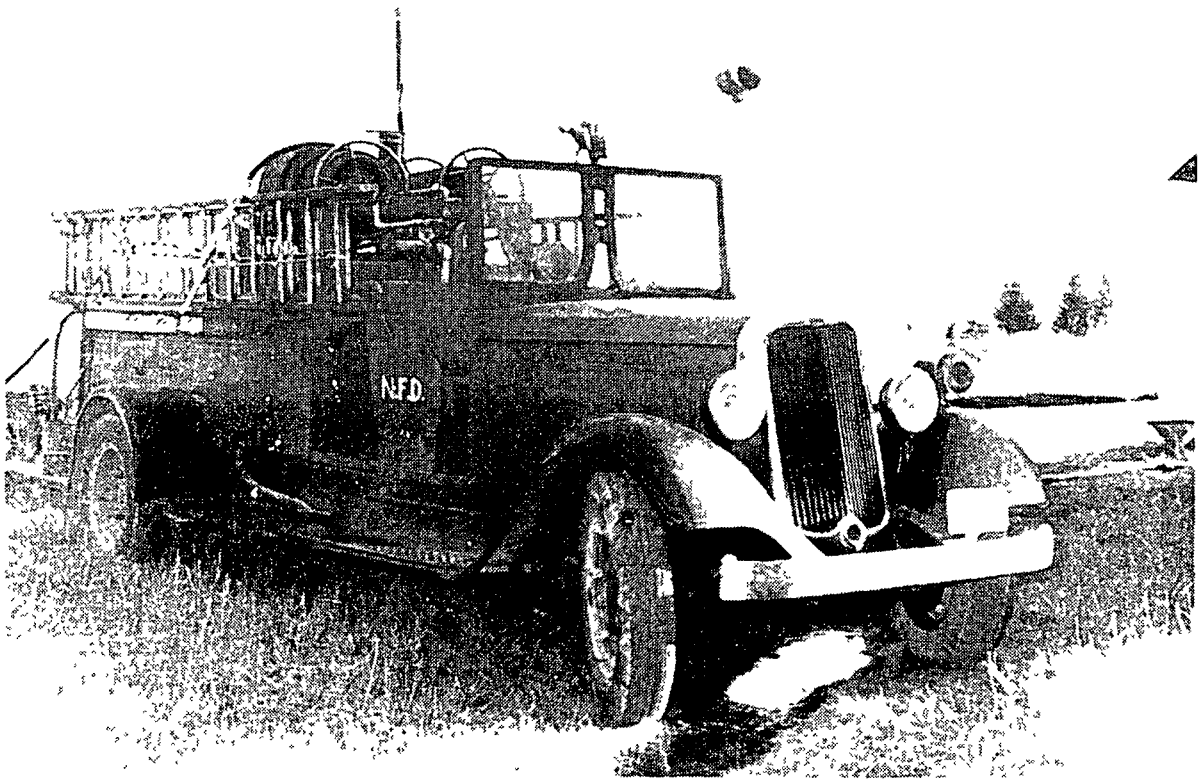
Northport volunteer fire fighters pour water on the once Northport Meat Market. The building was empty at the time of the fire. Also destroyed on the corner was the proud, then empty Grandview Hotel.



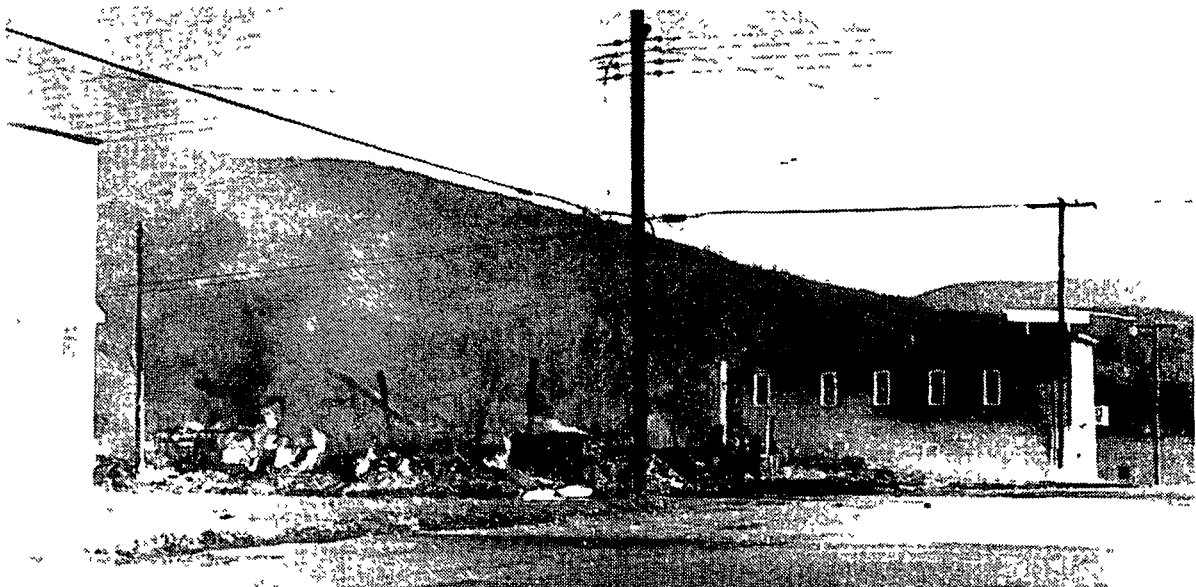
Fire consumes the Northport Meat Market building on July 29, 1972. This building was one of three destroyed in the fire.



children Rick  
ated the New  
ord burned.



**Northport's old Dodge pumper truck in action during Gallo Fire on July 29, 1972. This truck was acquired from the city of Colville by Northport.**



**Looking west towards Frenchie's after all the buildings had been leveled by fire. Gallo's Market was the first building bordering the alley.**

Jus  
wher  
the m  
forgo  
as "I

The  
alarm  
imme  
the b  
th  
al

Nev  
offici  
incur  
auth  
Bay  
by n  
restl  
north  
throu  
posts  
Un

Jam  
sent  
Sinc  
and  
Ang  
who  
Th  
borc  
him  
was  
pali



# FT. SHEPHERD

## ... BOUNDARY POST

### Fort Shepherd Boundary Post

Just north of the international boundary, where the roaring Pend Oreille River enters the mighty Columbia, a once proud but now forgotten Hudson's Bay post stood, known as "Fort Shepherd."

The real Fort Shepherd was born of the alarm and uncertainty of the period immediately following the establishment of the boundary. An original post had been set at this point, but it had remained only a small depot.

Newly appointed United States customs officials and other office holders felt it incumbent upon them to assert their authority in all dealings with the Hudson's Bay company. Then, too, Indians disturbed by new neighbors and new ways became restless. These reasons gave rise to a northern post for direct communications through British territory with far eastern posts.

Under command of Sir George Simpson, James Sinclair, noted company man, was sent to this site to construct the post. Sinclair died before he could do any work and the job was efficiently carried out by Angus McDonald, the black-bearded giant who in later years ran Fort Colville.

The post was located within a mile of the border at a place selected by Simpson himself. Although it was called a "fort" it was not provided with either bastions nor palisades, but was surrounded by a picket

fence. Within the enclosure were quarters for the officers, a long building for the workmen, a store and two warehouses. All the buildings were of log construction and were well built.

The fort was first known in 1859 as "Fort Pend Oreille." It was changed that same year to Fort Shepherd in honor of John Shepherd, late governor of the Hudson's Bay company, who had died.

Some 200 Indians lived in the immediate vicinity of the fort. They were a truculent lot, at times, but were kept in subjection by Chief Gregoire, a fast friend of the whites.

Terrible forest fires in the summer of 1866 killed off much of the game. Smoke covered almost the entire country from Puget Sound to the Rocky mountains. Even Indian tradition could not recall another such season of brush fires. This devastation of the fur fields hastened the end of Fort Shepherd.

It was in 1870 that Chief Factor Roderick Finlayson recommended the abandonment of Fort Shepherd. That same fall all the merchandise and furnishing of the place were removed and it was boarded up.

Two years later, through some unknown cause, it caught fire and was destroyed. For years the big chimney of the officers' house stood as a gaunt memorial to the activity that once marked Fort Shepherd. Today, looking on the original site, one can still vision how it once stood.



**Some early Boundary residents in front of  
Ft. Shepherd Hotel.**



**Fort Shepherd Hotel on the banks of the  
joining Pend Oreille and Columbia River at  
old Boundary. Known today as Waneta.**

## OLD BOUNDARY

### 'Old Boundary' Recalled

The early town of Boundary, Wash. whose picture we are republishing above, was well remembered by Konrad Hartbauer, who makes his home at Northport. The town was located on the United States side of the border just below where the Pend Oreille river empties into the Columbia River on Stevens County's northern border.

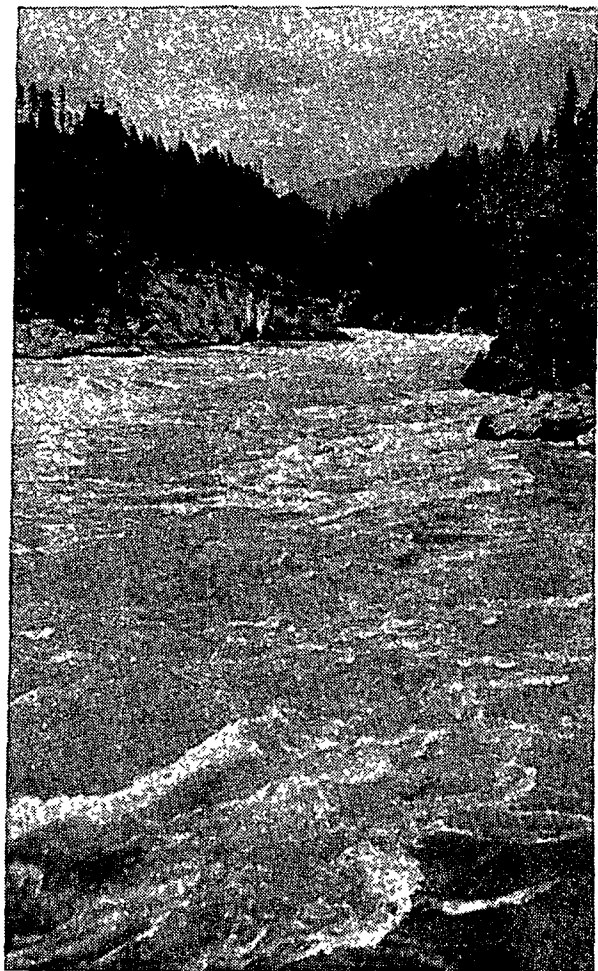
Mr. Hartbauer writes about the picture:

"In 1892-1894 my parents had a store in the building in upper right of center - with hole in roof. One night when my mother and my little brother and sister were there alone bullets came thru the windows. The three rushed to bed and covered themselves with blankets.

Next morning juices ran down the shelves from punctured canned goods. The tall building upper right was the hotel owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Klass. She was Mrs. O'Keefe's mother who was mother to Luke O'Keefe who had a repair shop in Northport years ago. Pete Janni, who later had Janni's Quarry here - was road boss for the railroad construction from here to Canada. Then the steel railroad bridge was built across the Pend Oreille River - shown partly at upper right.

The population was 900, nine saloons, three dance halls, one store, one post office, one hotel. On Main street socks with two pounds of sand - used on someone's head the night before - could be found.

My parents knew the people who were buried in the small cemetery. I arrived in the wilderness homestead in 1896, now Konrad Hartbauers. I'm the last one in this end of the county who came before 1900.



The swift current of the Pend Oreille River just before it flows into the Columbia River. Today it is tamed with the Waneta Dam at this site.



nts in front of



banks of the  
nbila River at  
as neta.



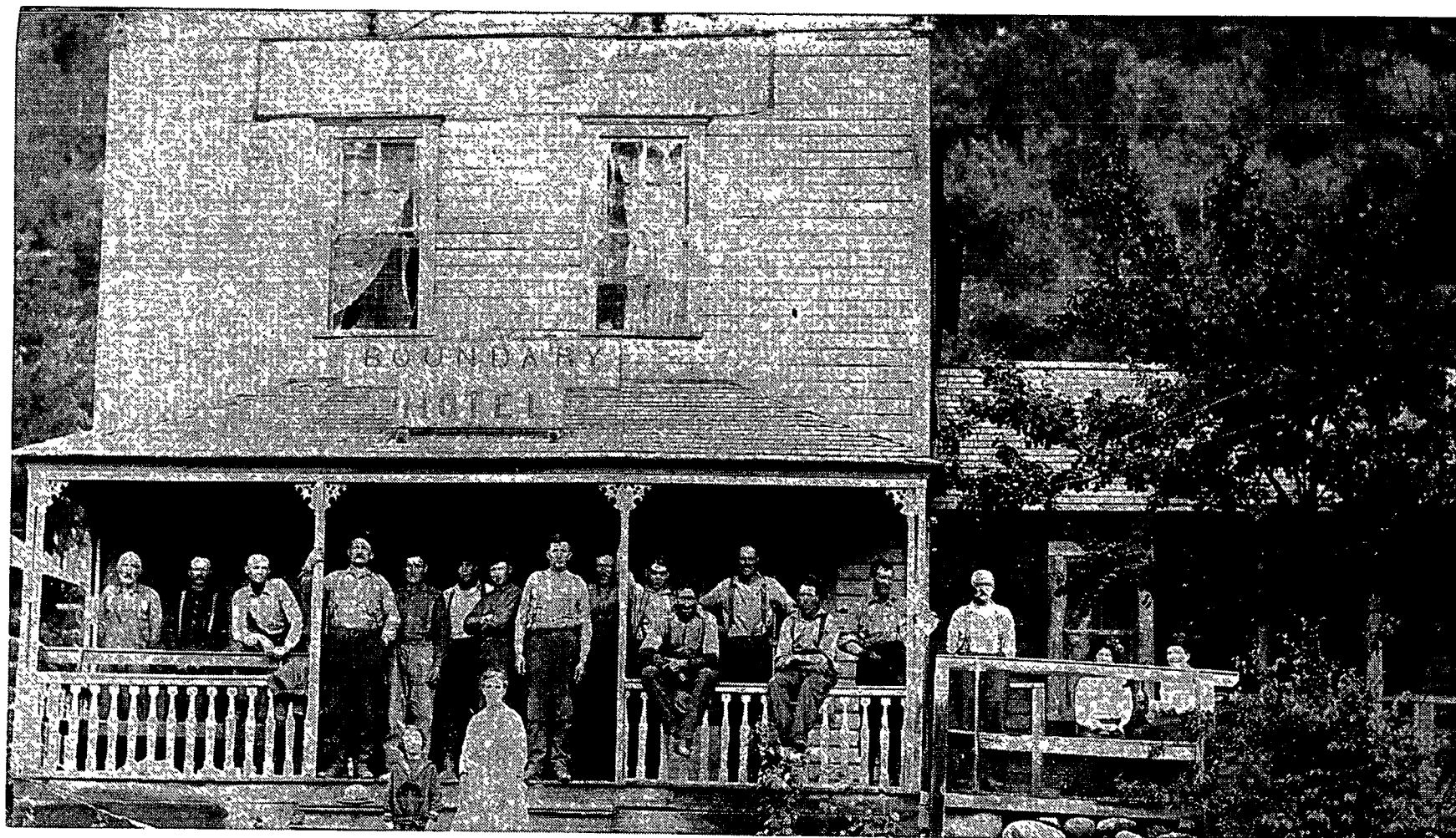
**LOOKING DOWN on Canadian border at Boundary and Waneta about 1946.**



**The town of "old" Boundary located along the Canadian line just south of where the Pend Oreille river joins the Columbia River. Waneta is located in the right center along the same track. This is the picture that Konrad Hartbauer relates to on preceeding page.**

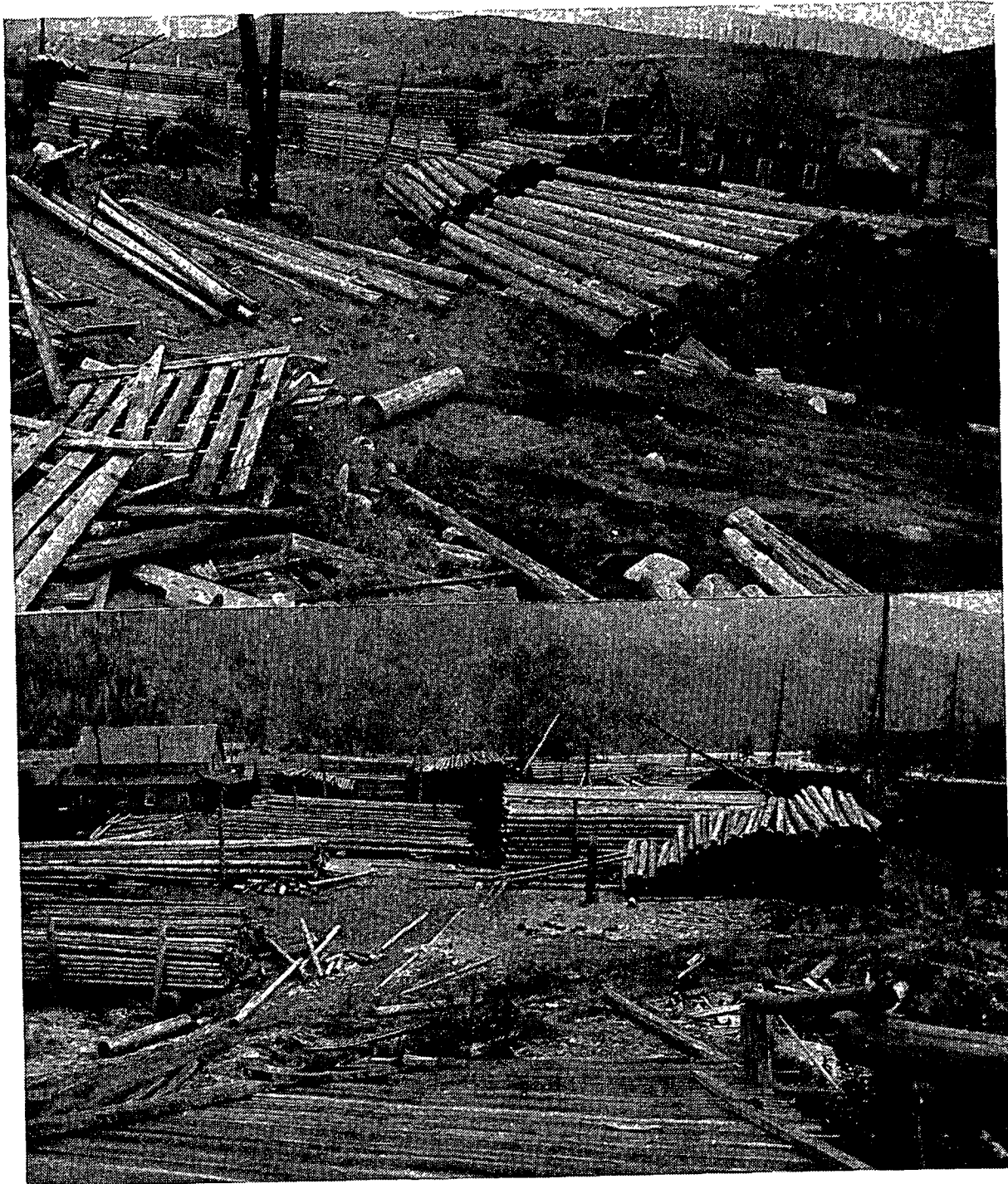
ated along  
where the  
Columbia  
light center  
the picture  
tes to on

in border at  
946.



**BOUNDARY HOTEL at Old Boundary - Summer 1915. Left to right: Charlie Lucey, unidentified, Henry Bennett, Link Dotts, next four unidentified, Eric Norberg, Frank Hyatt, George Bennett, Clark Mead, Ed Hytower, Joe Class. Two women unidentified. Mrs. Class on steps.**





**Boundary pole yard during its busy season, about 1932. Note in upper picture the use of horses to load poles onto railroad cars. The building in both pictures was the Boundary post office and store and home of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick H. Graham.**



# BOUNDARY

By Charles Graham

In 1898, following the Spokane Falls and Northern railroad's introduction into Northport, builder D.C. Corbin made a deal with the Canadian government to extend the railroad into Nelson, B.C., where the Canadian Pacific had completed its transcontinental railroad from the east to Vancouver, B.C.

Corbin's deal with the Canadian government was that he was to get 600,000 acres of land adjoining the railroad, providing he completed the line by a certain time. He got behind with the schedule, so built from both ends to have it completed on the due date.

At that time there was a settlement at the line, Boundary on the U.S. side and a settlement on the Canadian side near the mouth of the Pend Oreille. It was named Fort Shepherd. Actually Fort Shepherd was established by the Hudson Bay Company and was on the east side of the river and about three miles north of the border. But when prospectors found gold up the Pend Oreille River on its south bank, the settlement of Boundary and the so-called Fort Shepherd grew up on both sides of the Boundary. When Corbin moved in with his railroad crew to build the bridge across the mouth of the Pend Oreille, the settlement grew and when he brought the construction crew of 800 to build the railroad, the town exploded and it is said that 1500 people were living there.

The completion of the railroad coincided with the mining camp rush to Rossland, B.C. Most of the Boundary buildings were torn down and the lumber used to build the Rossland mining camp.

Boundary just became a flag stop on the railroad. Following this the Cedar Creek and Deep Creek areas were taken up by

homesteaders who found a market for the abundance of Western Cedar and White Pine found in the area.

Following this was the discovery of the Electric Point mine about 1912 on the Electric Point mountain, back of what was to be Leadpoint. The mountain got its name because it was prone to being struck by lightning.

The mine was discovered by Chris Johnson when he found lead boulders lying on top of the ground. Following this, he sold the mine to Roy Young and Y.E. Yoder for \$22,000. Young and Yoder formed the Electric Point Mining Company and sold stock to develop the property, which during its lifetime reportedly paid \$3 million in dividends. World War I was on in Europe, but the U.S. was not a part of it, except to supply the Allied cause against Germany.

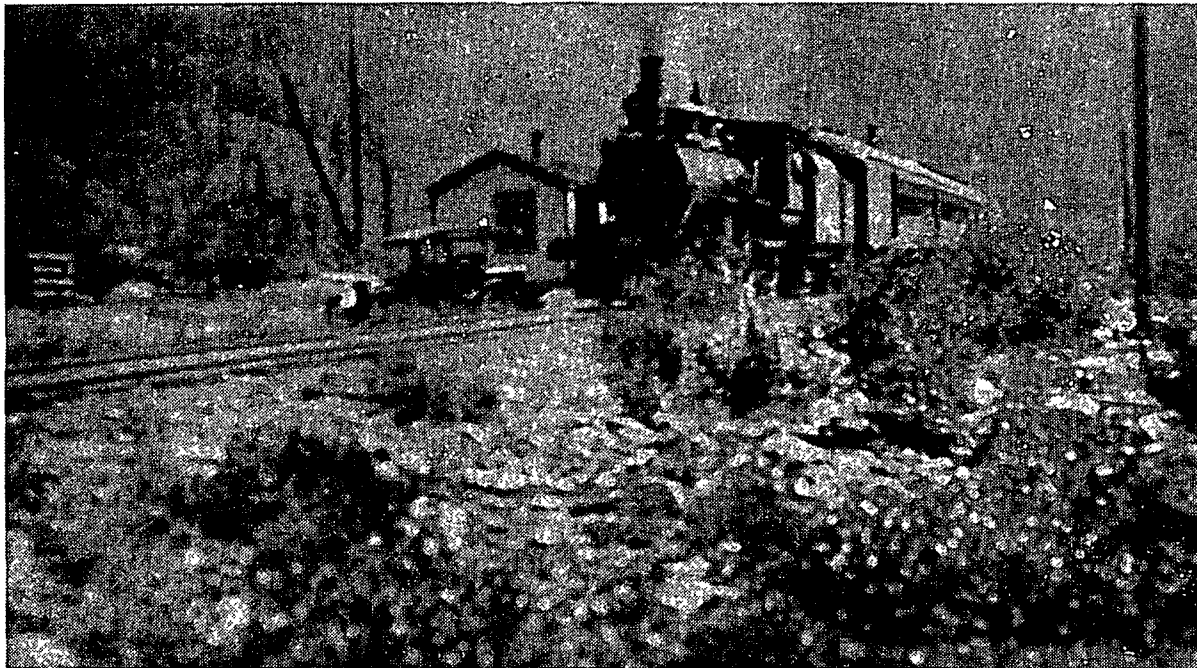
In the meantime, the railroad had built a sidetrack a mile and a half south of the Canadian border for the purpose of loading cedar poles and white pine logs and lumber. To distinguish one place from the other, the new siding took on the name of "New Boundary" and the original town "Old Boundary."

To this sidetrack at New Boundary was built a spur line to the east to accommodate an ore bunker for the loading of ore from the Electric Point mine.

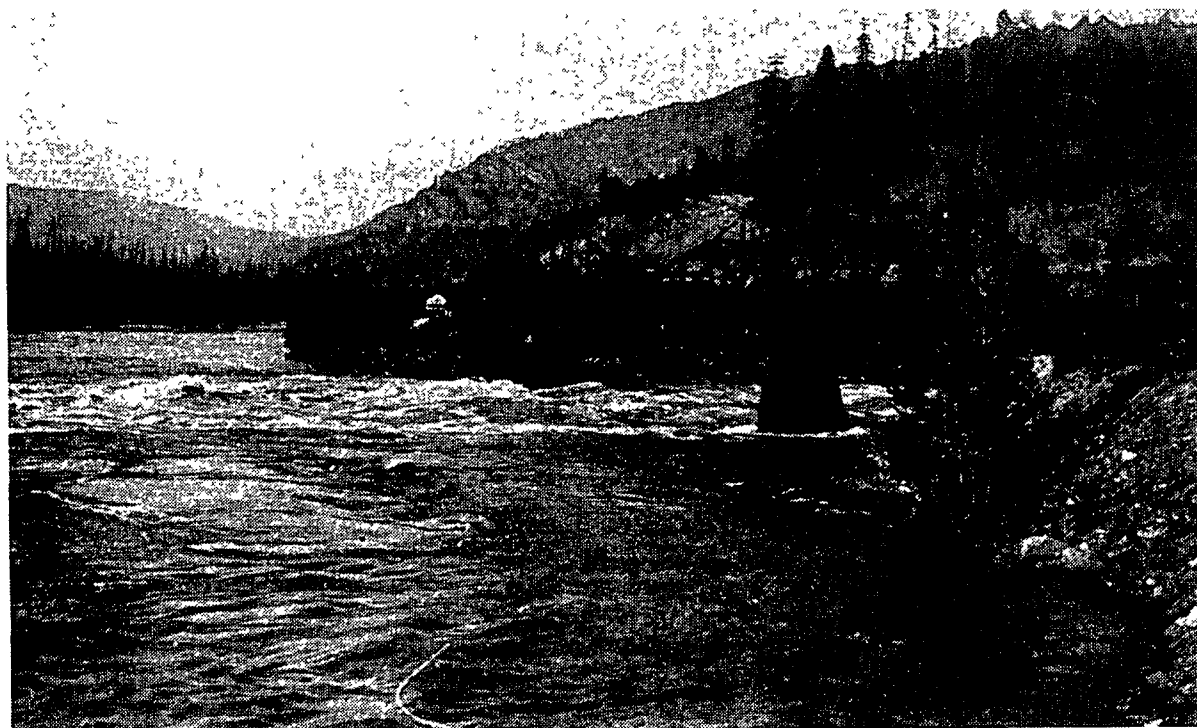
In the meantime, O'Brien Brothers - Jim and Steve - had started a farming operation on the Boundary flats. They planted several hundred acres of alfalfa and grain and built two large barns, a silo and two small houses. They also got into the pole, lumber and log business in the Cedar Creek and Deep Creek areas. The dry Boundary flats failed to produce and the farming operation was given up.

Due to the war in Europe, the demand for lead grew and the Electric Point mine flourished. Since the mine was 14 miles

g its busy  
r picture the  
to railroad  
res was the  
and home of  
am.



This picture was taken of the train at New Boundary in 1919.



Looking north across the mouth of the Pend Oreille River towards Waneta, B.C. The early railroad bridge at right, today serves as a highway for vehicles.



from the  
junct at  
mountain  
Leadpoint  
existence.

The train  
horses and  
the Electric  
wagons we  
trip a day.  
Leadpoint  
mountain u  
at Leadpoint  
ore was rel  
hauling to  
make the 2

During the  
four-horse  
ore from L  
this time Le  
300 to 400 p

At the Ne  
O'Brien Br  
dining room  
store y o



**LOADING POLES** at the pole yard at Boundary with horses.

from the railroad, a resting point or junction at the bottom of the Electric Point mountain was conceived. The Town of Leadpoint was then platted and came into existence.

The transportation of the ore was all horses and wagons. Due to the steep pull up the Electric Point mountain the horses and wagons were only able to make one round trip a day. An ore bunker was established at Leadpoint and the teams working on the mountain unloaded their ore in the bunkers at Leadpoint. Because of the easier haul the ore was reloaded for the four-horse teams hauling to Boundary. The horses could make the 20 mile round trip in a day.

During the height of the operation, 50 four-horse teams and wagons were hauling ore from Leadpoint to Boundary. During this time Leadpoint became a town of some 300 to 400 people.

At the New Boundary railroad point, the O'Brien Brothers built a mercantile store, dining room and hotel rooms for rent. The store was operated by the Foster Brothers.

They in turn sold it to the Galbreath Mercantile company, pioneer merchants of the Canadian Kootenays for the past 50 years. At that time their operations stretched from the Columbia River to the Kootenay River at Fort Steele to the base of the Rocky Mountains and 10 miles north of the present town of Cranbrook. Fort Steele is now a Provincial park and a replica of the Galbreath stores can be seen there.

In the meantime, Foster Brothers had moved to Hunters, where they conducted a mercantile business for many years. A member of the Galbreath family sent to run the store in Boundary was called into the Canadian army and had to go back to serve his country.

The business was up for sale and in 1917 Mr. and Mrs. Patrick H. Graham of Colville bought it and moved to New Boundary. The U.S. by then had entered World War I. Northport's Smelter was in full operation, the mines were working, the timber was in demand, especially poles for transmission lines and the Boundary country was



**AT BOUNDARY—** Allan automobile owned by Jimmy Perkins in front of the Boundary general Merchandise Store and Hotel operated by P. H. Graham.

booming.

On November 11, 1918, the Armistice was signed and the war was over. The Day Brothers, who had acquired the Northport Smelter to smelt the ore from their famed Hercules mine in Burke, Idaho, continued to operate the smelter until 1921.

The Boundary and Leadpoint country had seen their hey days. The four-horse teams pulled out. Many of them left the country via the Aladdin route, leaving their bills behind. That's when the store at Boundary got in trouble. It had a big grain and hay warehouse furnishing the haulers with feed. Also, many had bought their groceries and other merchandise from the store. At the time, Patrick H. Graham also had been serving as county commissioner. He resigned before his term expired. There was still a pole business and some ore coming down from the mines. The Gladstone had been located near Electric Point and it was shipping some ore.

In 1921, Purty O'Hare, the postmaster at

Old Boundary, wanted to move to his place near Leadpoint and give up his post office. The post office was moved to New Boundary and Mrs. Graham became the postmaster. There was a star mail route between Boundary and Leadpoint which served some 240 patrons. The perennial mail carrier was Harry Smythe. The 240 patrons consisted of homesteaders, pole peelers and loggers of white pine. Most of their logs went to the Deer Park mill.

Following this, Graham went to work for O'Brien Brothers in their pole yard. He maintained the store and his wife ran the post office. Times were getting tougher and credit was poor. The store ran up a massive amount of accounts receivable and they were forced to close the store in 1923 and turn over the accounts payable to the Spokane Merchants Association.

The O'Briens moved out of the picture and Graham took over the management of the Pole yard for the National Pole Co. Following this the National Pole Company



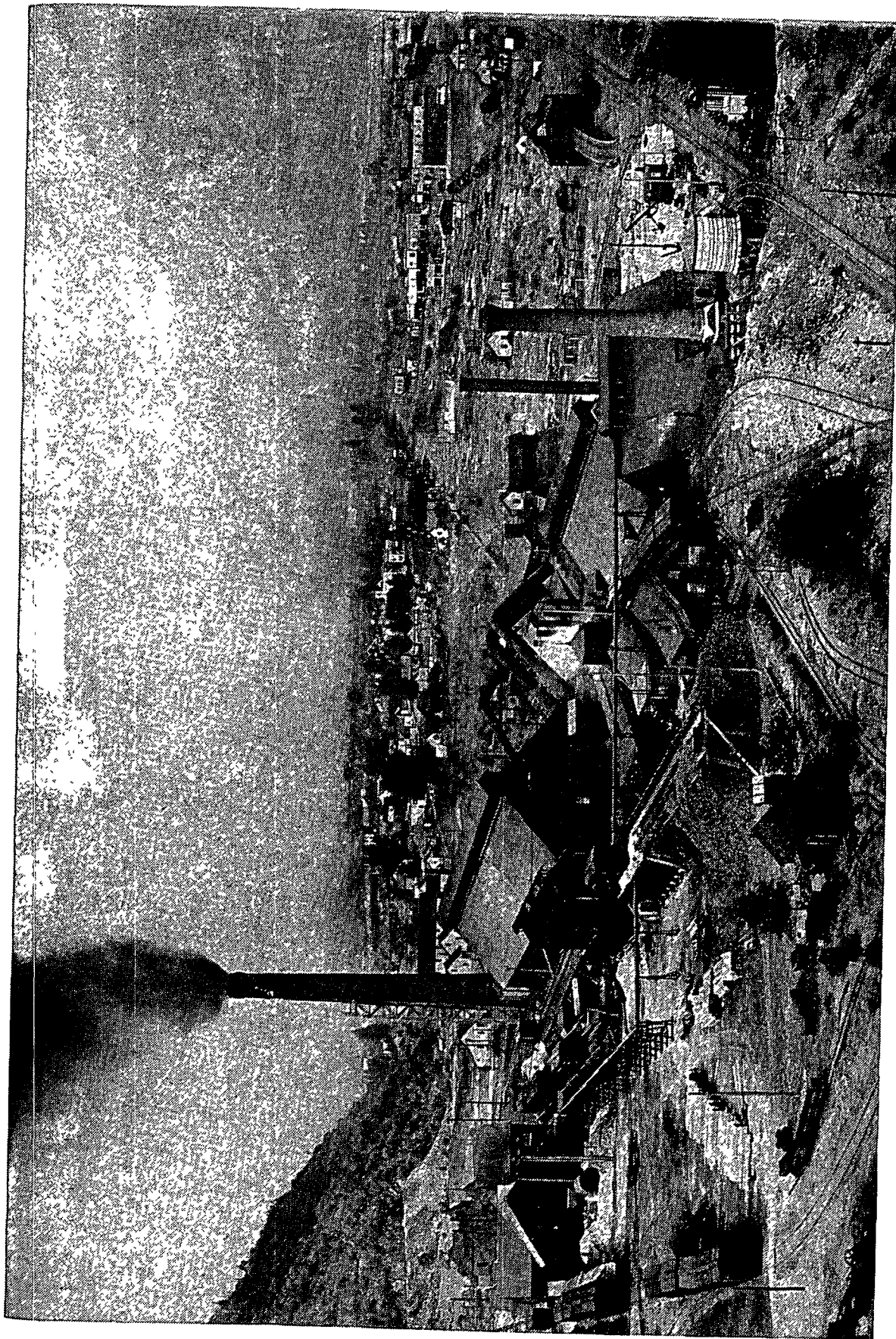


automobile  
front of the  
Store and  
a.

to his place  
post office.  
Boundary  
postmaster.  
between  
ch served  
nial mail  
240 patrons  
eelers and  
their logs

to work for  
yard. He  
ife ran the  
ougher and  
a massive  
and they  
n 1923 and  
le to the

picture and  
ment of the  
P. Co.  
Company



Northport Smelter about 1915.

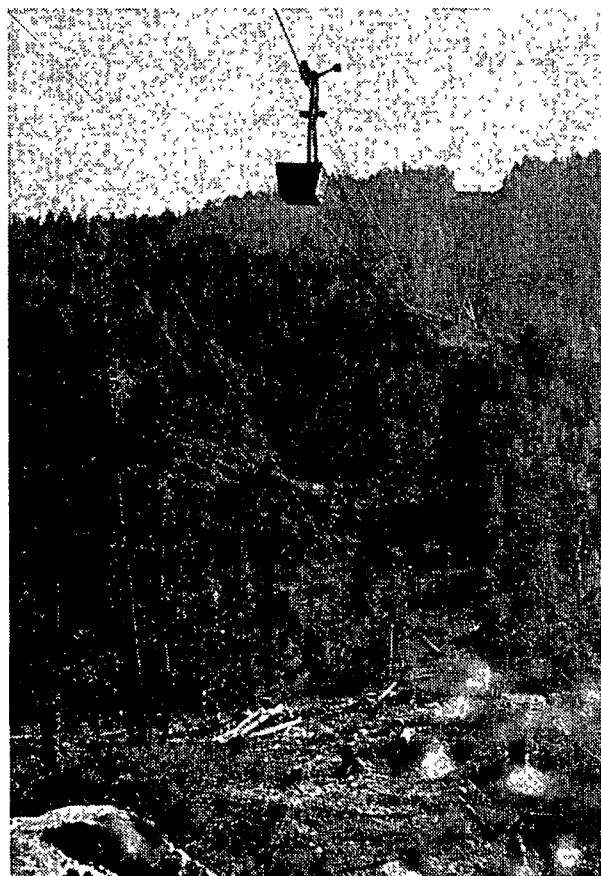




Deep Creek Falls.

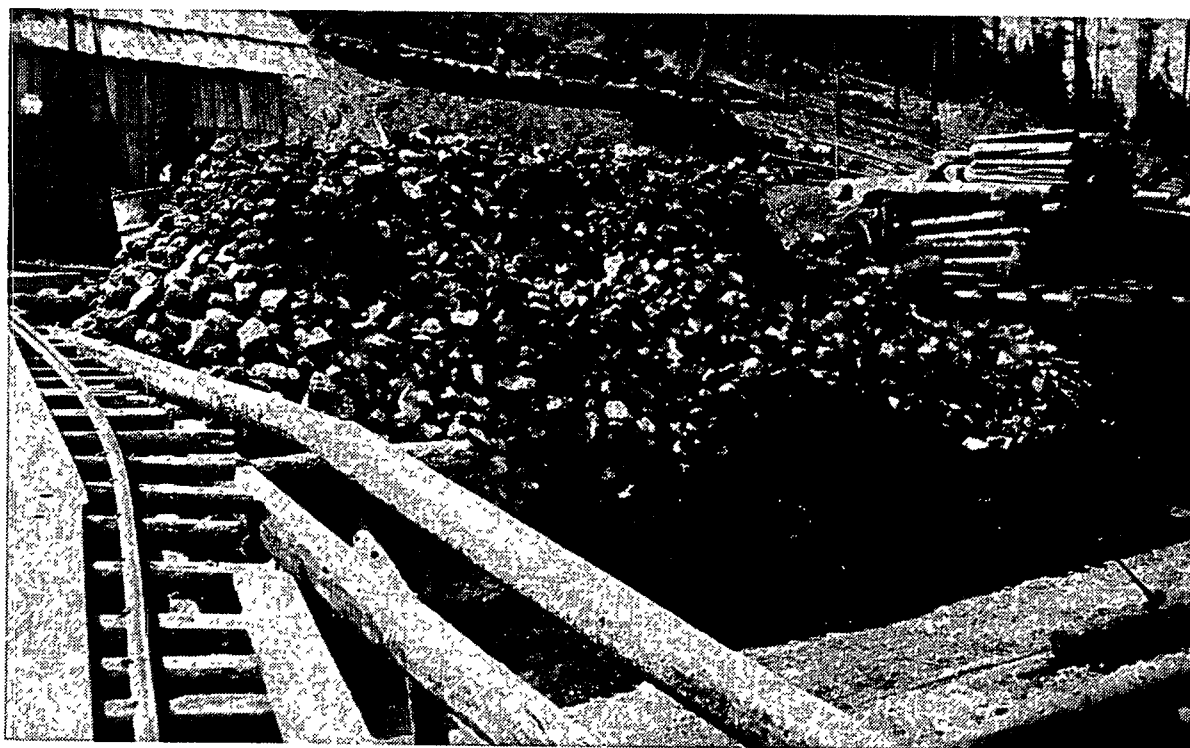
pulled out and he operated the yard for himself for several years. After that the B. J. Carney Company took over the National Pole operation and moved back into Boundary and Northport. As a result, Graham again became the county commissioner. The Graham family continued to live in Boundary.

Graham died in 1948 after he had been appointed to serve out the term of County Commissioner Vern Williams. Mrs. Graham remained at Boundary until 1951 when the place was sold to John Rotter. At that time she had served 30 years as the postmaster. Upon her decision to retire the government closed and discontinued the Boundary post office. She moved to Northport after selling the place.





**Electric Point mine in early days.**



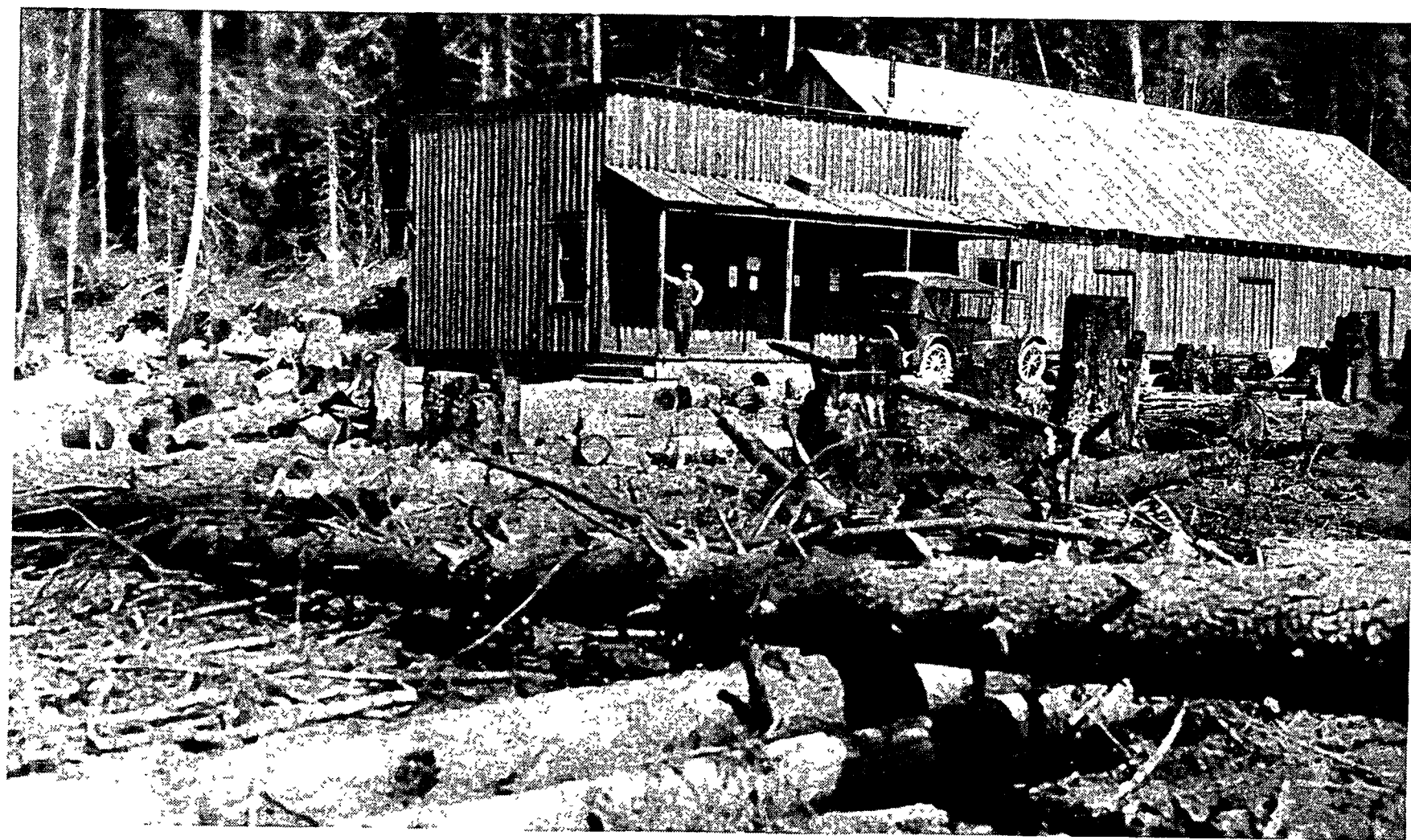
**HIGH GRADE ore at Electric Point Mine  
in 1915.**



**Electric Point Mine**

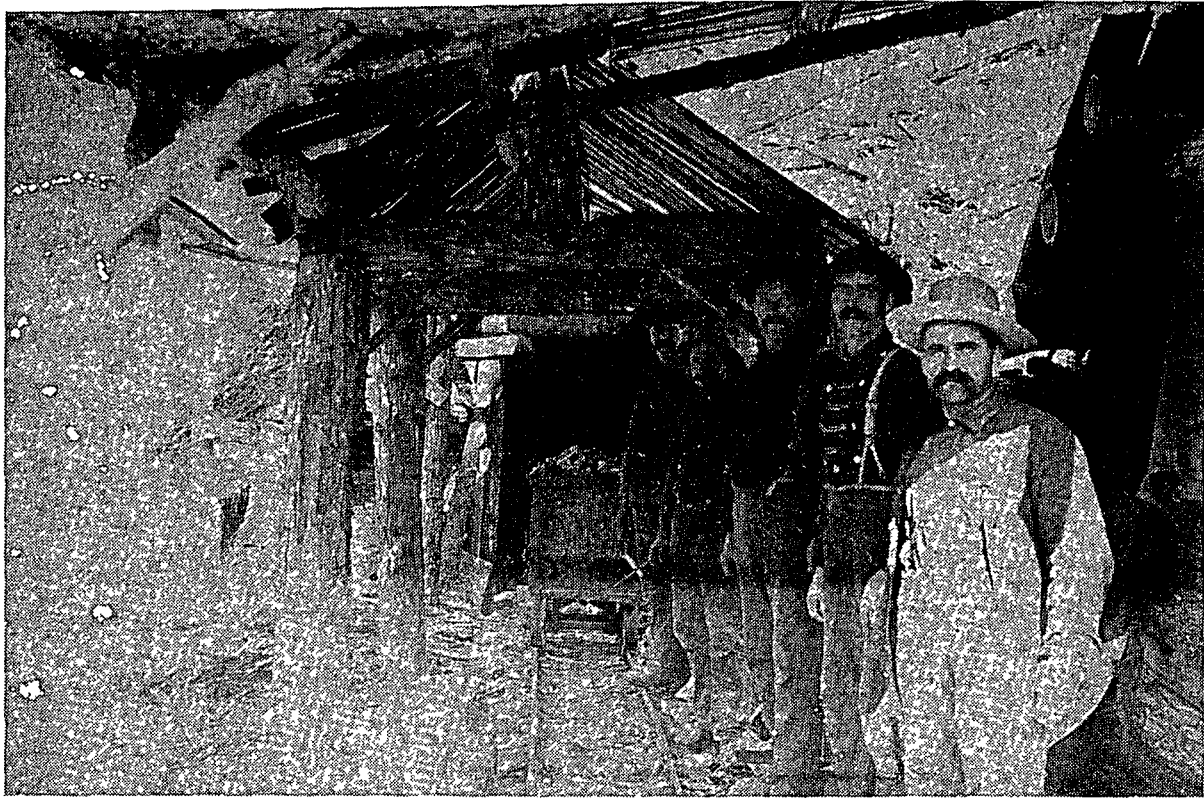


**ORE WAGON—** Adolph Fredrickson and hired man hauling ore from Last Chance Mine.

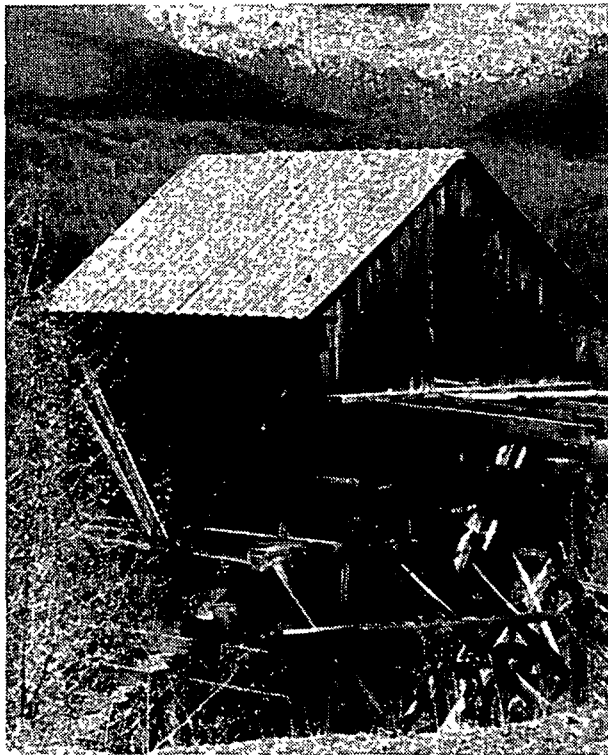


**KENDRICK'S STORE AT LEADPOINT -**  
Ran by Fred Nudell, on porch in picture. His  
Studebaker car at right. Taken about 1912.





Early miners at entrance to Northport area mine tunnel.



Northport area mining photo - Old mine ore building. (Bill Hewes photo)



Northport area mining photo - Ore bin. (Bill Hewes photo)

C. E. A  
Insurance  
and Corb  
Columb  
(Emma I  
Meris  
Women's  
New Ze  
Helma Pr  
cook was  
G. and I  
rooms, fr  
Soda.  
New an  
Northpo  
owners.  
M. W. I  
sewing m  
Northpo  
owners  
No 90



# **NORTHPORT BUSINESSES**



**Northport**



## **Northport Businesses (1916-1917)**

**C. E. Allison** - Real Estate, Loans and Insurance. He sold lots for \$100 in Original and Corbius

**Columbia Hotel** - G. A. Barker Prop. (Emma Barker)

**Meris Hotel** - Hats, Suits, luggage, Women's clothing, (O. E. Helgason)

**New Zealand Hotel** - Magnus Wulff, wife Helma Prop. New brick bldg., Steam heat, cook was Mrs. Minnie Durky.

**G. and M. Billard Parlor** - Barber, baths, rooms, fruit, confectionery, cigars, and Soda.

**New and 2nd Hand Furniture Exchange.**

**Northport Livery** - Thompson and Shriner owners.

**M. W. Thompson Jeweler** - watch, gum, sewing machine, repairs

**Northport Baker** - Curtiss and Creek owners

**Northport Meats** - Frank White prop.

**Northport Lumber yard** - E. R. Lyons owner - Materials of all kinds.

**Northport News** - Wm. P. Hughes prop. Subscription \$2 per year, Also sells lots and a Miner recorder and U.S. Commissioner.

**Northwest Invest. Co.** - G. A. Gaines and J. D. Davis owner. Sell anything large or small.

**E. F. Pick Confectionery** - E. F. Pick owner. Candy, Ice cream, cigars, soft drinks

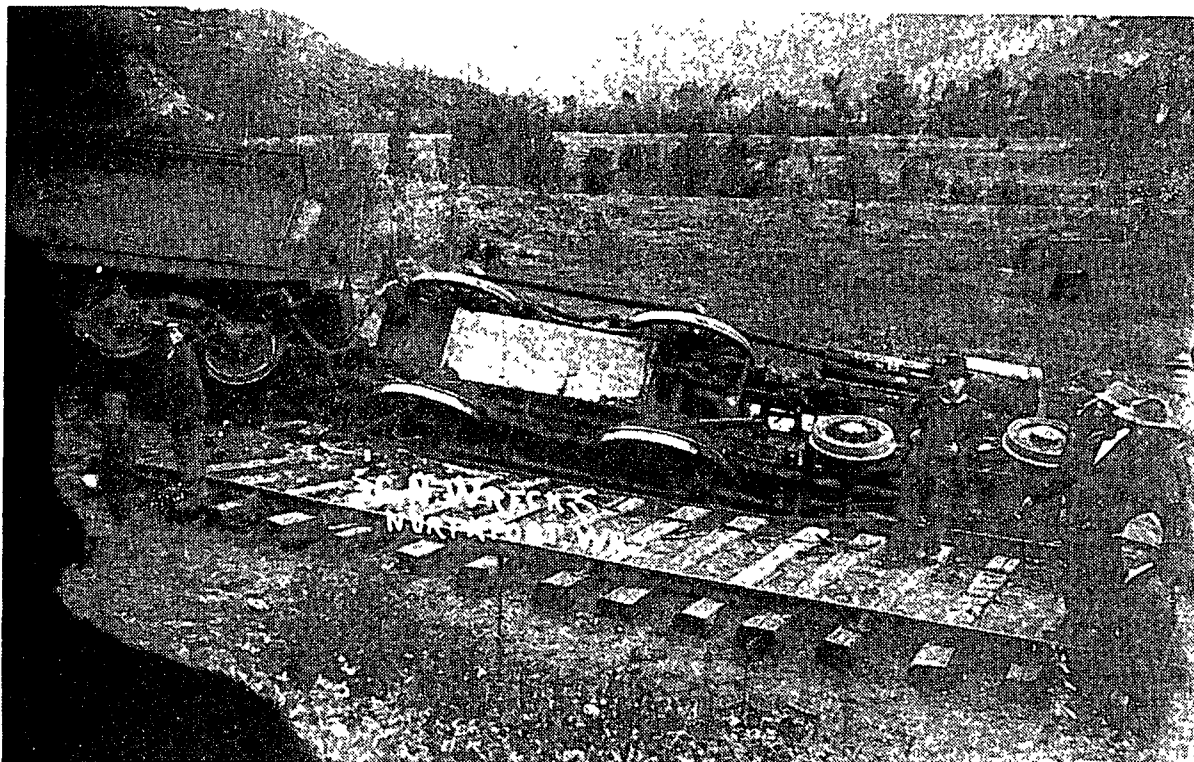
**John Selmar and Co.** - Selmar owner. Summit Ave. 3rd - Full line of Hardware and Groceries.

**O. D. Standlford** - Owner. General Blacksmithing Agent for Ford Automobiles.

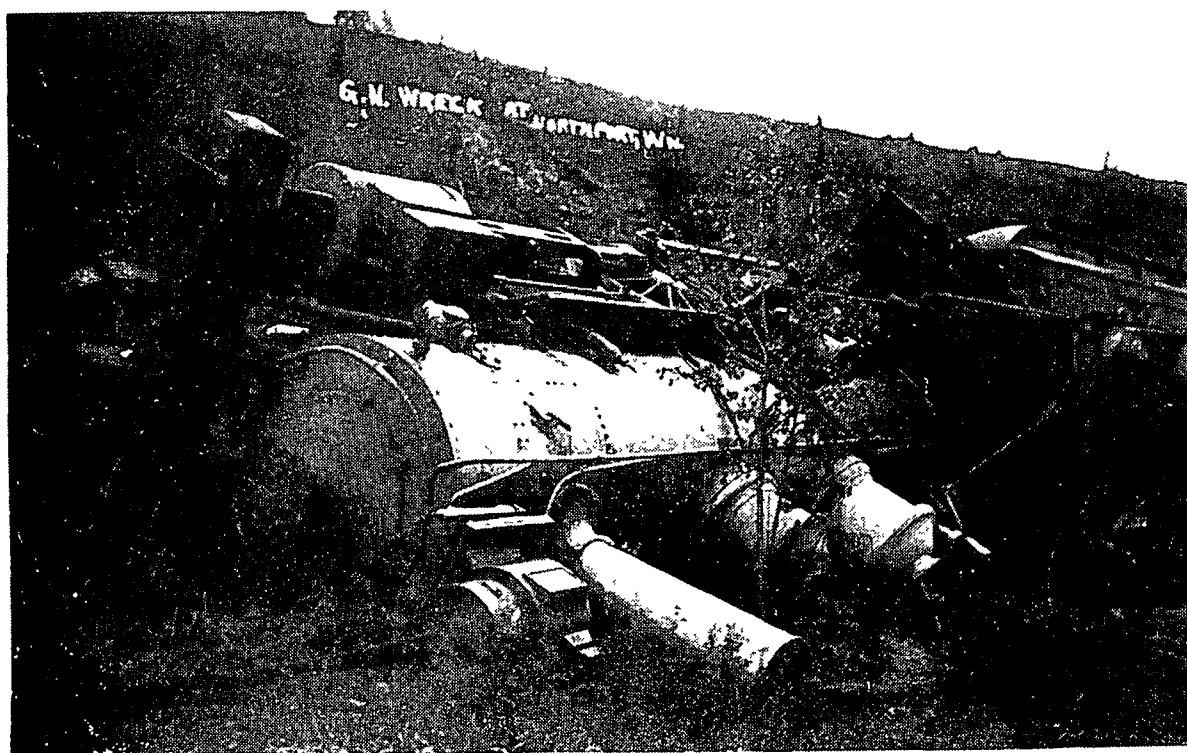
**Kendrick Mercantile** - Slawson, Riddell, J. H. Stroh - officers

**Northport Drugs** - Eugene and J. J. Travis owners

**Postmaster** - T. T. Richardson - George Scully assistant postmaster.



**GREAT NORTHERN engine and coal car  
just off the tracks south of Northport.**



wa  
pro  
con

BE

No  
Sa  
the  
to  
Da  
Str  
bu  
a  
bu  
Da  
it  
Th  
Co  
ve

"G  
Me  
cle  
at  
the  
"C  
pa  
his  
all  
so  
tha  
ea  
rep  
str

a s  
ab  
Ja  
Be  
bu

# BEARD'S STORE BUILDING

(The following part of Northport history was contributed by Mrs. Margaret Evans, a proud pioneer member of the Northport community.)

### BEARD'S STORE BLDG.

There are many articles written in the Northport News about the old Silver Crown Saloon, and some of them tell of the troubles the patrons had with the "Girls" who used to be a part of it. It was a sort of "Gunsmoke Days" time. From the alley on Fourth Street thru to fifth street, back of the buildings and between Fourth and Fifth was a warren of small houses, buildings etc. built close together. These were where the Dance Hall girls lived for the most part, and it was known as the "Red Light District." This was true until 1914, when the Town Council voted to do away with it, and they were not to be licensed any more.

The "News" tells that one day one of the "Girls" was walking past the Kendrick Merc Co. and looked up to see one of the clerks standing at the window and smiling at her. She quickly kicked up and broke out the window! Another time one of the "Girls" playfully put her arm around a patron of the Saloon, and in so doing lifted his wallet. When he found it missing, he had all the girls searched, one by one, but they so skillfully passed it from one to the other that he never did regain it!

Among the tragic stories told about the early days of the saloon, I think this one reported in the Northport News was the strangest:

"Once more the deadly bullet has created a sensation in Northport. On Monday night about 7:30 p.m. Clayton Penrose shot H. W. Jackson, (known throughout the West as Bearhunter Jackson) through the body, the bullet entering just above the hip on one

side, passing thru the body and passing out on the opposite side. The trouble occurred in the Silver Crown Saloon. After Mr. Jackson was shot he grabbed a rifle that was somewhere in the room and firing one shot hit Mr. Penrose in the right arm. Mr. Jackson then went to the front of the saloon and sat down on the doorstep. Afterward he was taken to the office of the Silver Crown Hotel, where he died about an hour after being shot. His body was taken to his home and Mr. Penrose was taken to a room in the Broderius lodging house. His arm will probably have to be amputated just above the elbow. The preliminaries leading up to the shooting appear to be that on Sunday night someone entered Mr. Jackson's kennel and took his two famous bear dogs, Jack and Bill. While hunting down the thieves, he learned that Mr. Penrose had something to do with it, and the two had several quarrels during the day, finally terminating in the awful tragedy."

Just why Mr. Jackson didn't get help at once, and why he was left to die are questions not answered. Perhaps the life style of those days was to let things be handled by the participants, or friends. It can be noted in the early history of Northport, that there was an independent way of handling problems. In all the tragic fires which three times wiped out the business district, there was no mention of outside help to re-build, the people tightened their belts and began again!

Known in recent years as Beard's Store, but in 1893 as the Almstrom Bros. Silver Crown Hotel and Saloon, it has had a long history in Northport.

In 1893 the Almstrom Brothers, Emil and Gus, built a frame hotel at the corner of the alley on Fourth Street. It contained a saloon, dining room and rooms to rent up-stairs. The Saloon and Hotel were known as the

"Silver Crown."

The Brothers Almstrom were solid citizens, very well liked, and it was a success from the start. However, the fire of May 2, 1898, which wiped out all buildings on the front of blocks 4, 5 and six and some on the side streets and others along the alleys between 4th and 5th streets, except the Kendrick Mercantile Co., took the Almstrom hotel and Saloon.

The Northport News reported that there was lots of discouragement, and it was thought by a lot of people that the blow was too great for the Town to recover. However, not so. The Almstrom Bros. and others began re-building, and now it was a brick building that was put up. At this time there were a great many English Masons who had come to Canada, and during the building of the first Smelter they came to Northport to work on it, putting up the brick work needed. They were the finest of artisans that could be had, and their handiwork shows in the Almstrom Building, the Kendrick Mercantile Co. and the old Grade School. The bricks for these buildings were made in Northport, the brick plant was situated west of what was Palm's Mill, and operated for many years. High grade brick was turned out.

The Northport News reports the following re: Almstrom's Building.

"Aug. 18, 1898. Last Saturday the night the Almstrom Bros. opened their new place to the public. Soon after the destructive fire of May 2nd of this year, it was rumored that the Almstrom Bros. were to re-build and with brick, but little was known for certain for a time. However, after two or three weeks of uncertainty, they commenced excavating a large cellar. Then a stone foundation was put in, covering the front of two lots. Then another delay that caused an uncertainty in the mind of the public, but not for any great length of time, for brick began to be piled on the premises and it was known that Charley Barly, the brick manufacturer had a contract for a two-story brick block.

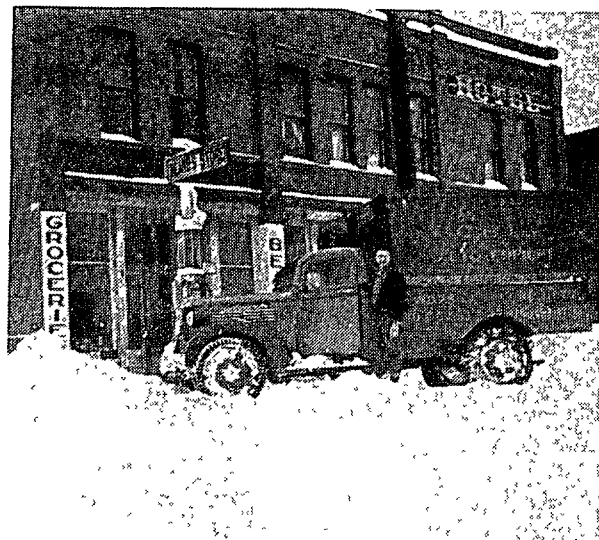
"Today it is an uncertainty no longer, for a large symmetrical brick block stands

where the Old Silver Crown stood before the fire.

"Before the ashes got cold they had a temporary building up and were running their saloon and restaurant. Last Saturday they moved into their new quarters. It was announced in the afternoon that they would have an opening that night. Scarcely had the building been lighted up before the people began to arrive, and for several hours the place was filled with citizens who gathered to show their appreciation of the efforts of their fellow-townsmen in helping to re-build the city.

"The Almstrom Bros. are wide-awake, enterprising business men. They were hit hard by the fire, with many others. They now have a brick block they may well feel proud of that materially adds to the substantial appearance of our city. In their efforts to build up the city, the rest of us may do well to pattern after them."

The Silver Crown Saloon, restaurant and Rooming house was a going concern as long as the Almstroms were alive, but on the death of one of the brothers, the other one left and the building was leased to J. C. Liebee. About this time prohibition came along, and the handsome bar was taken out and sold and a restaurant continued in the saloon's place. In the other part of the



COLVILLE, BOUNDARY and Laurier Auto Freight in front of Beard's Store. Driver is Ivan Harlan.

d before the  
 they had a  
 re running  
 st. Saturday  
 ters. It was  
 they would  
 arcely had  
 before the  
 for several  
 itizens who  
 ation of the  
 in helping

vide-awake,  
 ey were hit  
 hers. They  
 ay well feel  
 ds to the  
 ity. In their  
 rest of us  
 em."

aurant and  
 ern as long  
 but on the  
 e other one  
 ed to J. C.  
 iti. came  
 s taken out  
 ued in the  
 art of the



Laurier  
 's Store.



Ore Smelter  
 Northport  
 Wash.

Ore Smelter at Northport.





**Early Northport Columbia river picture looking down river towards the Little Dalles.**

building a meat market flourished for a time. Later, Mr. Liebee gave up the lease, and Miss Celia Laird had a restaurant there. All this time the rooms on the second floor were being rented. Mrs. Almstrom had an apartment up there until she died.

When the second Smelter closed and bad days came upon Northport, the building was empty of any business and only Mrs. Almstrom's apartment used upstairs. Mr. John Beard then moved his grocery and

feed business into the building using the old saloon part for storage and the kitchens for living quarters. At John's death, his son George and his wife Amy took over and conducted the business until they retired in 1976.

In the early days, John Beard was the owner of the White Swan Saloon. He is the man who wouldn't use pennies and dumped all he got into the river at the foot of 4th Street. It is said, some \$300 worth.

A good  
from the  
main hi  
There  
with a  
house, a

There  
ers, m  
across t  
and plac  
built tha  
one time  
go man  
It was  
where  
looked  
river.

There  
combin  
shop, or  
few hor

China  
Northpo  
river m  
lower fo  
it was  
panned  
the less  
The B  
to keep  
Chinam  
caught  
battle e  
Chinarr  
of mer  
Chan

# PLACES & LANDMARKS

By Bill Heritage

## Williams Siding

A good sized village down over the hill from the Williams Lake turnoff from the main highway down the river.

There was a big sawmill, grocery store with a postoffice combined, a boarding house, and a lot of homes there.

## Town Of Ryan

There were so many settlers, homesteaders, miners, cattlemen wanting to get across the river to go to Kelly Hill, Orient and places farther away, that a ferry was built that would take six wagons across at one time. Needless to say it was kept on the go many hours a day.

It was located just south of China Bend where the State Highway gravel pit is located and down over the hill, toward the river.

There was a trading store and postoffice combined, a boarding house, Blacksmith shop, one or two saloons, stable, and quite a few homes.

## China Bend

China Bend is located 13 miles south of Northport on the Columbia river, where the river made a big bend in the smoother and lower foothills. The name came naturally as it was known that about 5,000 Chinamen panned for gold in the area on the river and the lesser streams.

The Indians resented this but not enough to keep them from gambling with the Chinamen. The story goes that the Indians caught the Chinamen cheating and a big battle ensued. The Indians surrounded the Chinamen at the bend in the river and a lot of men died. The Indians cut off the Chinamen queues or hair, and finally to

save themselves they tried to swim the river and some died in the attempt.

About that time the soldiers from Fort Colville came and took charge of the situation. There were an awful lot of unregistered alien Chinamen that were taken away and deported. The Chinamen that got across the river were supposed to have hid their gold in several places, and even to this day some old timers look longingly that way, wishing they could go look for that hidden gold, that they just know is there yet, "Of such are dreams made of."

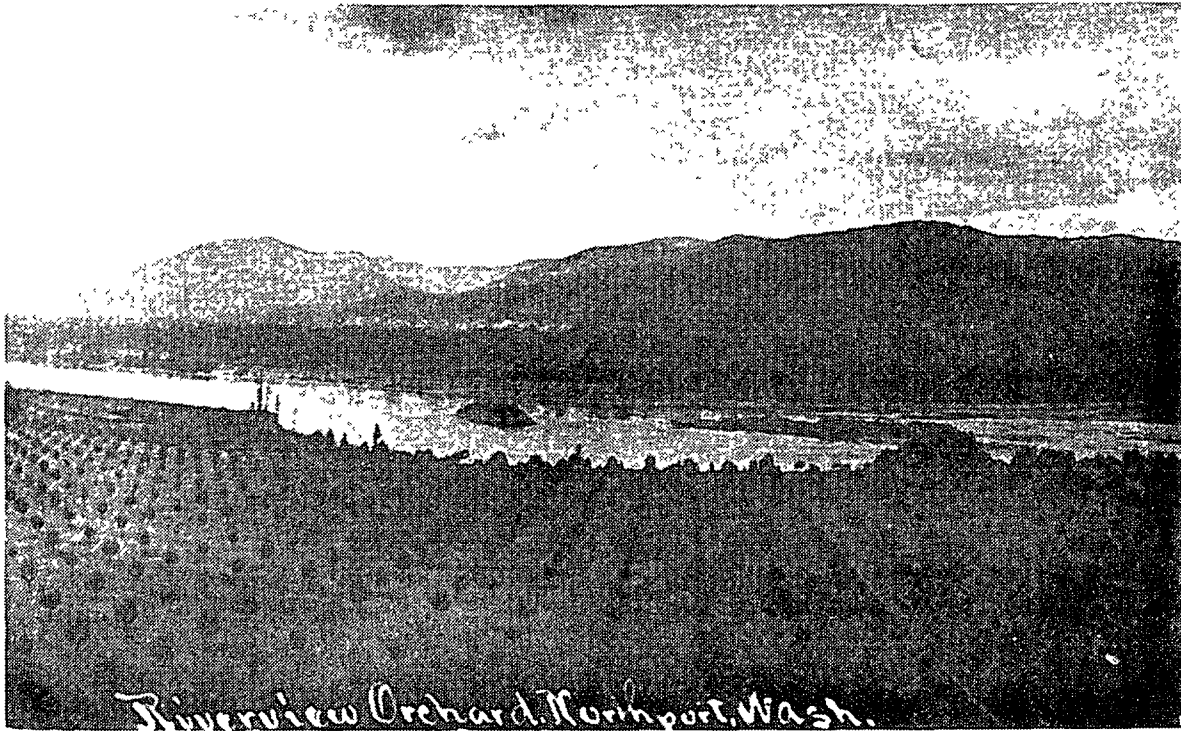
## Lonesome Hurst

Is just across the river from China Bend and the two names are intermingled so now the place or area is the same.

Lonesome Hurst is a place where the trains always stopped to take on water from a water tank.

There used to be a show place farm at this place and sometimes the engineers stopped the train for 10 or 15 minutes or so, that people could get off the train and stretch their legs and look at some of the interesting things displayed for their viewing.

One time the train was stopped for the pleasure of the passengers to watch a big bull fight, between Mike O'Tool's big white faced bull and Chester Wiley and his dad's big Shorthorn bull. What a fight. The fight was so active, agile and furious and lasted so long with neither bull giving in that they would have to stop fighting a few minutes and blow and bellow and throw a lot of dirt with great abandon and start fighting again. The fight just stopped, as the bulls were so tired they just stood there glaring at each other and trembling and shaking so hard they could hardly stand up and so the fight was over but without a winner. The aftermath was that



**RIVERVIEW ORCHARDS at Northport.**

both bulls had to be destroyed as they were absolutely no good afterwards.

The people who saw the fight said they had never seen such a long savage fight. They fought nearly an hour and the foam flew every which way and the dirt was torn up for an unbelievably big area. That was a trip the people never forgot and they ever afterward held the engineer in high praise for stopping the train so they could see and enjoy the fight.

### **Skinny Flats**

A bench above the river which was a continuation of the Marble farm. This farm was known all over the world for the fabulous apples produced there. In fact, some of those apples won blue ribbons for being the best apples in the world at the World's Fair in Paris, France. There was a big article in the Spokesman Review about it. There were many car loads of apples sold each year from there, for many years.

From  
Last Fro

"Ever  
the pries  
1200, mo  
mission.  
town ha  
with an  
sacristy  
80 perso  
half the  
priest w  
mixed v  
them to  
young p  
Church  
realized  
Surroun  
farmers  
faith. T

It wa  
establis  
and 191  
of F

# CATHOLIC CHURCH

### From Black Robes and Indians on the Last Frontier by Sister Raufer

"Every first Sunday of the month the priest visited Northport, a city of about 1200, mostly men, thirty-five miles from the mission. (St. Regis at Ward, Wash.) The town had a small but beautiful new church with an adjacent room that served as sacristy and as living quarters. Only about 80 persons came to Mass even though about half the population was then Catholic. The priest went to the workshops of the smelter, mixed with the workers, and encouraged them to come to church. These were mostly young people who had been away from the Church for a long time. Father Caldi realized the need for a resident priest. Surrounding the city were many Catholic farmers who had forgotten much of their faith. The year was 1901."

It was also noted that a mission was established at Niggercreek between 1908 and 1912, according to the Historia Domus of St. Francis Regis Mission, Ward, Wash.



Pure Heart of Mary Catholic church in Northport.



**WINTER LOOK** at Northport in 1930's  
from Silver Crown. Note walking bridge  
lower center of picture.



**NORTHPORT 1915**— Note “outhouses”  
behind school.

Las  
Town  
amaz  
one of  
I four  
were  
Ghos:

I a  
place  
leavin  
elem  
doors  
wind,  
aroun  
descr

In f  
w  
was

was  
Alas  
both  
publ  
Com  
two f  
Lam

Th  
artic  
publ  
worc

A  
Can:  
the s  
the  
state  
Silv  
wide  
Roo  
Gra



# UNUSUAL NUGGETS

## "Northport A Ghost Town?"

By Evelyn A. Matesa  
Northport a Ghost Town?

Last year I was looking through a Ghost Town Book, to my disbelief and amazement, there was Northport listed as one of the Ghost Towns of Washington state, I found it very hard to believe that Ed and I were living six months of every year in a Ghost Town, the city of Ed's birth.

I always thought a Ghost Town was a place where all the people had moved out, leaving the buildings and homes to the elements, where the weathered buildings, doors, and windows were creaking in the wind, cobwebs all over and rats scurrying around, could this be our Northport's description? Never!

In fact this same story, with pictures was in two different books, one book was called "Washington Ghost Towns," the other book was called "Ghost Towns of the West" Alaska, The Yukon and British Columbia, both books were published by the same publisher "The Superior Publishing Company" and both of the stories in these two books were written by the same author, Lambert Florin.

The exact words from the Ghost Town article as written by the above author and publisher are as follows, written word for word. And I quote:

### Northport, Washington

A few miles below the United States - Canada line the Columbia River flows past the sleepy old town of Northport, once one of the most roistering mining camps in the state of Washington. At this point below Silver Crown Mountain the Columbia is wider than it used to be, now forming Roosevelt Lake by waters backed up from Grand Coulee Dam.

In April 1892 the only means of travel here was along a mountain and at the future site of Northport there were only three homesteaders' cabins. Yet a few short months later the place had a newspaper, the Northport News; its little press hauled in by ox team and set up in the huddle of tents and shacks. The first issue came out on July 4th, greeting the community: "It is already a town. Tomorrow - a few tomorrows hence, at any rate - it will be a city."

A forest fire threatened the dry buildings that first summer and a change in wind saving them. In September the railroad reached town and Northport was on its way to becoming "the future mining, milling, smelting and agricultural city of Northeastern Washington.

There followed a series of disastrous fires and after each the town was rebuilt, each time more permanently so that today the buildings remaining are of brick. One striking exception is the huge frame brothel.

After the fire came flood. With the spring freshets of 1894 the Columbia rose far above normal. All of Northport down along the flat was swept away, the main portion higher on the bank left untouched. All future building was above the reach of high water.

British Columbia was speeding along with its mines and some of the biggest producers were having a hard time getting ore smelted and finished. One was the huge LeRoi operation just off the Rossland trail and the owners decided to build a large smelter in Northport. Although the Canadians put up a spirited fight to have it on their side of the border it was plain the necessary materials for smelting, such as limerock for flux, existed in enormous quantities in Northport and the smelters

could work the ore much more cheaply there. The British Columbia concern interested American Capital and a U.S. Company was formed to build the \$250,000 smelter. The Northport Smelting and Refining Company plant was "flown in" in 1897.

Labor troubles beset the company almost from the start. The owners bitterly resented any efforts of the mill and smeltermen's Union to organize the workers. In 1901 they went on strike, demanding they be allowed to join the union. The company retorted that any employee doing so would be fired, and imported a large crew of non union men from the east. As the strike continued sixty-two more men arrived and this started riots requiring the efforts of the Colville sheriff to quell. The strikers made things so tough for the new men, thirty-five quit.

At the end of nine months with nothing settled, the western Federation of Miners with headquarters at Denver decided to cut the aid it had been extending to striking Northport men. One morning the strikers found the union's free eating place closed and many went hungry. A mass meeting was held, the strike called off, the union was abandoned and its charter surrendered.

Now international difficulties arose and for a time the smelter company was so harried it shut down entirely and the town became a ghost before its time. Accused of being aliens at the core, the company incorporated under the laws of Idaho and began accepting ores from Coeur d'Alene districts in that state. Had the entire output of Kellogg, Mullen, Gem and the other mines in that area been available to the Northport smelter the action would have meant continuing life, but the Idaho smelters took most of their ore. Once again the Northport plant closed down and the town was almost deserted.

There was a ray of hope when the rumor spread that the American Smelting and Refining Co. had bought the plant and people began to move in. Then the final, devastating blow fell, spelling Northport's doom. The buyers had no intention of opening the smelter. The machinery only was wanted and when this was moved out

the source of Northport's lifeblood was an empty shell.

Today a large sawmill stands at the edge of the old smelter, taking up some of the employment slack. It is so close in fact, sawdust lies in deep drifts among the falling brick walks and the cavernous roasting ovens. A large quarry working a fine quality of limestone - marble operates south of the town.

Four pictures with above article, and I quote under each descriptive picture as in the above story.

There was a picture of our horse trough as it stood for many years across from Kendricks Mercantile. The story under it goes like this: quote:

**"Horse trough was scene of violence shortly after turn of century. Argument developed in saloon across street, one Penrose claiming another man. Jackson, owed him money Jackson denied this and both "lickered up" tempers grew hot. Jackson drew his gun and Penrose fled across street behind watering trough. By this time he had his own gun unlimbered and when Jackson imprudently showed himself Penrose "let him have it."**

Another picture showed the two buildings burnt in Tony's Market Fire a few years back.

Another picture showed the old smelter stack at Northport. It stated near this picture, quote:

**"Old smelter at Northport is in ruins one stack standing, others have collapsed. International difficulties were headache during life of reduction works in U.S. Mines in Canada."**

A brick tunnel under Smelter says by picture, quote:

**"Brick tunnel at old Northport smelter which carried off gases and dust from furnaces."**

The author and publisher of these books define a Ghost Town this way and I quote:

feblood was an

nds at the edge  
up some of the  
in fact,  
ong the falling  
rnous roasting  
g a fine quality  
es south of the

article, and I  
e picture as in

orse trough as  
across from  
story under it

e of violence  
ry. Argument  
s street, one  
nan. Jackson,  
ened this and  
rs grew hot.  
Penrose fled  
ng trough. By  
in unlimbered  
tently showed  
ve,

two buildings  
a few years

e old smelter  
ed near this

is in ruins one  
ve collapsed.  
re headache  
in U.S. Mines

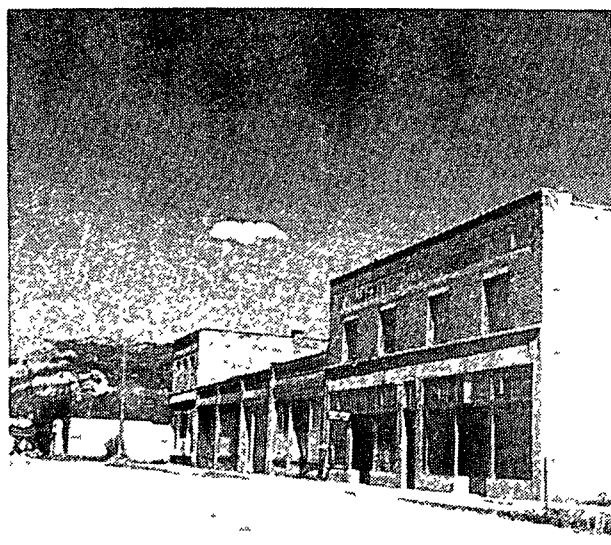
lter says by

port smelter  
d dust from

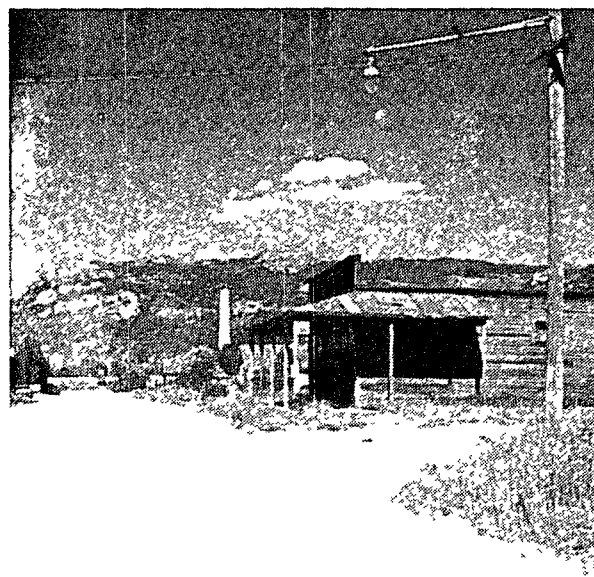
f these books  
and I quote:



Beard's Store - Torn down in late 1970's.



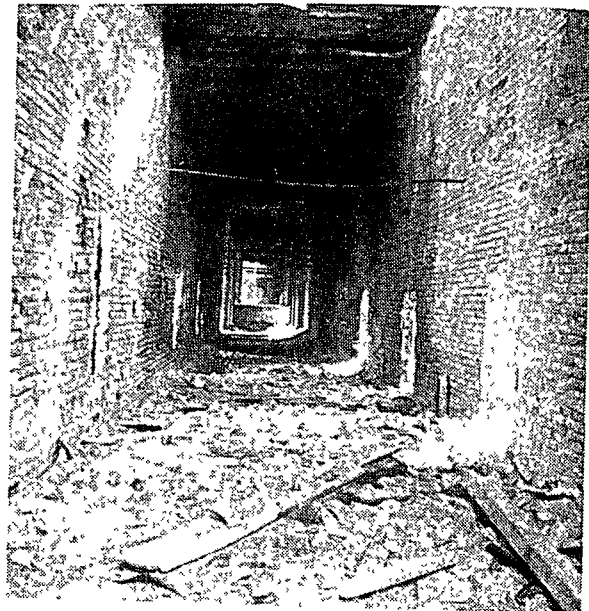
Looking north on Columbia. Former Northport post office in middle of block with Kendrick Mercantile on far corner.



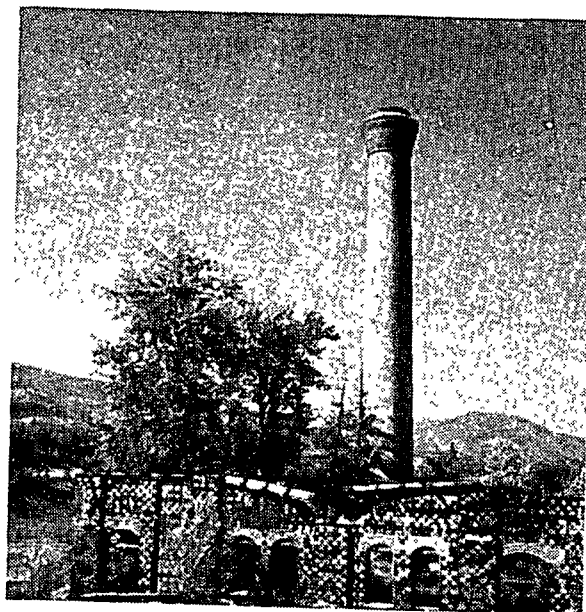
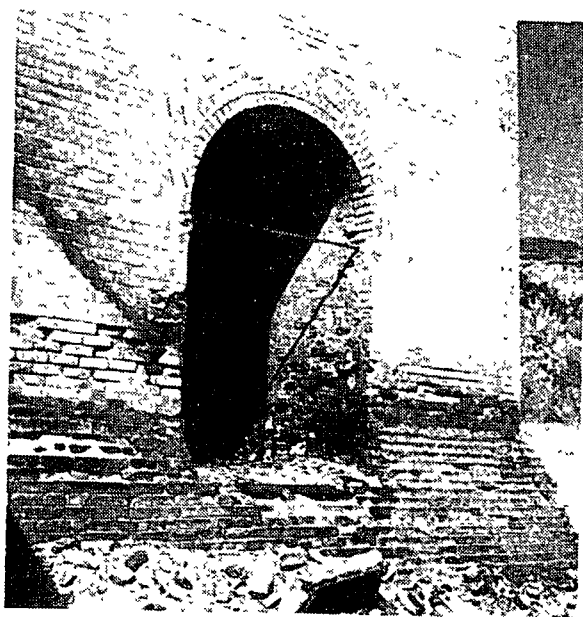
Northport Grange hall looking north with smelter stack in background.



Corner of 4th St. and Columbia looking south. Kendrick Mercantile on corner.



**NORTHPORT SMELTER** - In last years of decay. Pictures from book "Washington Ghost Towns" by Lambert Florin, Portland, Ore. and published by Superior Publishing, Seattle, Wash.



"A gh  
the forr

For things w  
those w  
our pior  
full of s

The fl  
over and  
R.R. to  
Bridge o  
people v  
the tran  
burnt t  
money -  
unable t  
from 19

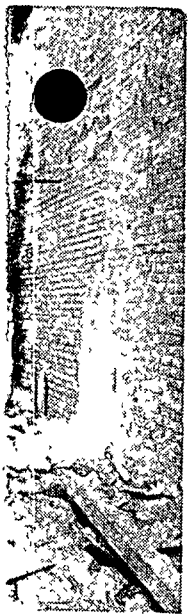
Then i  
- The F  
area in  
being de  
the sm  
Meanwh  
Northpo

Then  
beautifu

The  
hospital  
to Colvil  
had to i  
coddled  
wonderfu  
so they  
years. L  
had a ho  
did mak

Many  
all with t  
to get o  
Northp  
it is n  
occupati  
live in, a  
forward

In the  
million o  
has been  
We have  
with a gr  
roll th



**"A ghost town is a shadowy semblance of the former self."**

#### **Those Who Stayed**

The folks who remained in this city, when things were plenty rough going indeed, and those who have come since, are of the type our pioneers were made of, strong, brave, full of spirit and tenacity.

The floods came - the fires wiped them out over and over, the smelter closed down, the R.R. to Rossland closed down, the R.R. Bridge over the Columbia fell in the River, people were leaving by the hundreds, first the transients left those without funds to go burnt their homes to collect insurance money - because of this those staying were unable to buy fire insurance approximately from 1920-1930.

Then in 1925 the new Trail Smelter opened - The Fumes made Northport a disaster area in a 25 mile area, all vegetation was being destroyed, it was several years before the smelter corrected its problems. Meanwhile folks could buy homes in Northport for \$100-\$150.

Then folks began to return to this beautiful city.

These folks didn't have a Doctor, a hospital or drug store - and nearly 40 miles to Colville - with terrible winter roads. They had to be a special type of people. Not coddled like city folks. However, soon a wonderful nurse and family moved to town so they did have a good nurse for many years. Lorraine Gilbert and Ralph Gilbert had a hospital in Colville many years, so she did make life safer here for everyone.

Many new folks are arriving all the time, all with this same pioneer spirit, all anxious to get out of the big city.

Northport is no longer a smelter town, but it is now built on many diversified occupations which will last. A fine place to live in, and to retire in. We are progressing forward and onward.

In the last three or four years over a million dollar new beautiful grade school has been built, second to none in the state. We have a beautiful accredited high school with a grand gymnasium with 287 pupils enrolled this year in schools.

Many students have gone on to become fine teachers, engineers, a doctor. We have a fine teaching faculty.

Does this sound like a ghost town? I'll let you decide.

#### **Unusual "Nuggets" from Northport**

Lambert Florin, author of Ghost Towns and many other books, has mailed author of this chapter, "Unusual 'Nuggets' from Northport", by Evelyn A. Matesa. A letter with the following pictures he took in Northport, Washington in 1969 or 1970 for his Northport Ghost Town story.

He offered "Congratulations to all the folks working on this book, in our efforts to preserve the history of Northport."

We thank Lambert Florin, writer of that chapter, for his full permission to use his photos and story from his books.

We also thank the Superior Publishing Company of Seattle for their permission to copy the story.

The pictures follow concerning his versions of a ghost town.

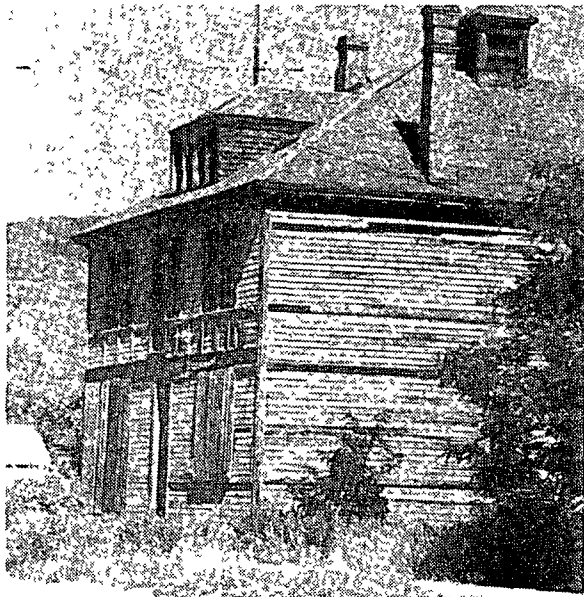
#### **Town of Columbia**

In 1890, just south of Northport, the Town of Columbia was to be in competition to Northport. They made a plat of this little city to be, it included all the land that the Kaste residence is on, also across the tracks on the flat below their home, down to the



**Old horse trough across from Kendrick Mercantile.**





**Landmark corner building destroyed in 1972 fire.**

river, also it goes up to and including the Northport garbage and dump area.

It's hard to believe that land is still under the Plat, and how Northport forged ahead so quickly, it left Columbia extinct before it began.

#### **The Best Made Brick Around**

All the brick buildings in Northport were made by a Brick Manufacturing Company down on Onion Creek way, at the turn of the century. Even the smelter used these bricks.

They are of an unusual quality, and no one ever thought of going outside Northport to get bricks.

Several of the buildings are being torn down also, the smelter smoke stack, but every brick is being used to make other new beautiful buildings.

#### **Slag Blocks**

Also the slag blocks from the smelter in Northport were used for foundations in basements. They are glossy black and approximately 9x12" almost square. They make an unusual basement, very pretty.

Some slag block foundations still exist in Northport today. Among them are the Lucile Rowe Residence and the Ed Matesa residence. The Matesa residence also is made of these fine bricks.



**Landmark buildings at right destroyed in fire of 1972.**

#### **Iris Theater**

As you walk into Tony's Market in Northport's City center, and see the customers shopping, it seems it's always been a thriving grocery store.

It's hard to believe this building was once the Iris Theater, full of people, watching the old famous movies like Wm. S. Hart - With piano music being played in the "pit" to match the moods of the movies.

Alex Tyllia ran the projector for years and years. While he was changing reels, for a short time a man and woman would play the violin and piano.

This theater was used for all special gatherings. High School plays, and High school graduations. Lenore "Janni" Tyllia and Alex Tyllia both graduated the same year, 1929 at the Iris Theater.

Also, Kangaroo Courts were held in the theater.

In 1935 the beautiful new log gymnasium was built next to the school. Graduations were held there then. Irene "Janni" Daily was one of the first to graduate from there.

#### **A Lady Pioneer Is a Good Hunter**

It has just been discovered that Anna Paparich, one of our pioneers is a great shot.

In her lifetime she has killed one bear,

and many

It's been way back cent they put i Rail Road would go found, and has ever

Also, al smelter d like bothe people to didn't sto threw the This mon

Our bea a bottom. Mountain

In the over the t Northpor river and

This is beautiful tall ss

It hasn this lake.

Stories built in happenec it's not t Crown, th hole mac Volcano. hearsay. this area

No mai us with S

Northp with a B Canadiar States.

This ha starting taken ov seven ye

A 55-ga

and many deer.

### **Bags of Gold in the River**

It's been reported by good authority, that way back years ago, during the turn of the century, that when men wanted to hide gold they put it in bags and threw it off the Old Rail Road Bridge in Northport. When they would go to find their gold it couldn't be found, and I understand to this day, no one has ever found it.

Also, about this same time in the early smelter days, Northport merchants didn't like bothering with pennies. They asked the people to stop using them, and when they didn't stop, they all put them in bags, and threw them in the river just over the bank. This money was never found.

### **Silver Crown Lake**

Our beautiful Silver Crown Mountain has a bottomless Lake just over the top of the Mountain. It is called Silver Crown Lake.

In the photo from a plane looking down over the top of Silver Crown Mountain, onto Northport it is a beautiful sight, with the river and bridge in view too.

This is a very unusual lake and very beautiful, with some areas around it with tall grass, and ducks and wildlife.

It hasn't been definitely determined how this lake was formed.

Stories have been told how Rossland was built in a crater of a volcano, which happened thousands of years ago. Seeing it's not too far straight across to Silver Crown, this could have been a volcanic vent hole made at the time of the Canadian Volcano. Of course this all may be just hearsay. No one is sure what did happen in this area thousands of years ago.

No matter what did happen it still leaves us with Silver Crown Lake.

### **Northport's Barrel Derby**

Northport may be the only city in U.S. with a Barrel Derby, which begins at the Canadian border going south into the United States.

This has been going on for ten years or so, starting with the American Legion and taken over by the Lions Club some six or seven years ago.

A 55-gallon barrel painted red and white is

released at the Canadian Border. This release is timed by the Stevens County sheriff. He also times its arrival down to a tenth of a second at the Northport Bridge approximately 9-11 miles down the Columbia River.

Two men in a boat follow the barrel so it won't get stuck in an eddy. After one circle it is pushed out.

Tickets are sold in Canada and U.S. for \$1 per guess on how long it will take.

First prize is \$200; second, \$100; third, \$50; fourth and fifth \$25 each.

This is an annual event each Labor Day. A parade begins the day, followed by a great barbecue, and chances sold on a steer. All in beautiful Northport park.

### **Unusual Beauty of Northport**

To see the most beautiful scenery in the world, all you have to do is take the motor trip, beginning at Kettle Falls, North towards Northport on the east side of the Columbia River.

Folks that have always lived in the Northport area, take the beauty for granted.

People who travel all over the world including Switzerland, keep saying the beauty here surpasses it all.

As you get closer and closer to Northport, the beauty improves. The fall of the year shows you where the golden tamaracks are, nestled in among the firs, they are such a beautiful sight. Certain roads where their needles fall makes you feel like you're driving on a golden path.

It's dangerous to keep up the speed limit in northern Stevens county because at any minute a deer will come trotting into the road or other wild animals.

One day, Ed and I stopped under a tall tree. Above us was a big beautiful eagle. The snow on the tamarack made it indeed a beautiful picture.

Along the road leading into Northport the bushes are laden with berries. Choke cherries, Service berries, elder berries and hazel nuts. These grow right up to the city limits of Northport. Very few places in the states have the abundance we have in northern Stevens County.

As you follow the river you see Silver

estroyed in

Market in  
I see the  
it's always

ing once  
atching the  
Hart - With  
he "pit" to

for years  
ing reels, for  
would play

all special  
and High  
nni" Tyllia  
the same

held in the

gymnasium  
graduations  
nni" Daily  
from there.  
unter

that Anna  
is a great

l o bear,

Crown Mountain in the distance with Northport nestled just below it. Along the beautiful Columbia River, it is this river lest we forget, that caused that great inspiring song to be written "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

You can see a flock of Canadian Honkers

following above the river. You are returning to the wilds.

It's like leaving the world and all its cares behind. Coming home to loving friends, who care.

Yes, it certainly is a city blessed by God's Great Beauty.



**SOMEWHERE on Big Sheep Creek about 1920. Girl identified as Helen Showalter.**

## TRAIL SMELTER CASE

### Trail Smelter Case

The Trail Smelter Case of 1926 to 1934 is important in the study of United States-Canadian relations for two reasons. It was the first case of air pollution to come before an international tribunal, and it was the first time that Canadian government had complete control of the settlement of a problem by international arbitration, from original complaint to final settlement, without clearing its actions through London. Since the issue had no precedent in international law, and very few precedents in national law, the tribunal that examined the facts and rendered a judgment had little to go on; indeed it established a precedent subsequently used in other cases.

In 1889 silver ore was discovered in the Lily May mine at Rossland, British Columbia. The nearest smelter to which the ore could be sent was five hundred miles away in Montana. There was almost no transportation in or out of Rossland in 1890, and the boats of the Kootenay Steamship Company that travelled on the Columbia between the Little Dalles, north of the present Kettle Falls in Washington, and Revelstoke, B.C., were much too small to handle the bulky shipments of unsmelted ore from Rossland. Besides, costs were too high to make such shipments profitable even if they could have been made.

Accordingly, D. C. Corbin, a Spokane promoter, organized the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway Company which built a road to the Little Dalles from Spokane in the summer of 1890. That same year, five additional mines began production in Rossland. As a result, Frank George, A. V. Downs, and Fred Farquhar, all associates of Corbin, pre-empted a site on the banks of the Columbia River a few miles north of the Little Dalles and south of the Canadian border, ostensibly for agricultural purposes. Two years later D.J. Roberts, chief

engineer for the Spokane Falls and Northern, organized the Northport Townsite Company at this location. Roberts made no attempt to hide his plans to build a smelter on a small bench a few hundred yards from the river. A few families moved to Northport immediately. The men were employed in Railroad construction by the S.F. & N. from the Little Dalles to Nelson, B.C., which was reached in 1893.

Three years later the S.F. & N. built a branch line, the Red Mountain Railroad, through winding Sheep Creek Canyon between Rossland and Northport, and in the process built a bridge across the Columbia. The profits which resulted brought the Spokane Falls road and its branch line to the attention of the great empire builder, James J. Hill, whose Great Northern system had been built from the purchase of just such local rail lines. By the end of 1896 the Great Northern owned the S.F. & N. line north of Little Dalles.

In 1896 a small ore reduction plant at Northport, called the Breen Copper Smelter, began treating Rossland ores for the LeRoi Mining and Smelting Company. By 1900 Northport had almost 800 inhabitants, nearly all connected in some way with the smelter or the railroad. In 1901 the LeRoi and Red Mountain operations reorganized their smelter as the Northport Smelting and Refining Company. Except for a brief strike in 1901, the population and industrial level of Northport remained constant until 1908. In 1909, however, the smelter closed, and the population declined to about half of what it had been a year before.

The reason the smelter closed was competition from the Consolidated Mining and Smelting operations at Trail. This company developed into possession of one of the Rossland mines in 1896. Topping was a natural promoter, and after he sold his

are returning

d all its cares  
; friends, who

sed by God's



Creek about  
Sho...ter.

claim for a handsome profit, he joined with Augustus Heinze of Butte, Montana, and built a smelter where Trail Creek joined the Columbia. Heinze also financed a short rail link with Rossland to bring ore to the new smelter. Its capacity was small, but it did encourage LeRoi's Rossland competitors, including the Rossland Power Company, to help Topping expand his smelter and form the Consolidated. The newly reorganized corporation sold stock, half of which was purchased by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Immediately the C.P.R. built a spur from its main line to Trail, while urging that "Canadian ores should be treated in Canadian smelters."

Before 1909 farming in the Northport district was a minor source of income for farmers believed that the "heap roasting" process used at Northport, which produced a horrible odour, was poisoning the soil. (Local citizens referred to the heaps of burning coals as "stink piles".)

Even before the Northport smelter closed, part of the Colville Indian Reservation was opened for settlement by the United States government. The land rush to the west bank of the Columbia was brief, but spirited. Homesteaders filed on timber claims, and soon sawmills began to cut the pine forests into lumber, which added a new source of income to upper Stevens County.

At the same time, a speculative land company, called the Upper Columbia Land Company bought about ten thousand acres of land near the Little Dalles, advertised the fertility of the soil, and planted about 900 acres of the land in apple trees to demonstrate that farming was possible. The promoters did not know horticulture, for they planted twice as many trees as could possibly flourish on the land, their irrigation was inadequate, and they neither pruned nor sprayed. By 1917 the trees should have been bearing fruit, but instead most were dead or dying. Many purchasers of the land quit in disgust. Others found that they could grow alfalfa hay, potatoes, or some wheat in the small ravines and canyons that drained into the Columbia; a few more put sheep to graze on the sparse grass.

The failure of the fruit growers was partially compensated for by United States involvement in war preparations. The government found itself woefully short of certain strategic metals including lead. In anticipation of war demand, the government encouraged the Northport Mining and Smelting Company to reopen and to process the lead ores that had been discovered at Lead Point, a few miles north of Northport and in the Deep Creek valley, east of the town. The smelter remained open throughout the war, and once again employed nearly five hundred men. The process used was much more sophisticated than that used in the copper process of the previous decade, and although about thirty tons of sulphur a day was discharged from the smelter stack, this was not considered intolerable.

By 1920, the population of Northport was almost 1,000 people, and the farming and logging population nearby added another 400. The community seemed to its "boosters" to have a solid future when the limestone hills behind the town began to produce materials for cement manufacturing as well as for ornamental stone. The Idaho Lime Company opened a quarry at a spot called Evans, a few miles south of town, and a Portland cement operation also sent limestone from the nearby hills to plants out of town.

On March 5, 1921, the prosperity ended abruptly. The government drastically curtailed its lead purchases, and the severe business depression of that year reduced mining activity still further. With the end of the war most of the Rossland mines decreased or stopped operations. The Red Mountain railway to Northport was abandoned and its tracks were removed. The smelter at Northport again closed. The workers found employment elsewhere, and the population decrease reduced local demand for agricultural products and lumber. High freight rates made shipping of farm products to distant markets uneconomical. As a result many farms and land claims were again abandoned, and there was a general decrease in rural population. Before 1929 the population of

upper Stevens  
Business p  
with the pr  
so-called C  
no good at  
began in 19  
acres under  
gone back

By way of  
north of No  
Although t  
severely hu  
from this s  
the zinc ore  
Kimberly,  
remains the  
body in the

The Sulli  
1892, but th  
the ore at fi  
it profitabl  
molten zinc  
it would sol  
of such an  
before the f



growers was United States ations. The full short of ling lead. In the govern- t Mining and nd to process iscovered at of Northport, east of the ined open once again d men. The ophisticated ocess of the about thirty harged from t considered

Northport was farming and ded another ed to its re when the vn began to manufactur- l s e. The quarry at a les south of eration also rby hills to

erity ended drastically d the severe ear reduced th the end of land mines as. The Red hport was e removed. closed. The ewhere, and luced local oducts and shipping of t markets y farms and doned, and e rural opulation of



Deep lake near Northport Wn.

### Uninhabited Deep Lake

upper Stevens county had been cut in half. Business prosperity, naturally, collapsed with the prosperity of its customers. The so-called Coolidge prosperity did the town no good at all. By the time the depression began in 1929, almost a quarter of the 33,000 acres under cultivation a decade before had gone back to wasteland.

By way of contrast, only twenty miles north of Northport, Trail was flourishing. Although the Rossland mine closures severely hurt the Consolidated in 1921, ore from this source was shortly replaced by the zinc ores of the great Sullivan mine at Kimberly, British Columbia — which remains the most important known zinc ore body in the world.

The Sullivan mine was first opened in 1892, but the high iron sulphide content of the ore at first made it impossible to refine it profitably. This impurity caused the molten zinc to crust over, and occasionally it would solidify in the furnace. In the event of such an accident, it might take months before the furnace involved could go back

into production. In 1899 Heinze brought Selwyn G. Blaylock, a young mining engineer trained at McGill University, to British Columbia to try to handle the smelting problems. After almost a quarter of a century of effort, he was successful. In 1925 Kimberly Mining and Smelting was added to the Consolidated holdings.

The Sullivan ores came to Trail, and employment at the Trail smelter increased significantly. Naturally the population of the town increased as well. The disgruntled, embittered citizens of Northport watched their rival prosper with a jealousy that eventually became hatred. The Trail smelter became both efficient and profitable, and no financier could possibly consider reopening the much smaller and less efficient Northport smelter. The Northport buildings decayed, one was flooded for use as a skating rink in winter, and others were demolished for useable bricks.

The Blaylock process recovered the arsenic and lead by-products which were

known to be dangerous to the environment. The sulphides, however, were not recovered, but were discharged into the air after the ore was subjected to intense heat, through a huge brick stack 409 feet high, which was the wonder of the whole Columbia valley. Between 1924, before the Sullivan ores were involved, and 1926, when the iron sulphide began polluting the atmosphere, Trail increased its sulphur discharge from 4700 tons a month to over 10,000 tons a month — eleven times that of the old Northport smelter, mainly in the form of sulphur dioxide. Since the stack was designed specifically to carry the fumes away from Trail, and the high mountains kept the sulphur dioxide from drifting either to the east or west, the only place for the fumes to go was south into the United States, over the orchards, forests, fields, homes and businesses of the inhabitants of northern Stevens county.

Of course there was fume damage at Trail as well, but per capita income was so high, and so many people depended on the smelter for their living, that they tended to agree with the newspaper editor who dismissed the odour and pollutant by saying, "The descending smelter smoke will come to them as balm to the nostrils."

To complicate the problems of Northport, a drought struck the upper Columbia valley in the late 1920's. Normal average annual rainfall of 17 inches at the border declined to only 9.6 inches in 1929. Dehydration of the forests and poor fire control measures contributed to a devastating forest fire which virtually wiped out all commercial timber between Trail and Marcus, south of Northport. By the end of 1929 all lumber mills were closed. To compound the devastation, acid from the sulphur fumes soured the soil so much that no natural reforestation took place.

The citizens of Northport, already frustrated by natural disasters, population and business decline, and depression, turned upon their hated rival to the north with a fury that bordered on paranoia. They reasoned that they had been prosperous when their smelter operated, and the Trail smelter was small. Now, as Trail grew

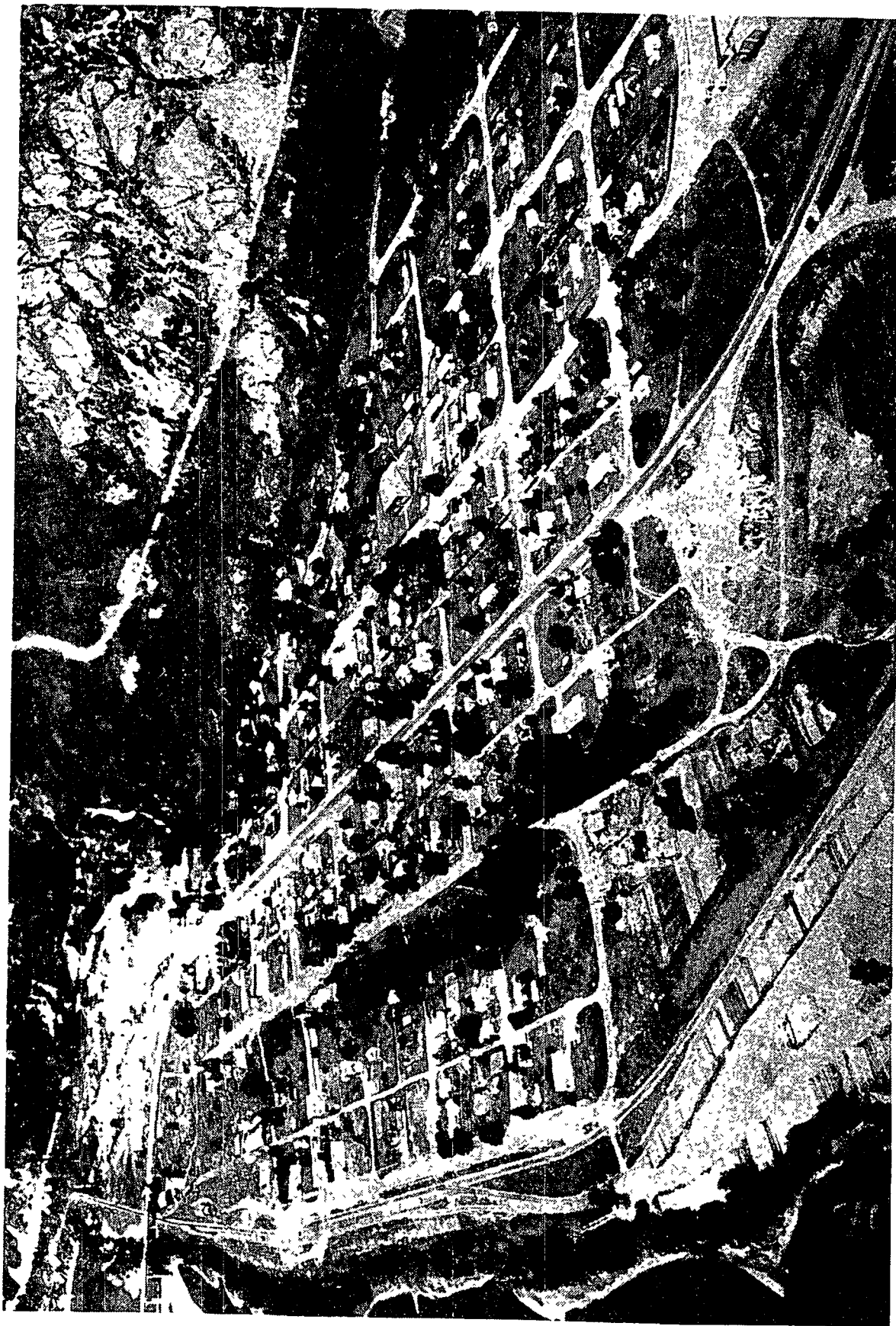
larger, their smelter crumbled to ruins as did their hopes and livelihood. They accused the Trail smelter officials of starting the forest fire to ruin them. They could smell the sulphur fumes from the north. Their crops withered and their cattle sickened and died. Their barbed wire fences and galvanized roofs corroded far sooner than would normally be expected. The paint on their buildings peeled and disappeared with the combination of drought and sulphur dioxide fumes. They formed a "Citizens Protective Association" of farmers and property owners whose shrieks of rage, letters of protest, and speeches of denunciation reached the ears of the politicians in both Ottawa and Washington.

In the autumn of 1926, one of the members of the Citizens Protective Association, J. H. Stroh, a Northport farmer, wrote to Consolidated to complain about the fumes, and the company took immediate action. In due time company agents appeared, and offered to buy the farm of anyone who had suffered smoke damage. Since property was low in value around Northport, their costs would have been minimal. Washington state alien land laws, however, prohibited any foreign corporation from owning American real estate, and Stroh was informed by local officials that he could not sell.

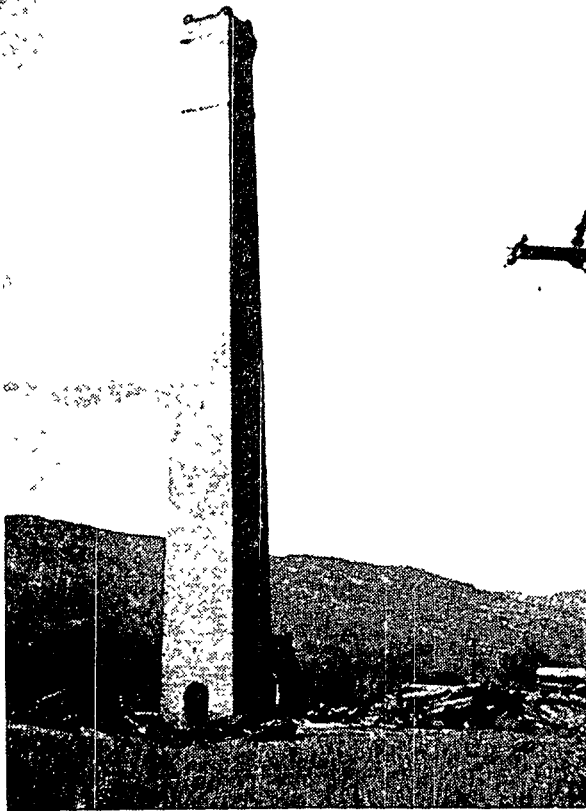
The matter then moved to the level of international diplomacy. The United States State Department opened negotiations to collect damages from the Canadian government for the citizens of Northport. State Department employees took affidavits from the local residents which detailed the problem as the Northport citizens saw it. For some reason, however, Washington did not keep the senators or citizens informed by progress. Senator Clarence C. Dill of Washington state complained publicly that he had held a meeting in Spokane on the fumes question, and had so informed Secretary Kellogg, referring other letters from Northport residents to Kellogg, but that the Secretary's response was cold and indifferent. The State Department actually did press the case of the Americans, and the Canadian

ed to ruins as  
 They accused  
 f starting the  
 y could smell  
 n. Their  
 ttle sickened  
 e fences and  
 r sooner than  
 The paint on  
 appeared with  
 and sulphur  
 d a "Citizens  
 farmers and  
 ieks of rage,  
 speeches of  
 ears of the  
 d Washington.  
 f the members  
 ociation, J. H.  
 er, wrote to  
 out the fumes,  
 liate action. In  
 appeared, and  
 yone who had  
 ince property  
 orthport, their  
 mal. Washing-  
 ws, however,  
 pon from  
 , and Stroh was  
 at he could not

to the level of  
 e United States  
 negotiations to  
 he Canadian  
 of Northport.  
 s took affidav-  
 which detailed  
 rt citizens saw  
 er, Washington  
 s or citizens  
 or Clarence C.  
 e complained  
 a meeting in  
 on, and had so  
 gg, referring  
 t residents to  
 ary's response  
 t. The State  
 ess the case of  
 he Canadian



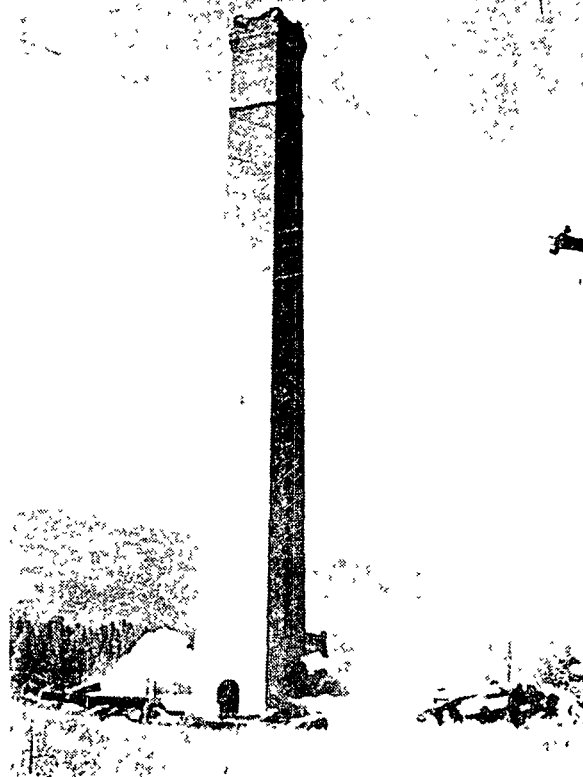
Northport aerial view - 1972.



**Old Northport Smelter smoke stack comes down. Last remains of once proud smelter.**

Consul-General wrote his prime minister that their nation was facing what amounted to an international lawsuit. The official response was quite in order. The Canadian government suggested that the fumes problem should be placed on the agenda of the International Joint Commission which was empowered to examine and report on "any other question or matters of differences arising between (the United States and Canada) involving the rights, obligations, or interests of either in relation to the other or to the inhabitants of the other, along the common frontier between the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

The International Joint Commission did not consider the case until August 1928. Meanwhile, the air pollution continued. Local politicians became increasingly agitated, and opportunists became involved when they thought there was political capital to be gained from notoriety in an international matter

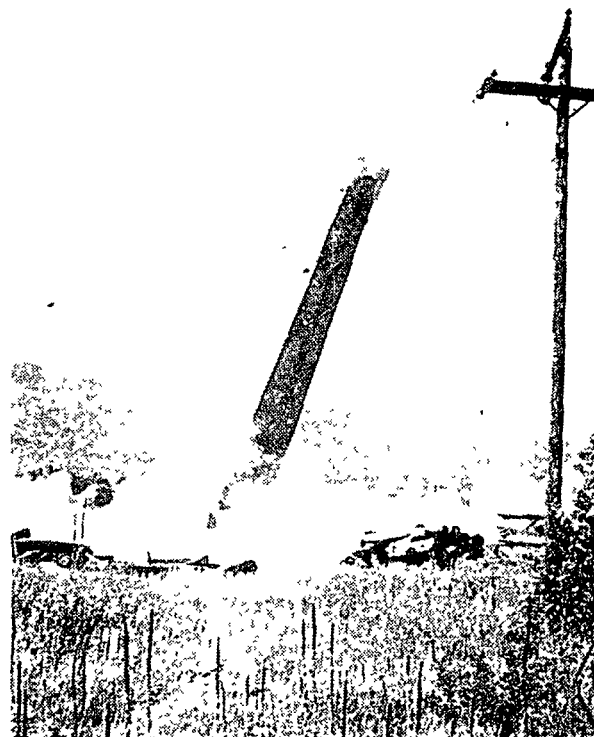
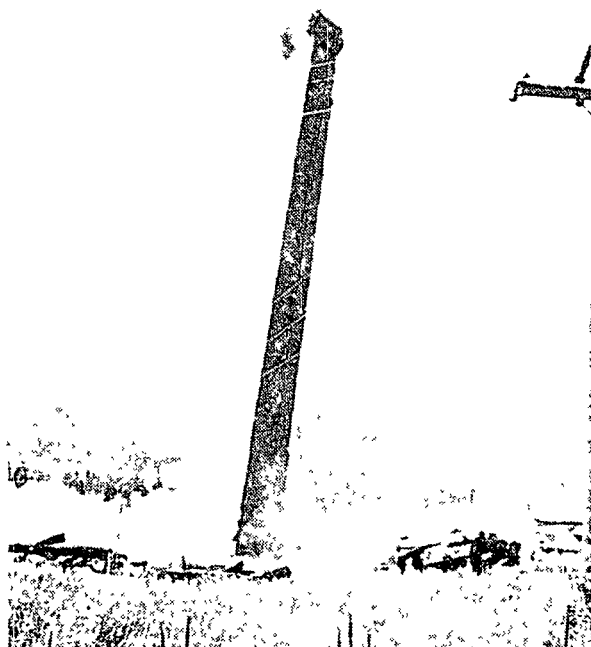


For example, the Spokane Spokesman-Review carried a story on February 28, 1928 with the headline, "Hartley to view smelter's havoc." Roland H. Hartley was governor of Washington. The very nature of the headline suggested that the smelter had injured Stevens county settlers, though the Consolidated insisted that there was no "havoc." In any event, the Governor chartered a private aircraft, in itself a good publicity stunt in those days; he flew over the valley, but did not land, talked to no citizens involved, and having attracted attention to himself, he issued neither statements of findings nor support or rejection of the claims.

At a more responsible level, W. L. Mackenzie King wrote a letter to the American minister to Canada informing the United States that Canada had appointed an expert to investigate the allegations. A. G. Langley, the provincial minister of mines, began his investigation with the assistance of Professor Thatcher of Cornell University, and R. C. Crowe, an attorney for Consolidated Mining and Smelting. The Company again offered to pay for any

damage determined, Neidig of Department amounts due farmers spur by Neidig ar State Kello; authorities t quickly if an conclusions c team.

Unfortunat Washington's content to wa negotiations. republican w prestige jo senator, Dem the Coolidge an fervor. Ir governments Canada agree International In his ch Secretary Ke the body. The



Spokesman-  
February 28, 1928  
ley view  
Harney was  
very nature of  
the smelter had  
as, though the  
here was no  
he Governor  
n itself a good  
he flew over  
talked to no  
ing attracted  
sued neither  
support or

level, W. L.  
letter to the  
informing the  
d appointed an  
gations. A. G.  
ster of mines,  
the assistance  
ell University,  
attorney for  
smelting. The  
pa or any

damage done if the amount could be determined, and employed Dr. Ray E. Neidig of the University of Idaho Department of Agriculture to determine amounts due and to pay for damage. The farmers spurned the amounts decided upon by Neidig and the Company. Secretary of State Kellogg then notified Canadian authorities that the issue could be settled quickly if an American team checked the conclusions of the Canadian investigating team.

Unfortunately, neither the farmers nor Washington's powerful senators were content to wait for the results of diplomatic negotiations. Senator Wesley L. Jones, a republican with long seniority and much prestige joined Washington's junior senator, Democrat Clarence Dill, to needle the Coolidge administration with bi-partisan fervor. In spite of their oratory, the governments of both the United States and Canada agreed to submit the problem to the International Joint Commission.

In his charge to the Commission, Secretary Kellogg asked five questions of the body. These became the guide for the

investigations of the next decade. They were:

1. What was the extent to which property in the State of Washington has been damaged by fumes from the smelter at Trail, British Columbia?

2. What was the amount of indemnity which would compensate United States interests in the State of Washington for past damages?

3. What were the probable effects in Washington of future operations of the smelter?

4. What was the method by which adequate indemnity for damages caused by future operations could be paid?

5. What might be other problems not covered in the first four, but concerned mainly with ways in which future fume damage might be prevented?

The actual, scientific investigations were not intended to be sensational, and in fact they received minimum publicity. Deans Howes of the University of Alberta, and Miller of the University of Idaho made preliminary field studies, but their very thoroughness took time. The impatient



farmers chafed under the delay. At last the Commission met at Northport for hearings on October 9 and 10, 1928, then moved to Washington, D.C. for additional meetings in February and April of 1929. In November 1929 they returned to the Columbia valley and met in Nelson, British Columbia. They met once more in Washington, D.C. from January 22 to February 12, 1930 to hear the summaries of investigation and arguments for and against damages. They considered the facts available for a full, additional year. On February 28, 1931 the International Joint Commission recommended that the Canadian government stop polluting the atmosphere. Vice President S.G. Blaylock promised that the company would spend ten million dollars on by-products plants to end pollution. The Commission then extended the period of abatement until the end of 1931.

It is clear that the company planned to end the air pollution, but it is equally clear that it was reluctant to make large expenditures until it could know for certain that its first, small pilot plant would work effectively. Blaylock claimed that the cost of treatment would run as high as \$4000 a day or ten percent of the gross income of the plant. What he did not know, of course, was that the company would eventually receive more profits from the fertilizer and acid recovered from the wastes than it did from its depression-reduced smelting of zinc ores.

The Northport claimants were disappointed by the Commission's recommendations. They had asked for payment to businesses damaged, as well as to farmers. The state of Washington had claimed payment for damage done to timber on state lands. Stevens county had asked compensation for losses on tax revenues not paid by citizens who had moved away and abandoned their property. The commission rejected these kinds of damage claims on the grounds that there was no proof that any connection existed between damage to business, timber, or tax revenues directly with the fumes. They accepted the obvious contrast between Northport depression and prosperity in Trail, but said it was merely a matter of competitive industry, and had nothing to

do with fumes. The United States government, speaking for all of the claimants, refused to accept the \$350,000 award, and asked that the case be reexamined by an arbitration tribunal rather than the I.J.C.

This action by the United States government stopped the attempt to compensate the Stevens county farmers dead in its tracks. President Hoover and Secretary of State Stimson had worse problems to face than the plight of a few hundred farmers in the northern third of a remote western county and apparently forgot the matter. Without pressure from the top of the government, nothing was going to happen, and nothing did.

A few days before Christmas, 1932, Senator Dill reopened the matter with a flourish. In a long senatorial speech he denounced the Republican administration as "do-nothing" because they ignored the plight of the "poor farmers" who had been wronged by "a great foreign corporation." He noted that the most optimistic estimates of fumes abatement predicted that sulphur output would be reduced only 35 per cent a year, which would still leave 84,000 tons of untreated sulphur dioxide pouring across the border annually.

With heavy sarcasm he documented Stimson's utter lack of concern. In April 1931, Stimson wrote that the matter was receiving his "earnest attention." Eleven months later the Secretary wrote that he "would take action in the near future." Now, after another nine months, Dill noted, the Secretary wrote, "early action has not been considered advisable pending developments, but the case is receiving constant attention." According to Dill this constant attention had resulted in steadily decreased annual appropriations for pollution study until in 1932 only ten thousand dollars was recommended by the administration. The Federal Land Bank refused to grant credit to Stevens county farmers because the fumes had ruined their lands, but the administration was still wondering whether any damage had been done at all.

Apparently stung by Dill's attack, the State Department reopened the case officially in February 1933, though this was

only a few c  
replaced by S  
R. B. Benn  
president of  
renewed Am  
an immediat  
and Bennett  
government  
damage had  
The Acting S  
assertion wa  
d'affaires so  
Canadian P  
offense. Six p  
destructive f  
on at least th  
and 1933.

For the n  
spoken and  
happened. Th  
for voluntary  
even refusec  
Ottawa. Not  
the Prime  
proposals for  
administratio

Bennett  
governments  
study, since h  
sharp decline  
result of the  
than the fume  
suggestions  
governments,  
rather tartly  
were Washing  
because of d  
damage pay  
William E. Bo  
support them  
much longer,  
soon expect  
foreign relati  
when he was  
could be very

Even when  
of Idaho's ser  
almost anothe  
his formal res  
fumes from  
impossible to c  
used, but he

d States  
l of the  
e \$350,000  
case be  
bunal  
ed States  
tempt to  
y farmers  
loover and  
had worse  
t of a few  
third of a  
apparently  
ssure from  
othing was  
id.  
nas, 1932,  
ter with a  
speech he  
ministration  
gnored the  
o had been  
orporation."  
estimates  
nat sulphur  
per cent a  
0,000 tons of  
in cross  
documented  
n. In April  
natter was  
n." Eleven  
ote that he  
ar future."  
Dill noted,  
ion has not  
ng develop-  
ng constant  
is constant  
y decreased  
ution study  
dollars was  
ration. The  
grant credit  
because the  
ls, but the  
ing whether  
all.  
attack, the  
the case  
igh was

only a few days before Stimson was to be replaced by Secretary Hull. Prime Minister R. B. Bennett wired James J. Warren, president of Consolidated, to tell him of renewed American activity, and suggested an immediate strategy conference. Warren and Bennett jointly informed the American government shortly afterward, that no damage had occurred after January 1932. The Acting Secretary's letter of reply to this assertion was so sharp that the charge d'affaires softened the words to prevent the Canadian Prime Minister from taking offense. Six pollution recorders showed that destructive fumes had crossed the border on at least three separate occasions in 1932 and 1933.

For the next few months much was spoken and written, but very little happened. The Company ignored all pleas for voluntary cooperation and for a time even refused to send representatives to Ottawa. Not until the last week of 1933 was the Prime Minister able to make any proposals for a final settlement to the new administration in Washington.

Bennett suggested that the two governments reopen negotiations for a new study, since he felt it was possible that the sharp decline in Northport business was the result of the world-wide Depression rather than the fumes. His letter made no concrete suggestions for a meeting of the two governments, and Undersecretary Phillips rather tartly warned Bennett that not only were Washington state congressmen upset because of delay in fumes abatement or damage payments, but that Senator William E. Borah of Idaho was beginning to support them. If the Canadians waited much longer, he further noted, they could soon expect a blast from the long-time foreign relations committee member, and when he was in full cry, Senator Borah could be very noisy indeed.

Even when threatened with the majesty of Idaho's senior senator, Bennett waited almost another month before he replied. In his formal response, he admitted that the fumes from the Trail smelter were impossible to control with devices currently used, but he insisted that the data were

wrong, and no damage had taken place after January 1932. He then urged the American government to drop the matter.

It was clear that Bennett was stalling for time because the Consolidated management objected to paying even the \$350,000 that had been assessed against the corporation. They became indignant at the thought of paying any more.

From May 29 to June 3, 1934 and again on September 18, 1934 officials of the Consolidated met with the Canadian government representatives in Ottawa. President Warren, Vice President Blaylock, the Vice President of the Kootenay Power and Light (subsidiary of Consolidated), and others represented the smelter interests. Their position was as clear as it was simple. They would still pay the damages assessed if they could be assured that they would no longer be bothered about where their fumes drifted. Congressman Sam B. Hill of Washington's Fifth district was so incensed that he demanded the United States should compel the smelter to close until the case was settled. How anyone, short of war, could have forced the Canadian government to close the Trail smelter, he did not say.

A month later nothing had happened yet. Then President Roosevelt entered the controversy. On October 25 he wrote to the Canadian Prime Minister:

...The most pressing of these questions is that of the Trail Smelter case, which, as you know, has been pending between our countries for a number of years and remains unsettled. I am receiving an increasing number of protests from residents and officials in the State of Washington. These communications disturb me greatly and cause me to fear that, unless a way is found as soon as possible to reach a settlement of this case, real harm may be done to the relations of Canada and the United States in the Far West. The continuing drifting of sulphur dioxide into the State of Washington, with its consequent injury to the interests of a large number of American citizens, is a matter to which I cannot remain indifferent....

The uneasy Bennett knew that he could not ignore the American president. His

problem was that in 1934, private corporations thought they could continue to defy governments as they had been doing for a century before. The president of Consolidated told Bennett that since the United States had refused the \$350,000 the case was closed. Roosevelt heard of this reply, and was incensed. He wrote a memorandum to his legation in Ottawa instructing the American minister to threaten the Canadians with proceedings in the World Court if something did not happen soon to redress the inquiries of the Northport farmers. This was a curious threat, since the United States had refused to participate in World Court affairs but it is possible that Roosevelt thought an appeal to a world body might make American public opinion more favourable to future cooperation with international organizations.

By the beginning of the summer of 1934, the year of experimentation ended successfully for Consolidated when its "Elephant Brand" fertilizers began to show a profit. In its reports, the Company complained that it had lost money on its by-products, but this was a "book loss" of seven millions of dollars caused by writing off the entire cost of development in one year. In 1935, the company admitted to a modest profit, and expanded its pollution control activities. In the expansion, they included a synthetic ammonia and phosphoric acid plant to be built at a cost of \$15,000,000. Fertilizer and by-products output increased steadily with corresponding increases in Company profits.

As a result of this success, Consolidated began to soften its position and became more co-operative. By March 1935, the representatives of the State Department were able to meet in Colville with the Citizens Protective Association to discuss an actual arbitration convention proposal. The officers of the Association were content to see that progress was at last being made. Senators Homer T. Bone and Clarence Dill of Washington state, also agreed to support the arbitration, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee recommended ratification of the convention.

On April 15, 1935 Pierre de L. Boal, American charge d'affaires, and Prime Minister Bennett signed the convention in Ottawa. It provided that the \$350,000 damages assessed in 1931 should be deposited in the United States treasury to be paid out as decided later, and that any claims of citizens not approved by the International Joint Commissions would not be considered. One Canadian and one American, plus a chairman who was to be "a jurist of repute who is neither a British subject nor a citizen of the United States" was to be chosen by the two governments and these three men should form the arbitration tribunal.

The third article of the convention was the crucial one. It provided that four questions should be answered during the arbitration proceedings:

1. Whether damage caused by the Trail Smelter in the State of Washington has occurred since the first day of January 1932, and if so, what indemnity should be paid therefore?

2. In the event of the answer to the first part of the preceding question being in the affirmative, whether the Trail Smelter should be required to refrain from causing damage in the State of Washington in the future and, if so, to what extent?

3. In the light of the answer to the preceding question, what measures or regime, if any, should be adopted or maintained by the Trail Smelter?

4. What indemnity or compensation, if any, should be paid on account of any decision or decisions rendered by the tribunal pursuant to the next two preceding questions?

The balance of the Convention, totalling fourteen articles in all, were primarily procedural, dealing with hiring experts, stating who should be liable for expenses of the investigation, and providing for payment of damages if additional payments were authorized.

The Senate ratified the convention June 5, 1935, and Roosevelt announced the action on June 12. The Canadian government exchanged ratifications in Ottawa on August 3. Finally, on August 7, almost seven

years after  
Roosevelt  
Treaty of

The ap  
tribunal v  
chairman  
Massachu  
of Quebec  
assistants  
the Colum  
additional  
of what ha  
ten, and t  
fumes di  
severe on  
and what  
ed to the d  
and their  
came to  
pollution  
before Fo  
the morni  
close to th  
cooler, up  
rapidly in  
months th



Northport area homesteader's cabin.  
(Photo by Bill Hewes)

years after the first study began, President Roosevelt formally announced that the Treaty of Arbitration was in effect.

The appointed members of the new tribunal were Jans F. Hostie of Belgium, chairman; Charles E. Warren of Massachusetts, and Robert E. Greenshields of Quebec. Dozens of scientists, research assistants, and other experts descended on the Columbia valley. They took almost two additional years to make a thorough study of what had been happening for the previous ten, and to solve the question of how the fumes dispersed, why damage was so severe on certain days and not on others, and what atmospheric conditions contributed to the damage. The work was exhaustive and their reports were definitive. Facts came to light giving information on air pollution which had never been known before. For example, when the sun rose in the morning, it warmed the atmosphere close to the ground, and as the air rose, the cooler, upper, fume-filled air descended rapidly in almost a vertical wind. In colder months the vertical movement was not as

rapid, nor as simultaneous, yet if the wind was blowing heavily, which would normally disperse the poison gas, sometimes pollution occurred anyway. Colder, quieter air at the mountaintop level might form a "cap" over the pollution, producing a high level of acid concentration on the valley floor. During rain or snow storms, danger of acid formation was acute, even though the weather might be both windy or cold.

Finally, on June 21, 1937 enough data had accumulated that the tribunal felt it could reach a conclusion. On June 22 it sat and heard preliminary statements by the officials of both nations. On July 1 tribunal members went west for on the spot investigations in Northport and Trail, ending their work on July 6. From July 7 to 29 they met in Spokane, and returned to Washington, D.C. where they met from August 16 to 19 to read field reports. They next spent from August 23 to September 18 in Ottawa. The tribunal then recessed, but met once more in mid-October and listened to seven days of debate over points of international law by consuls of both nations.

Once again they recessed, and from October 19 to January 2, 1938 they weighed the evidence. On January 2 they announced that they would require three more months to reach agreement.

April arrived, and still the members could not agree. They requested further studies and further data. They did announce a preliminary "final decision" on question one and answered it saying, "Yes, there was damage." They assessed an additional \$78,000 damages for injuries sustained from 1932 to 1937. They also announced temporary control measures for the smelter. They received further funds from the two governments for additional study.

To implement the control measures, the smelter hired an adviser, Dr. John Patterson, the national controller of the meteorological division of the Air Services for the Canadian government, to make recommendations for controlling the fumes. His advice seemed effective, for the amount of air pollution dropped steadily for the following several months. The smelter was fortunate with the weather as well, and the summer of 1938 passed with neither serious incident nor complaint.

The tribunal held another progress meeting in April 1939 to read reports of the new research, and to check on the smelter's control measures. It was evident from the monitoring devices that the company was actually making good on its promises to reduce pollution. For the reason that fumes emission had dropped by almost half from its peak in 1931, the tribunal did not close the smelter as some of the more militant Americans insisted it should, but it granted additional time to complete the two sulphuric acid plants which were under construction.

The summer of 1939 was one of international crises. That fall the by-products plants at Trail became worth almost their weight in gold to hardpressed Britain and her Canadian ally. When war came, the ammonia and phosphate plants converted quickly to munitions manufacture. In addition, strategic metals, such as zinc, lead, and copper were needed desperately by the Allies. For the first,

frantic months of the war, sulphur contamination increased, but in early 1940 it quickly diminished when the two new plants began production. Even in Northport, a German-inspired attempt to sabotage the smelter in Trail on Christmas day 1939, was denounced with consternation and horror.

Because of the war, the tribunal suspended meetings until after the disastrous 1940 campaigns of the European continent were over. They consulted one another by mail, however, and in late September they met briefly in Boston. From December 5 to 13, 1940 they assembled in Montreal to examine scientific reports.

At last the final brief was presented. The final arguments were made. The tribunal renamed their 1937 findings the "Previous Decision" and issued a new "Final Decision," which was published on March 11, 1941.

This decision denied payments for maintaining experts and laboratories to study the fumes question. They decided that no damage had taken place after 1938 in Stevens County. They also issued a policy statement that itself became a precedent in future cases of this kind: "No State has the right to use or permit the use of its territory in such a manner as to cause injury by fumes or to the territory of another or the properties or persons therein, when the case is of serious consequence and the injury is established by the clear and convincing evidence...The Dominion of Canada is responsible in international law for the conduct of the Trail Smelter..."

Before World War II ended, the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, now known as Cominco, spent almost \$20,000,000 on facilities to recover the wasted air pollutants, turning them into saleable by-products. At war's end, the Canadian Yearbook noted that more sulphur dioxide was removed from Cominco stacks than from the stacks of all other smelters of the North American continent combined. In 1955 the net profit to the company from sale of the by-products was just under \$33 million, which returned the

entire  
percent  
with in  
by-prod  
and gr  
depress  
officials  
oratory  
compell

From  
conclud  
up the

This



Sign  
Columb

Leo



entire cost of construction and a fifty percent gain in a single year. Since then, with inflation and demand, the value of by-products has increased further. Protest and groan as they might during the depression years, the present Cominco officials must almost bless the rasping oratory of the Stevens county farmers that compelled them to build the plants.

From the scientific standpoint, the concluding words of the tribunal as it wound up the case are worth quoting:

This is probably the most thorough study

ever made of any area subject to atmospheric pollution by industrial smoke. Some factors such as atmospheric turbulence and the movements of the upper air currents have been applied for the first time to the question of smoke control...A regime has been formulated which should throttle at the source the expected diurnal fumigations to a point where they will not yield concentrations below the international boundary sufficient to cause injury to plant life. This is the goal which this Tribunal has set out to accomplish.

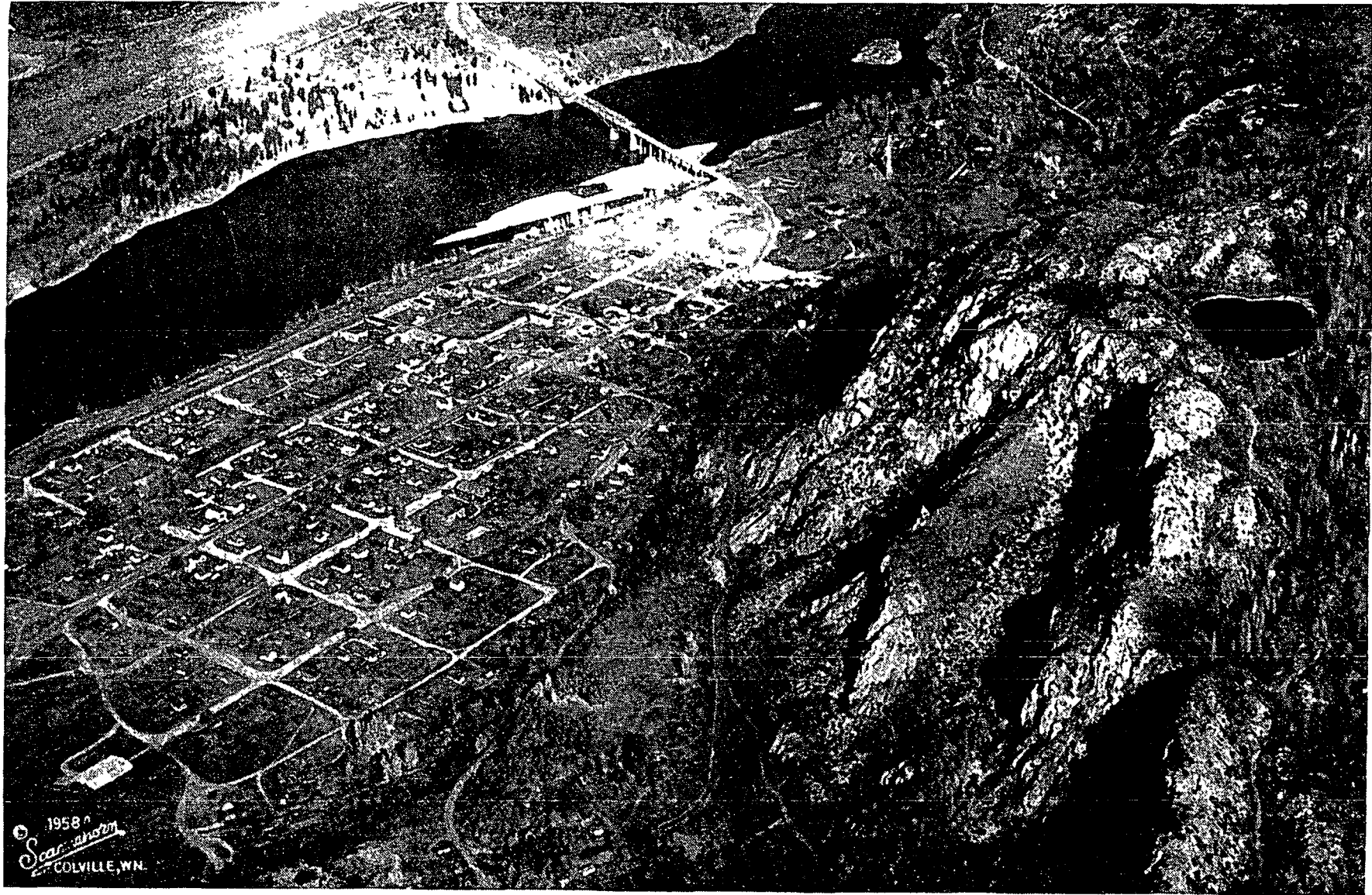


Sign painters finish signs on buildings on Columbia Ave.



Leo Kintner, sign painter, at work.

With over 1 Coulee to gair that w upper The group to this the ris was m The most o occupi presen ately t At 1 found ( Sheep Sheep fishing discov excav semi-fl Then second scrape ornam and an burials of Eur the gre burials



Northport Aerial View by Scamahorn - 1958.

# EXCAVATION OF INDIAN GRAVES

With the first news of the backing of water over 100,000 acres of land behind Grand Coulee, archeologists immediately sought to gain valuable information from the soil that was to be covered about life on the upper Columbia before the white men.

The University of Washington sent a group of top men in the field of archaeology to this area in 1939. They worked fast before the rising water to gain information which was made public in 1940.

The people usually known as the Lakes, most of whose territory lay in Canada, also occupied the Columbia valley south of the present international boundary approximately to Kettle Falls.

At Northport two burial areas were found on the west bank about a mile above Sheep Creek. This junction of the river and Sheep Creek was believed to be a former fishing camp. Thirty-nine burials were discovered on one site which was excavated. The bodies were flexed or semi-flexed and pointing downstream. Then burials were discovered in the second site. Chipped points, knives and scrapers, celts, pestles, pipes, a few shell ornaments, and a large number of bone and antler implements were found in the burials. Judging from the small quantity of European trade goods in contrast with the great abundance of Indian goods, these burials date from before 1810.



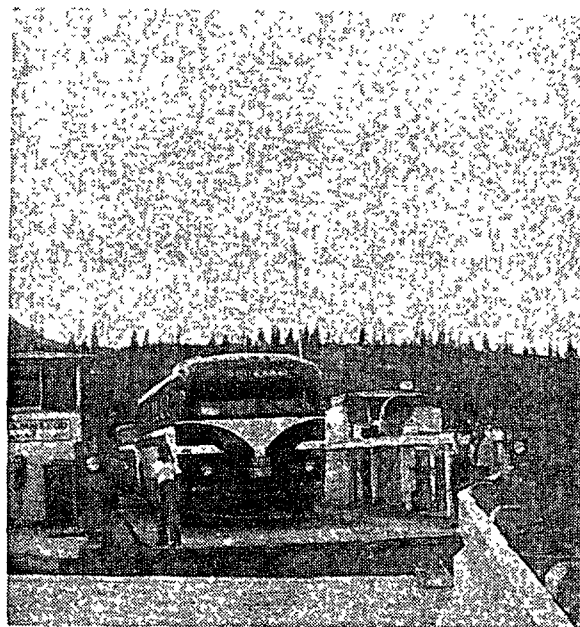
The mouth of Sheep Creek with a band of sheep looking east across the Columbia River.



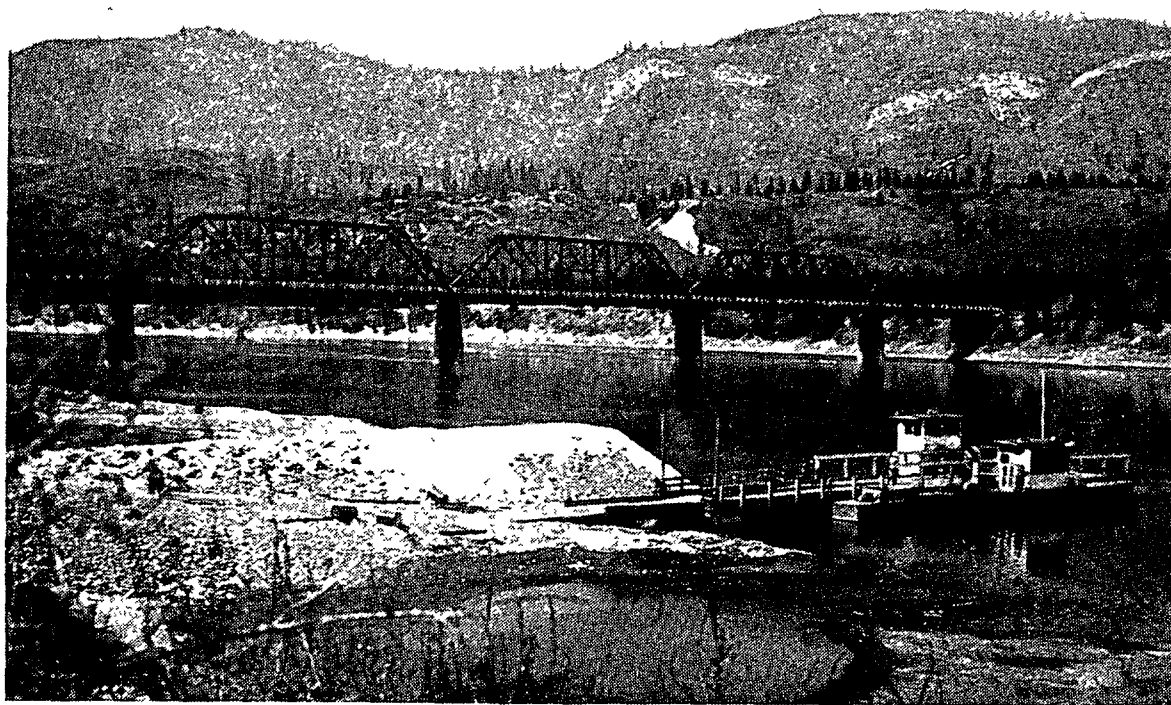
Panoramic view looking north up the Columbia River just above Northport about 1916. The entrance of Sheep Creek is just around the bend on the left side of the river.



**Jack Midkiff in the pilot house of the ferry L. A. MacLeod.**



**Trail to Spokane bus about to unload off Northport ferry.**



**Northport ferry on east side of river with old railroad bridge in background.**

The fe  
1947. The  
was also  
operator

The na  
of Seattl  
cars. It  
engines.  
Departm  
fer  
Out of th  
operatio  
repairs,  
7 a.m. to  
changed  
time.

Jack I  
Februar  
days, he  
replaced  
was the  
ferry un  
worked f  
went int

Roy E  
was hire  
Jack ope  
2½ year  
else. By  
moved t  
This left  
At this t  
work wi  
ope

# FERRY DAYS 1947 TO 1951

**Jack Midkiff**

The ferry came to Northport in January 1947. The owner was Herbert R Lang, who was also one of the operators, the other operator was Pearl Manderville.

The name of the ferry was L. A. McLeod of Seattle. It was 64 ft. long and it held eight cars. It was powered by two GMC diesel engines. The State of Washington Highway Department paid for the operation of the ferry at the rate of \$6 per hour to Herb Lang. Out of this money, Herb had to pay for the operation of the boat, fuel, operators, repairs, etc. The ferry started running from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. for a short time, then it was changed to 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. for the rest of the time.

Jack Midkiff went to work for Herb in February 1947 as a deck hand. After 30 days, he got his operator's license and replaced Herb Lang as an operator. Jack was the only operator that stayed with the ferry until the finish. Pearl Manderville worked for about one year, then he left and went into a business for himself.

Roy E. Midkiff, brother to Jack Midkiff, was hired to replace Manderville. Roy and Jack operated the ferry together for about 2½ years. Then, Roy left to do something else. By this time, the Lang family had moved to California and bought a motel. This left Jack Midkiff alone with the ferry. At this time, Jack hired Sam Rossiter to work with him and taught him to be an operator.

Sometimes, we would have trouble with a rudder lock breaking and have to shut one engine off. When this happened, we usually went down the river under the old bridge and came back up the other side next to shore where the current was slower.

One Christmas day, Sam Rossiter ran the ferry aground with three cars on board. It had to be left there over night and pulled off the next day with a boat that was being used by the bridge builder. From that time on, Sam was known as Sand Bar Sam.

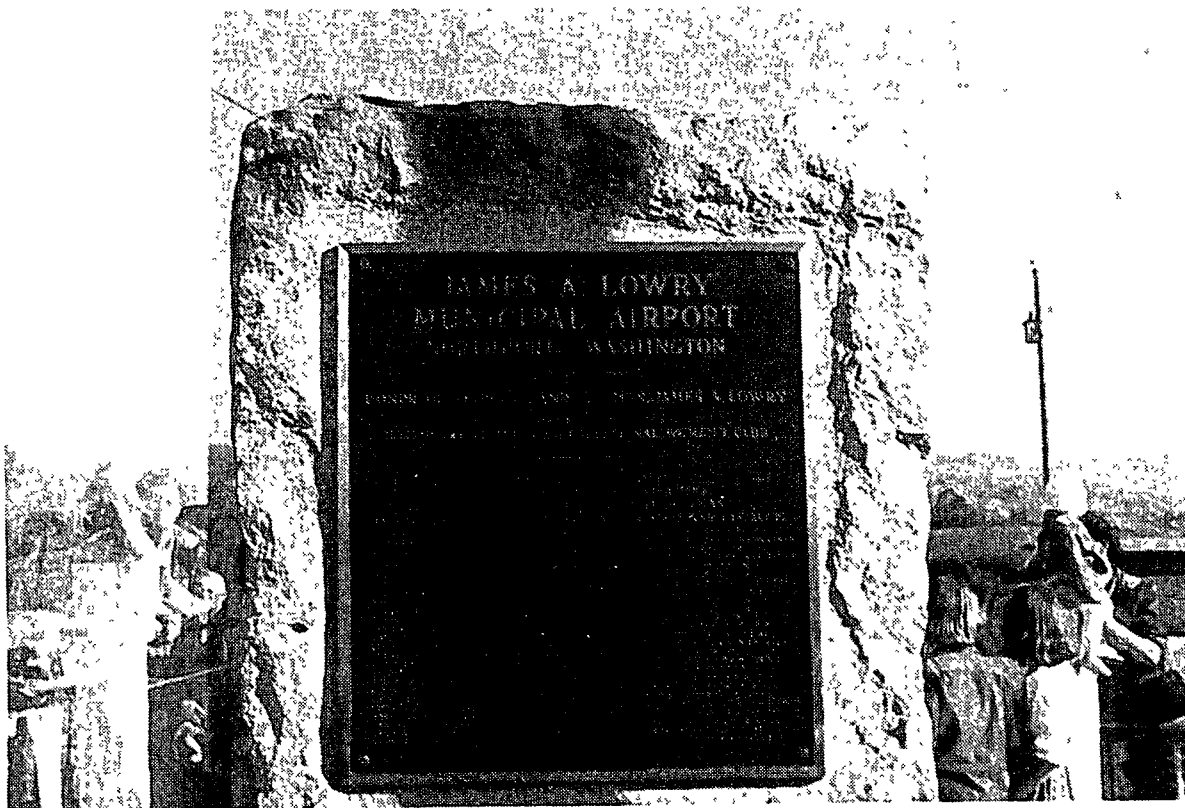
In high water we had to head up river and go as far as we could and then angle across to the other shore, as the water was two or three miles an hour faster than the ferry.

In the spring of 1948, the water was so high that the ferry couldn't go under the old bridge so it wasn't safe to operate. Also the water was over the road at Sheep Creek and also Flat Creek, so no one was going anywhere anyway. That lasted for three weeks.

In the winter of 1949-50, the river froze over and again the ferry couldn't operate. That lasted for about 30 days. The ferry was a little bit of a problem for a few of the people in the community, but, it was also a good experience for most. The ferry burned on March 18, 1951.

After that, Jack Midkiff operated a 24-foot passenger boat to haul the local people across to town after groceries and mail until the new bridge was completed approximately June 1, 1951. The passenger boat was owned by Grand Coulee Navigation Co. of Grand Coulee, Wash.





James A. Lowry Municipal Airport plaque.



AIRPORT dedication ceremonies 1955.

The No  
organized  
Val Har  
School te  
was re-el  
during h  
voted to  
as presic  
Anna I  
Christen

Severa  
groups h  
possible  
committ  
the hope

In 1948  
office of  
discuss  
Act and  
site for  
pro on

The  
project,  
too gro  
against  
time ga

Some  
was ap  
matter  
April 9,  
May 11  
Mrs. F  
Harwo  
was ap  
J. Ev  
timeke

This  
constru  
work  
assiste

The  
sponso  
capaci  
constr  
ce

## NORTHPORT AIRPORT

The Northport B. and P.W. group was organized on February 26, 1949, with Mrs. Val Harworth, one of Northport's High School teachers, the first president - she was re-elected the second year, and it was during her administration that the club voted to sponsor the airport. Others serving as president since the organization were: Anna Lane, Lorraine Gilbert, Fay Christensen and Ruby Peterson.

Several airport minded individuals and groups had studied the subject previously, possible sites had been inspected, and committees carried on investigations with the hope of procuring the airfield.

In 1948 representatives of the Washington office of Airports visited our little town to discuss provisions of the Federal Airport Act and to assist in selecting a suitable site for the Federal Aid construction program.

The responsibility of sponsoring this project, even with Federal Aid, seemed too great and circumstances seemed against it, so groups interested at that time gave up the idea.

Some days later the B. and P.W. group was approached on the subject, and the matter was discussed by members. On April 9, 1949, they voted to sponsor it, and on May 11 the committee was appointed with Mrs. E. P. Travis Chairman, Mrs. Val Harworth and Miss Carrie Allen. B. J. Hofer was appointed construction manager and R. J. Evans, construction foreman and timekeeper.

This committee served during the entire construction period and valuable clerical work was done by Mrs. R. J. Evans, assisted by committee members.

The Town of Northport became the legal sponsor of the project and served in this capacity. Construction manager and construction foreman worked under the advice of C.A.A. officials (since Federal

funds were used in the project), and were ably assisted by these officials. The airport was planned according to government specifications, and throughout the six-year period the work has been checked by these officials and instructions were received from them and complied with.

The airport site lies across the river, about 1/2 mile from town and consists of 120 acres, with the air-strip itself 2500' by 250'. It is an excellent location because of directional wind currents, low elevation and freedom from drainage problems. This land was donated by Mrs. J. A. Lowry and was given in memory of her late husband, James A. Lowry, who passed away several years ago.

Important work was accomplished the first 2 years, and included clearing, leveling, removal of undergrowth and trees of non-commercial value. It was during this period that the Columbia River bridge was condemned - the first discouraging blow was received. The work was slowed down considerably because transportation of men and equipment to the airport site was difficult, and even after ferry service was established, the transportation problem did not clear.

Removal of power lines, telephone toll lines, old transmission lines had to be taken care of and a 5'x8' brick building which housed smoke testing apparatus and was owned by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Canada, had to be moved in one unit. Spraying was done and fencing of the airstrip was started. These were heavy tasks, all of them, and volunteer labor was depended upon for much of this work.

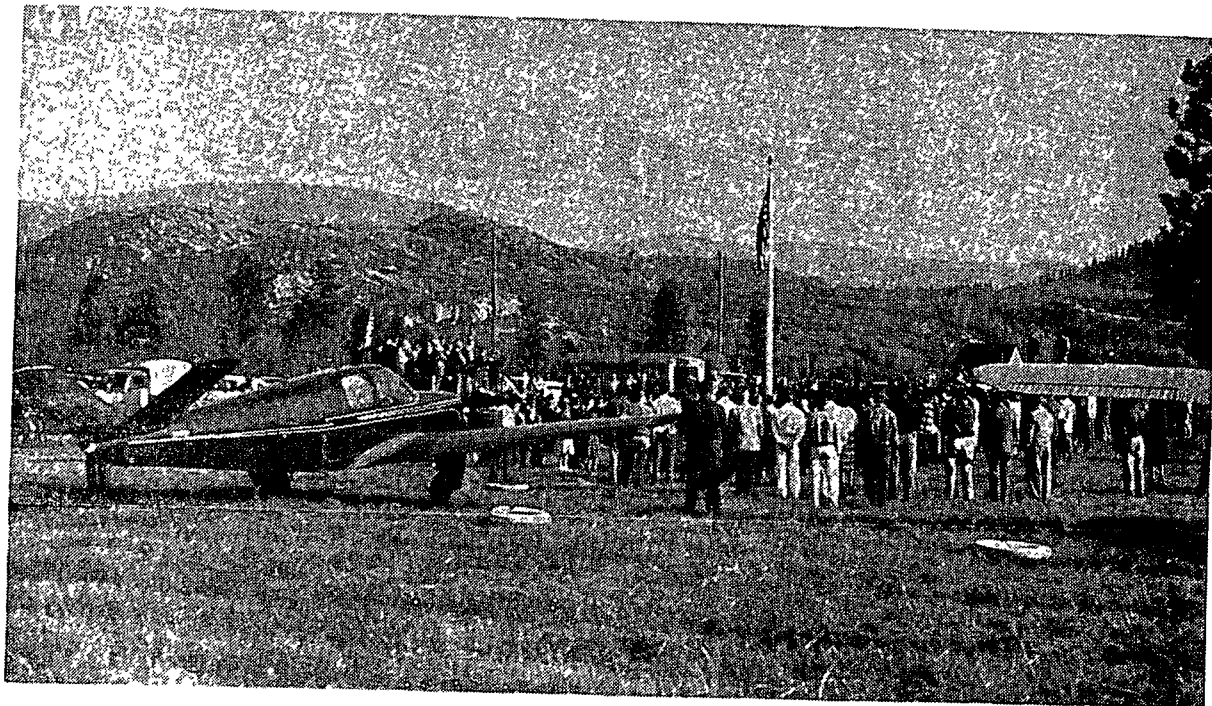
During this time, the Club was not idle - we raised money in every possible way. They solicited subscriptions from door to door, and by written requests; we presented a Vaudeville program, sold hot doughnuts on Election Day to voters and non-voters,



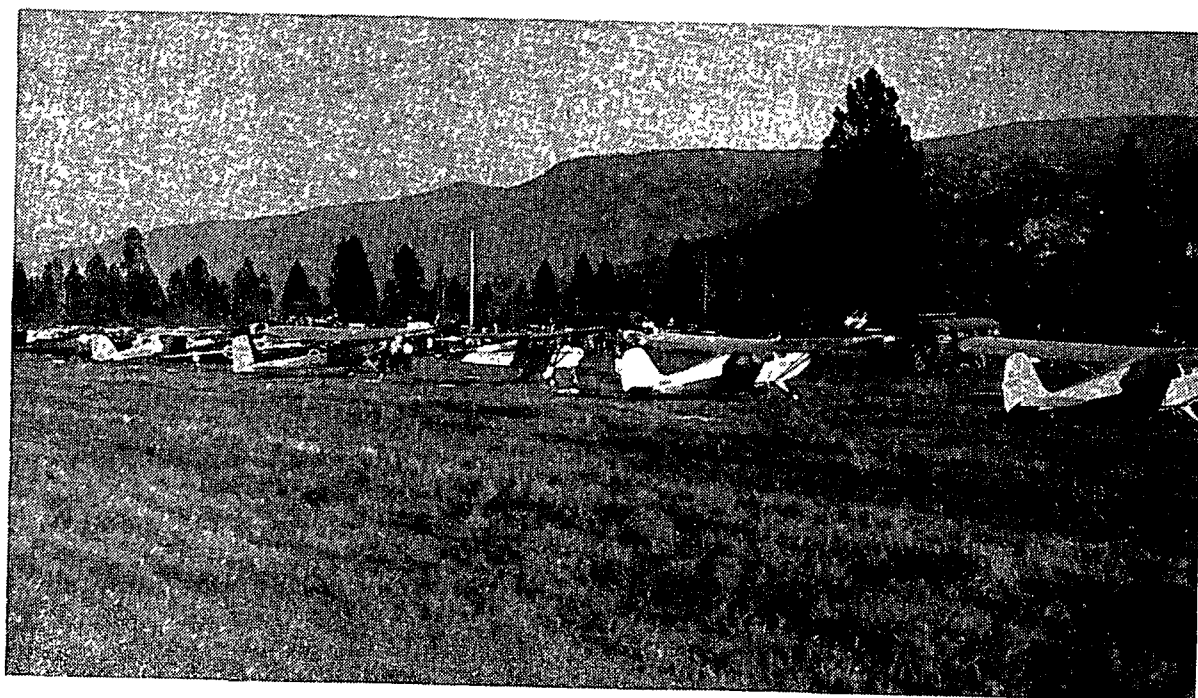
pal Airport



es 1955.



Northport airport crowd during dedication.



Line up of aircraft at Northport airport dedication.

and during managed. Car Truck built with the W for the be track is lo and is uns natural "J

Later preparing spraying planting, tie-downs accomplis Mr. Rob personall assistanc undertak

They ex early da 2-seater p on the re owner-pil Canada. Columbia to 20 lo about his field just landing! thankful us the n infancy) meant it

A little and the field eve amount time.

A sub resident particul telephor airport This po long-dis Columb long Columb standing t d

and during the summers of 1954 and 1955 managed a "Hot Dog Stand" at the Stock Car Track where they had a small place built for this purpose, and many a "Hot Dog with the Works," coffee and pop were sold for the benefit of the project! This race track is located on the west end of the land and is unsuitable for airstrip use, but is a natural "Bowl" - perfect for racing needs.

Later work on the field included preparing seed bed for grass, more spraying of wild growth, fertilizing, planting, making and placing markers and tie-downs. These things have been accomplished during the past two years. Mr. Robert L. Nuber, of the C.A.A. personally inspected the work and gave real assistance for completing the task we had undertaken.

They experienced a real thrill during the early days of the airport work when a 2-seater plane, call "Trust-To-Luck" landed on the rough and unmarked site, with its owner-pilot, a Mr. Luke, from Eastern Canada. He was on his way to British Columbia, had lost his bearings, was down to 2 gallons of gas and was quite concerned about his predicament when he spied the field just over the river and decided to try a landing! He made a safe one and was thankful to be on terra-firma. Mr. Luke told us the next day that the field (then in its infancy) had really saved his life - and he meant it!

A little later several planes landed safely and the pilots were enthusiastic about the field even though but a comparatively small amount of work had been done on it at that time.

A subject of special interest to old-time residents of the State of Washington (and particularly those of Stevens County) is the telephone pole that will be used at the airport as supports of the Bulletin Board. This pole was erected in 1898 and held the long-distance toll line that spanned the Columbia River at this point, carrying the long distance services into British Columbia. It was the oldest pole left standing in the State when the line was taken down in 1953 and was salvaged by the

B. and P.W. at the time of its removal, to be used at the airport. It has been a part of the system that carried vibrant, living messages from across the miles and will serve again at the airport - a bit of the old combined with the new.

The airport is now completed. At the airport dedicaton, October 16, 1955, a monument was unveiled honoring organizations and individuals who have helped with the airport project by contributing cars, labor, materials or equipment service to bring it to completion. These names are inscribed on a bronze plaque, mounted on a large granite slab which stands on a concrete base.



**FIRST AIRPLANE** to land at Northport airport. David Luke of eastern Canada.

### **COPY OF PLAQUE**

**James A. Lowry Municipal Airport,  
Northport, Wash. Dedicated, 1955  
Donor of Airport Land,  
Mrs. James A. Lowry.**

Sponsored by: Northport Business and Professional Women's Club. Acknowledgement is made to the air-minded citizens listed here, their interest, efforts and unselfish labors have made possible this safe landing for air-borne travelers.

1. Estelle Ogle Lowry (Mrs. J.A.)
2. Allen, Carrie
3. Anderson, Jim
4. Avey Brothers
5. Bass, Mrs. Maude A.
6. Bailey, Marian
7. Beard, George
8. Bleeker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
9. Boy Scout Troop No. 158
10. Boyles Bros. Drilling Co.
11. Bronson, Stewart
12. Christensen, Mr. and Mrs. J.A.
13. Citkovich, John A.
14. Colby, John
15. Coleman, Robert E.
16. Davis, C.F.
17. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. R.J.
18. Evans, O. M.
19. Gallo, Mr. and Mrs. Tony
20. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph
21. Hall, Harold
22. Hartbauer, Mr. and Mrs. Konrad
23. Harworth, Mr. and Mrs. George
24. Harworth, Mrs. Val
25. Heritage, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Sr.
26. Heritage, James Clifford
27. Hofer, Mr. and Mrs. B. J.
28. Isbell Construction Co.
29. Janni, Mr. and Mrs. Peter
30. Johnson, Donald
31. Kendrick Mercantile Co.
32. Lael, Dan..
33. Laird, Mr. and Mrs. R. E.
34. Lane, Anna
35. Leaden, Howard
36. LeCaire, Richard
37. Link Russell
38. Lynn Farm Supply
39. Martin, Major Howard
40. McNamee, Emmett
41. Moser, Mr. and Mrs. Robert

42. Northport Chamber of Commerce
43. Northport Drug Co.
44. Northport High School Students, 1954-55
45. Northport Lodge No. 110 F. and A.M.
46. Olmstead, Donald
47. Olmstead, Mr. and Mrs. Frank
48. Olson, Walters
49. Oriard Powder Co.
50. Palm Brothers
51. Peterson, John A.

Written by Alice J. Travis, Airport Committee Chairman

---

### **How I Remember Mother**

When the storms of life are greatest and the  
clouds bring only gloom  
Then our thoughts turn back to Mother and  
the old, old fashioned room  
Where we gathered around the hearthstone  
while Mother asked in prayer  
That her children be protected from the  
strife of worldly care  
Many were the weary hours - she toiled for  
us at night  
While we in slumber dreamed, with no  
knowledge of her plight  
If we could but again recall those days of  
yester year  
If we could only go back and again her  
prayers could hear  
We would be more thoughtful, help her with  
her dally task  
Never would we shirk again, when an  
errand she would ask  
But those years have past and gone, and her  
face we see no more  
In the doorway of the old home, with the  
smile she always wore  
Some day again we will meet her when our  
work on earth is done  
On the shores of eternity, where there will  
be no setting sun.

---

Nort  
mining  
and vi  
from  
mine  
North  
The  
during  
conce  
Amer  
owner  
explo  
owne:



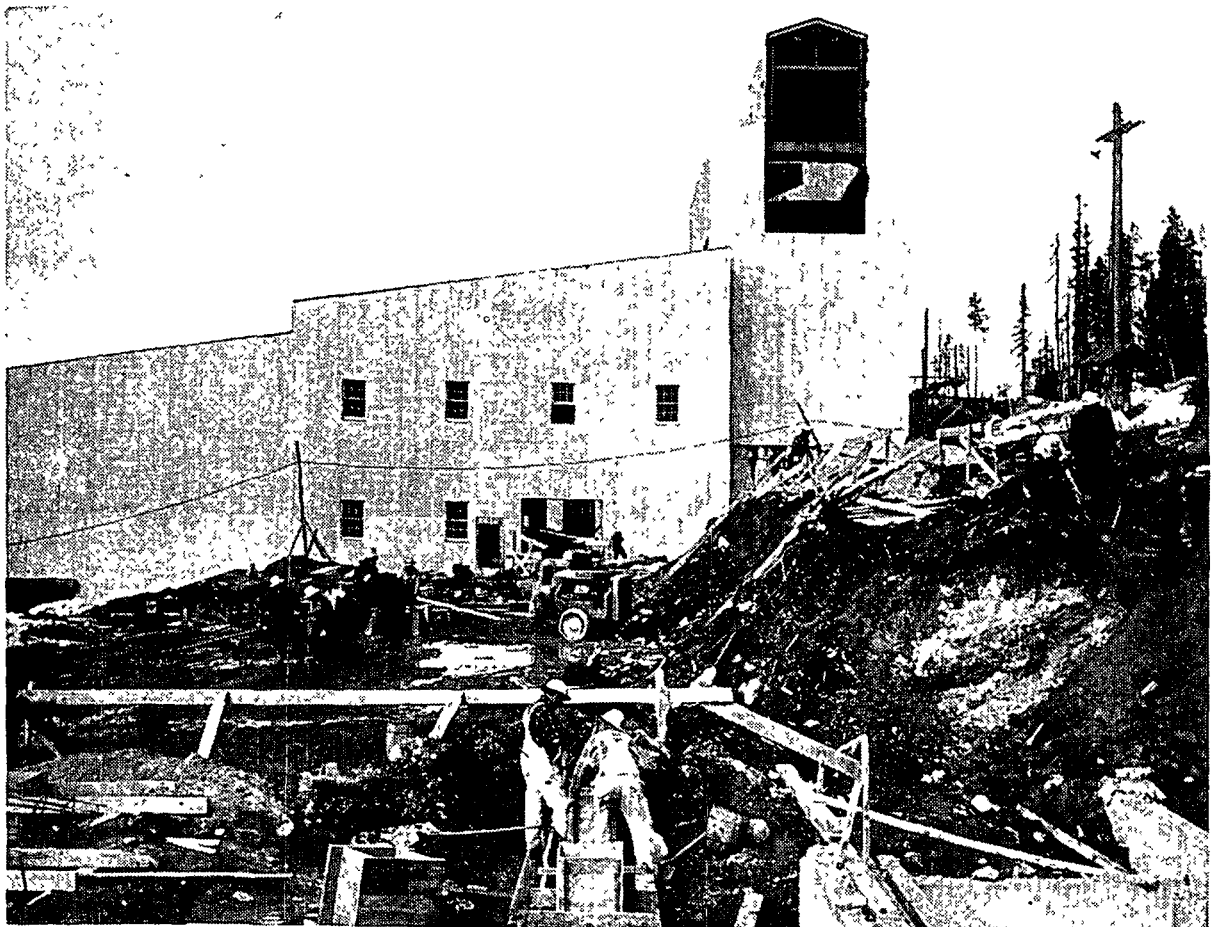
udents, 1954-55  
F and A.M.  
Frank

# VAN STONE MINE

Northport's history centers around mining. When mining is up, Northport is up and vice versa. One of the boom periods was from 1951 until 1965, when the Van Stone mine operated on Onion Creek southeast of Northport.

The Van Stone was a lead-zinc mine and during its high period had a 1,000 ton concentrator and was the show place of American Smelting and Refining Co., its owners. Today the mine, except for some exploration work, is dormant under the ownership of the Callahan Mining Co.

In 1920 George Van Stone and his partner, Harry Maylor, prospected up the middle east fork of Onion Creek in northern Stevens County, Wash., to investigate rumors of lead-zinc discoveries. During their wanderings, they found rich lead float, and while looking around for the source, they saw a spot where several trees had been destroyed by lightning. Reasoning that minerals close to the surface might have attracted the lightning bolts, the men investigated and actually found lead-zinc outcroppings. This was the beginning of the



American Smelting and Refining mill under construction on the Van Stone property.

Van Stone mine.

From the date of discovery until Hecla Mining Co. took an option on it in 1926, the property was worked periodically by the owners and several leasers. All efforts were frustrated, however, by the penalties imposed by the smelters because of high zinc content.

Hecla Mining Co. held the option for about two years, and carried out considerable exploration and development work. Upon relinquishment of the option, the original owner again took over, and in addition to other exploratory work, sank a 65-foot winze from the 200-foot upper tunnel mentioned, leading to the discovery of high-grade lead ore.

Low metal prices during the depression rendered these operations unprofitable and the mine remained idle until 1939 when Willow Creek Mines Co. acquired it under a lease and option agreement.

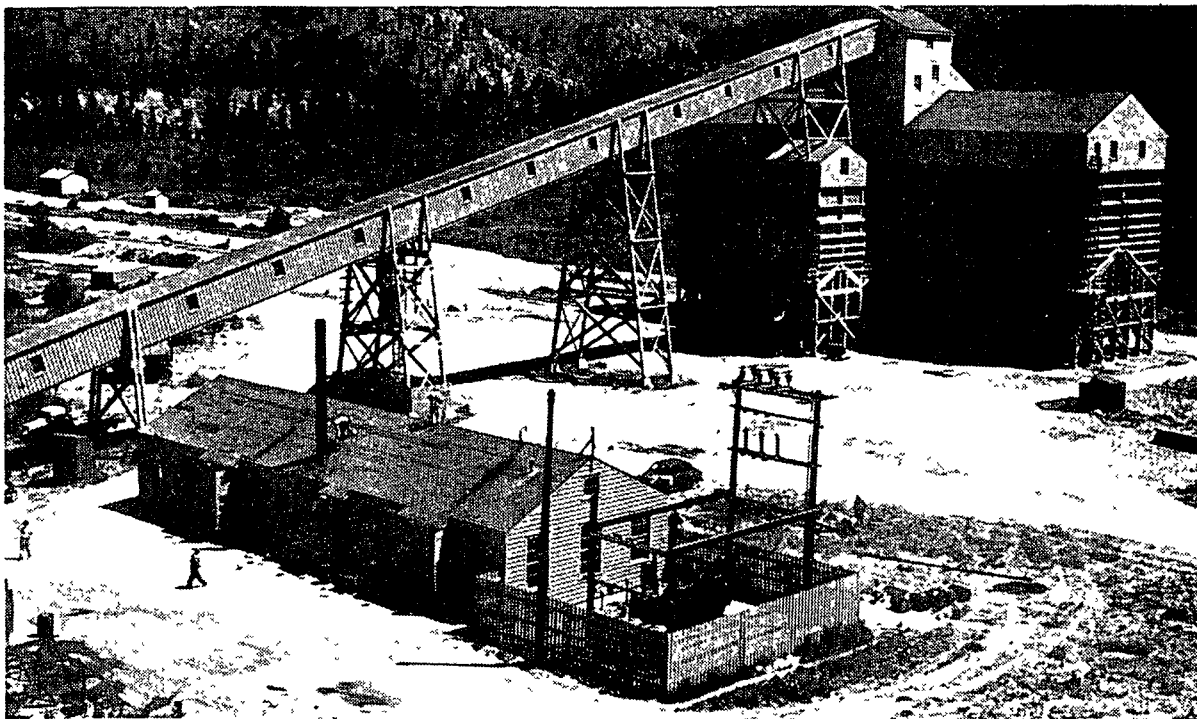
The company did extensive diamond drilling from 1940 to 1942 (69 holes) during which the north ore body currently under

exploitation was discovered.

American Smelting took over the property from Willow Creek Mines in 1950, carrying on a comprehensive diamond drilling campaign through the greater part of 1951. The work developed sufficient ore to warrant construction of a 1,000-ton flotation concentrator.

Actual mill construction was started in September 1951, and stripping of overburden covering the north ore body commenced in October of the same year. The first shipment of lead and zinc concentrates was made on Nov. 13, 1952.

Principal members in 1952 of the operating personnel include P. A. Lewis, superintendent; R. A. Blake, mill superintendent; R. K. McCallum, assistant mill superintendent; Lyle Hallberg, metallurgist; Ralph Stuve, engineer; George Moad, chief clerk; Frank Paparich, pit foreman; and A. T. Knight, master mechanic. Jerry Newton is job superintendent for Isbell Construction Co.



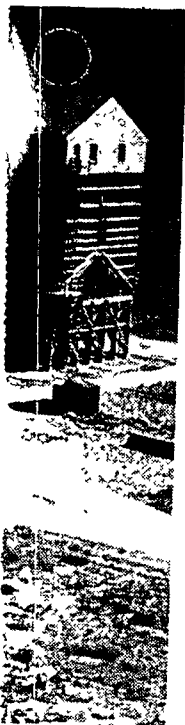
Pacific Northwest Alloys mill at dolomite site above mouth of Onion Creek and Columbia River. Operated during World War II.

over the  
Mines in 1950,  
ive diamond  
g after part  
fficient ore to  
-ton flotation

as started in  
tripping of  
th ore body  
same year.  
f and zinc  
v. 13, 1952.  
1952 of the  
P. A. Lewis,  
Blake, mill  
um, assistant  
Hallberg,  
engineer;  
nk Paparich,  
ight, master  
superinten-  
o.



Aerial View Northport - 1972



at dolomite  
Creek and  
ring World



**BODIE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL** - Front row, left to right: Patricia Busby, rest unidentified. Second row: Rose Domitrovich, Helen Snyder, Joe Domitrovich, next two unidentified, Josie Matz. Third row: Josie Domitrovich, Frances Domitrovich, Rosie Snyder, unidentified, Doris Matz and Aune Maki, teacher.



**OLD MAID'S CONVENTION** - Taken in 1935. Left to right: Cella Laird, Mae Cummings, Rose Laird Artman, Wanda Tyllia Jones, Cella Laird, Josie Tyllia, Ada Laird, Elizabeth Rowe Bushnell, Anna Hyatt, Maybelle Ames Bockmuel, Anna Busby, Lucile Rowe, Margaret Rowe, Anna Papparich and Art Rowe.

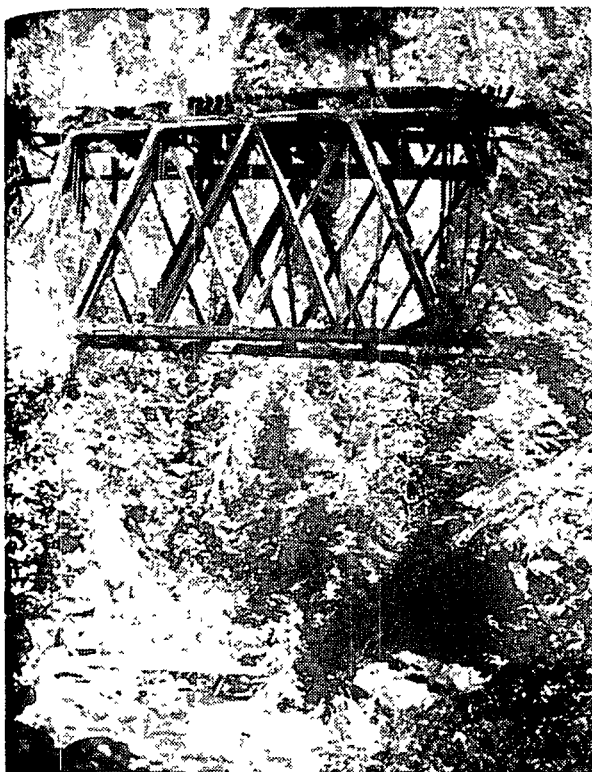


Old  
acros



BOI  
left to  
Rosie  
row:  
le





Old Northport-Rossland railroad bridge across Sheep Creek. (Bill Hewes photo)



**BODIE MOUNTAIN SUNDAY GET TOGETHER** - At Claude Busby home. Left to right, front row: Patricia Busby, Jack Busby, in front of Annie Busby, Lucile Munroe and Elsie Miller. Second row: Claude Busby, Frank Busby, Margaret Rowe, Claude McCall, Ernest Miller and Art Miller.



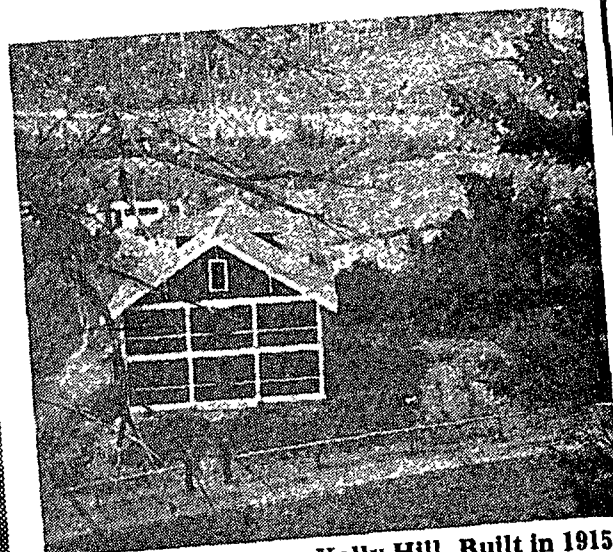
**BODIE MOUNTAIN - 1927-28** - Front row, left to right: Pat Busby, Helen Snyder, Rosie Domitrovich and Josie Matz. Middle row: Josie Domitrovich, Phil Clayton, Rosie Snyder, Ralph Clayton, Cecil Lotze

and Joe Domitrovich. Back row: Donna Domitrovich, Laura Clayton, Doris Matz, Frances Domitrovich, Vince Domitrovich, Eddie Snyder and Archie Clayton. Teacher was Lucile Munroe.





Two girls stand in front of the once proud Forest Center hotel in Marble.



Glasgow house on Kelly Hill. Built in 1915. One of the largest homes in the area. Later owned by Dompier.



LADIES AID SOCIETY - Meeting at the home of Dr. and 'Nanny' Travis. Left to right, front row: Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Bergman, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Burcham, Mrs. R. L. Clark, with umbrella in the wagon pulled by Mrs. Helpman and 'Nanny' Travis. Back row: Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Wolfe and Mrs. Christ.

In the y  
family ca  
want ad i  
into town  
as they  
coming to  
Walt w.

16, 1895 an  
old his pe  
Creek, Co  
uncle, the  
horses ar

Walt's l  
in Cripph  
discovere  
two hors  
moved to  
began a  
children  
seven, W.

and at ag  
In 1908,  
Country  
City

Walt's  
band, as l  
Symphon  
music. H  
mother  
played d  
and Wal  
band was  
the area,  
pay was

Elfried  
Chicago,  
school th  
moved to  
box mail  
their farr  
and Elf  
adjoining

On the  
they cam  
freshly o  
said, "th  
to splatte  
Thi cit

# AMES

In the year 1925 Walt and Elfrieda Ames family came to Northport in answer to a want ad in the Spokane paper. As they drove into town, they were thrilled beyond words as they realized that their dream was coming true.

Walt was born in Kenosha, Wis., on Feb. 16, 1895 and when he was about three years old his parents decided to move to Cripple Creek, Colo., so, with his family and Walt's uncle, they set out with a large team of horses and a prairie schooner.

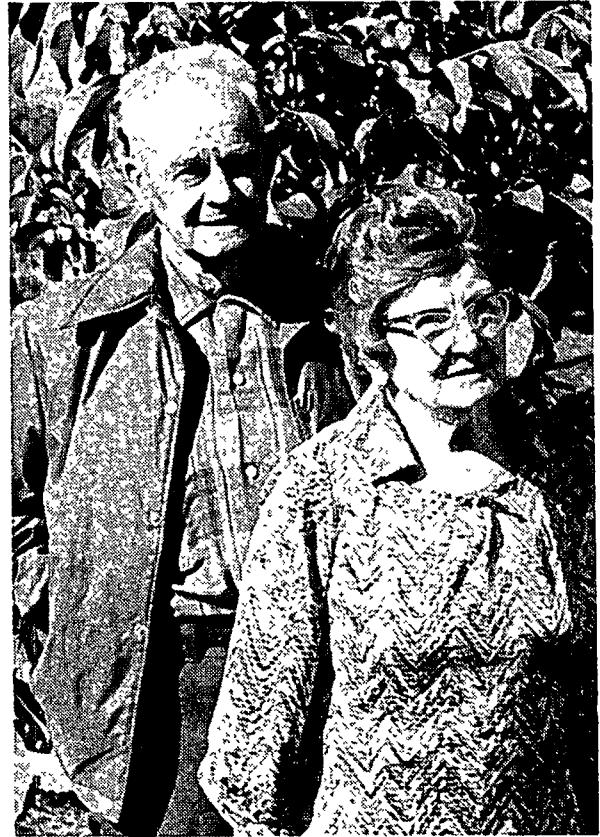
Walt's father opened his own barber shop in Cripple Creek and just before gold was discovered there, he traded his shop for two horses and a hack, and the family moved to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. His father began a new barber shop there and the children were entered in school. At age seven, Walt joined the Coeur d'Alene band and at age ten became a solo cornetist.

In 1908, the family moved to the Big Bend Country and began farming in the Coulee City and Almira area.

Walt's father decided to begin a family band, as he had played violin in the Chicago Symphony and was most interested in music. He resumed the violin while Walt's mother played piano. Walt's brother played drums, his uncle played clarinet and Walt, the cornet and trumpet. The band was a great success, playing all over the area, sometimes all night and the only pay was "pass the hat."

Elfrieda Strecker Ames was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 15, 1895 and attended school there until 1910. The family then moved to Delrio, having only a post office box mailing address, located miles from their farm. Fate certainly was kind to Walt and Elfrieda, as their families had adjoining farms.

On the way to Spokane on a motorcycle they came to a section of road that had been freshly oiled and "all of a sudden," Walt said, "the fender came off and oil started to splatter Elfrieda, but I kept on going." This writer interrupted him and said, "Walt,



Mr. and Mrs. Walt Ames

do you mean to say you didn't stop to pick up your fender and put it back on so Elfrieda wouldn't ruin her lovely blue dress?" "Heck no!" he said, "I didn't stop! I was in too big a hurry to get to Spokane!"

After the honeymoon, they began stump ranching on 160 acres, 12 miles south of Sandpoint, Idaho. As the motorcycle was not useable, they had to pack all of their supplies 2½ miles in on their backs. It was at this ranch that their first child, Maybelle, was born, now the wife of Dr. Harold W. Bockemuehl, of Missoula, Mont. The Bockemuehl family has four children.

After four years, Walt and Elfrieda and family moved to Wrenco and farmed for another four years. Son Walter Jr. was born, now a geologist with Ideal Cement in Albuquerque, N.M. He is married to Evelyn, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hyatt of Northport and they have six children.

The Ames' then moved to Malott, south of Okanogan, to work in the fruit business for a short time and then moved on to Spokane,

where Bernadette was born. She is now Mrs. Donald Engle, living in Tacoma where her husband is a distributor for Luxury grocery products. They have eight children.

Walt decided to answer the ad he saw in the Spokane paper, and set out for Northport. His map showed them that this small city was only about ten miles or so from the Canadian border.

Walt took the job as mechanic in the old building where the Old Key Hole Saw factory used to be and worked there for four months. He then began to work on his own, building his first Standard service station in Northport in 1929 on the corner it is now. His second and larger station was built on the same property in 1939.

By now, Elfrieda was pumping gas in their service station as Walt had become involved with his newly acquired Standard Oil of California distributorship. He had run their plant in Northport since 1930 and was busy delivering gas, oil, kerosene and accessories to all the outlying areas. He serviced Leadpoint, area mines in and around Kettle Falls, Marcus and outlying areas of Northport. He kept his distributorship until he retired 36 years later.

They leased out their corner Standard service station in the heart of Northport to the Standard Oil Co. of California and fifteen years ago they built the new station as it is now.

After Walt retired, Standard Oil of California awarded him a plaque for twenty-five years of outstanding petroleum service to the community of Northport.

Elfrieda maintained their Standard service station in Northport while she expanded their family and kept their lovely home running smoothly. The home they bought was located just 175 feet from the very foot of Silver Crown Mountain and it was here that Lawrence Ames was born. He is now the principal of the Mukilteo school system and has five children of his own.

The next child born to Walt and Elfrieda was Clarence, now living in Massena, N.Y. as a chemical engineer with Alcoa Aluminum. He and his wife have three children.

Rosemarie was born last, now Mrs. Glenn M. Phillips, living on a ranch just north of Northport with a family of seven children.

Walt felt his wife Elfrieda had accomplished so much and did such a competent job running the service station for 25 years that he decided she needed an award as well, so he presented her with a plaque inscribed with: "Presented to Elfrieda from her husband Walter in appreciation of twenty-five years as service station operator while making a home and raising a family - 1957."

After their arrival in Northport March 25, 1925, Walt began to play trumpet in the Northport dance band and kept this up for five years. He was Chancellor Commander of the Knights of Pythias, a Northport councilman from 1958-1960, and held the office of Mayor from 1960-1970.

He tuned pianos in the Big Bend Band Country and had a little T.V. shop in his home as a side business. Elfrieda said, "He sure does take care of all our odd jobs well; works on the roof, paints, gardens, he even repairs our Mercedes Benz, so he hasn't forgotten his mechanic days."

Elfrieda is an "artist" at baking her mouth watering whole wheat bread, making it not only for her family, but for others as well. At the bake sales she has a job getting it to the sale, as most of it is sold ahead of time. By her grandchildren and their friends, Elfrieda is known as the "cookie lady," keeping cans of cookies that never go dry.

She makes her own soap, shaving it very fine with an old kraut cutter so it will dissolve quickly, and has a beautiful garden at the foot of their mountain. Her produce is well known for its quality and she cans and freezes it, as well as giving much of it to friends.

Elfrieda also does lovely embroidery work, needlepoint, knitting, sewing and beautiful cut work and dresser scarves. She made one tablecloth over fourteen feet in length, which will be entered in next year's fair.

As each one of the Ames' children graduated from Northport high school, their diplomas bore Elfrieda's name, since she

Mr. Glenn  
just north of  
en children.  
friend had  
such a  
vice station  
needed an  
d her with a  
resented to  
Walter in  
as service  
a home and  
rt March 25,  
mpet in the  
t this up for  
Commander  
a Northport  
nd held the  
).

Bend Band  
shop in his  
da said, 'He  
ld jobs well;  
ens, he even  
o he hasn't

her  
read,  
ily, but for  
es she has a  
nost of it is  
and children  
nown as the  
cookies that

iving it very  
so it will  
tiful garden  
r produce is  
he cans and  
uch of it to

embroidery  
sewing and  
carves. She  
teen feet in  
next year's

s' children  
school, their  
she



Northport 1916— Looking south from above the Smelter. Company homes, the hospital and first gymnasium were located in the foreground.

was on the school board for fifteen years and was school chairman of Board No. 53. This automatically made her a member of Board No. 93 and of this she was made clerk. She was also secretary-treasurer of the library for five years and president of the library association for ten years.

Elfrieda was in charge of the church choir for forty years and taught the C.C.D. in the church for twenty. She has always been very active in church work.

In 1967, Walt and Elfrieda celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, by this time having thirty-three grandchildren. There was a big lawn reception with over 200 guests and later that evening a dinner was served at the high school gym.

One of the main highlights of the day was a movie entitled "This is Your Life." The children had assembled all of the slides

showing their parents' lives from marriage to their 50th anniversary.

Having three sons graduated from Washington State University on the same day made news in the papers. It also made Elfrieda and Walt the proudest parents there.

Both of their oldest daughters graduated from Sacred Heart School of Nursing and Rosemarie took a business course.

"Northport is a wonderful place to live, wonderful people here, all the surrounding country are our people, too. We think so much of everyone," he said. "We're very fortunate health-wise, too," continued Walt, "We just live out of our garden. We work in it together since I retired and we're looking forward to just living here, and caring for each other the rest of our lives."

## ANSALDO

By Mrs. A. L. Hart

In the early days when there were no cars, only oxen and horses, the year of 1906 a young couple Peter and Mary Ansaldo and their two very young daughters, Lena and Kate moved to Northport, from Butte, Mont. They homesteaded on a mountain in Flat Creek, where Ansaldo Lake is located, about sixteen miles south west from Northport. The lake was named after Peter Ansaldo. Joe Williams, who was Mary Ansaldo's brother, also moved from Butte, Mont. and homesteaded in the same area. He married later and was the father of two children, Georgia and John. His wife died from the "flu" epidemic in 1918.

The winters were very severe, not being accustomed to country life it was very difficult for them, but having determination and the true pioneer spirit, they struggled on. The only way to get supplies was to ride horseback or walk to Northport, tie their horse to a tree and walk on the

railroad bridge that crossed the Columbia river. Later there was a ferry at Northport to cross the river. The farmers then hauled their farm produce to the stores with horses and wagon and bought groceries and supplies in return. Northport was a busy little smelter and farm town, with a number of stores and saloons.

One winter the Columbia river froze over so solidly that the farmers of Flat Creek hauled many tons of potatoes with horses and sleigh on the ice to Marble, a small community known for its vast apple orchards. Marble consisted of a large merchandise and grocery store with a post office in it, a school house, and a beautiful hotel named Forrest Lodge, quite a few homes and a large packing shed where the apples were packed in the fall. Forrest Phillips was the storekeeper and he bought the potatoes from the farmers to ship to other points.

In later years Peter and Joe Williams acquired acreage, shipped their cattle in railroad stock cars at Northport. They drove the cattle onto the ferry to cross the river to a loading corral near the railroad and loaded into cattle cars for shipment to

their  
hau  
cow  
catt  
In  
Dott  
Cree  
ther  
Bos  
post  
The  
Gra  
awa  
pres  
Ir  
Gug  
Blec  
ete



n marriage

ated from  
n same  
t also made  
est parents

s graduated  
fursing and  
rse.

ace to live,  
urrounding  
e think so  
We're very  
continued  
garden. We  
d and we're  
here, and  
our lives."



e Columbia  
Northport  
hen hauled  
with horses  
ceries and  
was a busy  
n, with a

froze over  
Flat Creek  
with horses  
e, a small  
ast apple  
f a large  
with a post  
a beautiful  
ite a few  
where the  
l. Forrest  
he bought  
to ship to

e Williams  
cattle in  
ort. They  
cross the  
e railroad  
nip to

**FLAT CREEK SCHOOL - Later the Clarks School. Pupils, first row, left to right: Unknown, Gene Clark and Willie Bartol. Second row: Unknown, John Beusan, Ted Clark, Minot Joe Bartol, Marie Dotts Rhodes, Garland Davis and two boys unknown. Third row: Fred Bartol, Ella Dotts Schliff, Frank Davis, Kate Ansaldo Hart, Lena Ansaldo Dotts and Fred Davis.**

their destination. There were no trucks to haul cattle at that time. The neighboring cowboys helped. They also later shipped cattle through Boyds, Wash.

In 1920 Lena Ansaldo married Desmond Dotts, whose parents also lived in Flat Creek. They moved to Northport and lived there several years, then moved to Bossburg on a ranch. Desmond became postman in that vicinity for many years. They had four sons, Gailord, Argonne, Grant and Monty. Desmond Dotts passed away several years ago. Lena Dotts presently lives in Kettle Falls.

In 1924 Kate Ansaldo married Minot Guglielmino, who later bought the Hudson Bleecker ranch, adjoining the property of Peter Ansaldo and Joe Williams, and with

their son Don lived there many years.

Many families had moved into Flat Creek at this time and their school had a large attendance. Many community gatherings were held there in the school house.

In 1925 Mary Ansaldo passed on at the age of forty-nine. Joe Williams died in 1930. In the year of 1951 Peter Ansaldo died at the age of seventy-nine. Minot Guglielmino also passed on in 1951 at the age of fifty-one. Don Guglielmino and John Williams as partners accumulating more acreage, continue to raise cattle in Flat Creek, but much different than when their parents farmed, now using cars, tractors, farm machinery and trucks. A long way from the oxen and horse and buggy days.

Georgia Williams married Michael

Butorac and settled in Flat Creek. They bought many acres in the Flat Creek flats and developed a large cattle ranch with their son John. Georgia Butorac passed away in 1977.

As years went by more of the settlers moved away and some passed on. The Flat

## ASBELL

Thelma Peterson Asbell was born to Ole and Lena Peterson in Bossburg, on Sept. 4, 1922. The family had six girls and one son. The parents were wonderful at farming and had a regular delivery route of farm produce to such towns as Northport, Colville, and the surrounding areas.

In 1928 when Thelma was old enough to attend school, the family moved to Colville. Her father built a gas station at the corner of 3rd and Main.

Thelma attended all 12 grades in Colville, graduating from Colville High School in 1940. She loved sports in school, and was manager of the first girls basketball team in 1939 and 1940 when they went to State in Spokane.

After graduation Thelma enrolled at Eastern Washington State College but after one year, as she stated, "I figured a modern education that takes four to five years was for the birds, and I wanted to take a short cut. I wanted to be in the field of Communications and Telegraphy."

Thelma enrolled in the Telegraph and Teletype School in Spokane for nine months. Then she went to work for SPAAD, Spokane Air Depot, in teletype and communications for nine months.

Thelma was rooming in Spokane with a friend, Jean Chapin of Colville and Jack Asbell was a civilian employee at the time at Ft. Wright as a radio man. Somehow through the Teletype machine and Jean Chapin, Thelma met Jack in 1941.

They married in 1942 and moved to Calder, Idaho, where Jack became agent and telegrapher for the Milwaukee

Creek School finally consolidated with Northport. At the present time the very few old timers left are the Mike Butoracs, Don Guglielminos, Homer Moores, John G. Williams, Ray Wileys, Joe Barrs and Jack Laels.

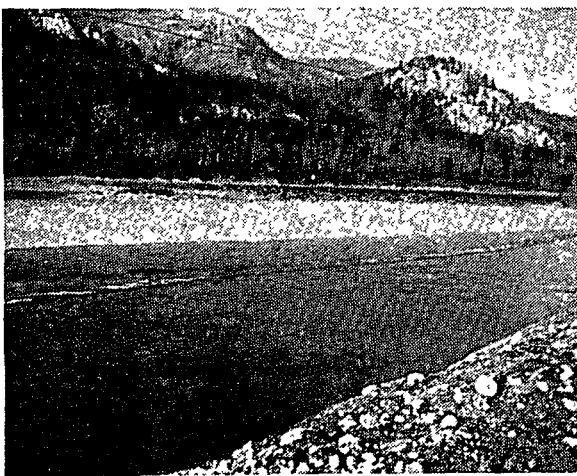
Railroad. After their first child, Dick, was born, Thelma also went to work. Jack ran the first shift on the job, and Thelma the second shift as telegrapher.

Their next move was to Colville, where Jack drove a truck. One year later they moved to Republic, where they operated a gas station and a distributorship. They lived in the gas station and Thelma helped run the station when Jack had a lot of deliveries to make. Thelma said, "You should have seen me running it and changing tires! I only weighed 105 lbs. It was here our daughter Karole was born."

Jack was offered a position at Red Eagle, Mont. as agent and telegrapher for Great Northern and as Thelma recalls "We moved in March into four feet of snow. It sure was cold."

In 1948 they moved back to Colville long enough for Linda to be born. Then to Northport. Jack was a veteran and was ill with his lung problem.

"After Linda was a year old," said Thelma, "I took a job in the Northport Post Office as clerk for Postmaster Val



EARLY LOG BOOM on Columbia River.

Harworth. T retired in Ju charge. On I commission Post of the Postmaster William Blou grandson's 10 Thelma's scattered th Mildred Len Sister Hazel Sister Floren and Olive Lar one and only b

Joe Barr wa society of you come west to s home. He wa

His father, from Mi ga Grande area o the Texas Rar

His mother v full blooded r which travelc river north of

Born in 1913 Creek school.

"That's whei only minority rough on me. for minority p scrapper outa

Barr recollec Creek.

"We were teachers could started once a Christmas. Fir and Mrs. Nye. I and 270 pounds the same size. corner watch manhand us

lidated with  
the very few  
utoracs, Don  
es, John G.  
rr and Jack

d, Dick, was  
ck. Jack ran  
Thelma the

lville, where  
r later they  
y operated a  
o. They lived  
elped run the  
deliveries to  
ld have seen  
ires! I only  
ur daughter

t Red Eagle,  
er for Great  
"We moved  
If there was

Colville long  
n. Then to  
and was ill

old," said  
Northport Post  
master Val

Harworth. This was April of 1949. When Val retired in July 1970, I became officer in charge. On March 20, 1971, I received my commission as Postmaster of the Northport Post office from the president, and Postmaster General under Postal Service William Blount. This happened on my oldest grandson's 10th birthday."

Thelma's sisters and brother are scattered throughout the country. Sister Mildred Lenderman lives in Northport, Sister Hazel Huston lives in Coulee City, Sister Florence Broderick is in Pullman, and Olive Landon is in Juneau, Alaska. Her one and only brother, Henry Peterson, lives

in Colville, and owns the property, where their father first started his gas station.

Thelma and Jack's children also live far away. Richard "Dick" Asbell, married Kathleen Paparich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Paparich of Northport. Dick works at the Aero Space Data Processing Center, in a government project and they live in Hawthorne, Calif., with their two daughters. Daughter Karole Aubert lives in Ellensburg. She has four girls and three boys. Daughter Linda Graham has one daughter and lives in McKenzie, B.C. Canada.

## BARR

Joe Barr was a minority growing up in a society of youngsters, whose parents had come west to settle in a country that was his home. He was half white and half Indian.

His father, William "Bill" Barr, came from Michigan by the way of the Rio Grande area of Texas where he served with the Texas Rangers.

His mother was Adeline (Augusta) Barr a full blooded member of the Lake tribe, which traveled the waters of the Columbia river north of Kettle Falls into Canada.

Born in 1913, he first attended the Flat Creek school.

"That's where I learned to fight. I was the only minority there and they were kinda rough on me. This was a bad country then for minority people. But it made a good scrapper outa me."

Barr recollects his five years at Flat Creek.

"We were an unruly bunch. Young teachers couldn't handle us. A Mrs. Blue started once as a teacher and lasted until Christmas. Finally they brought in a Mr. and Mrs. Nye. It seemed to me she was 6'6" and 270 pounds and her husband was about the same size. She taught and he sat in the corner watching us. She physically manhandled us. It started to build a little

character though, in some of us."

Other teachers he remembers, but not for their physical handling of students were Mrs. Dotts, Louis Ogden and Mrs. Clark.

Barr lived five miles from the Flat Creek School. They had to walk to school most of the time, cutting down the canyon to Wiley's place. Neighbors at the time were the Aldrich family, Davis family and Pence family.

"I then went to the Bucket of Blood school," which he later described as the Sheep Creek School.

"I lived with my grandmother until she died. Then I kinda lived with my mother or my dad or my sisters. Wherever I could get something to eat and a place to sleep. Times were tough."

In 1929 he attended the Catholic Mission School at Ward.

"Best school I ever went to. We were on equal footing, since it was only for minorities. I got a lick'en the first or second day. Seems I thought it was like a public school, but it wasn't. The discipline was strict."

He completed his seventh and eighth grade at the Mission school at Ward. At that time he was told, "You can read and write so you don't need any more school."

He went to Mrs. Brook Dotts who gave him his examination for a diploma. That year he received the second highest grade in Stevens County.



via river.

Children worked in those days. At the age of 13 Joe Barr was picking apples with his brother Bill in the Marble orchards.

"At that time they paid five cents a box for apple picking. They paid ten cents a box if the apples were scattered. I'd make \$80 to \$90 a week in those days, which was real good.

"My brother was just as fast as I was. I'd average 350 boxes a day. In one season we wore out three ladders, running up and down them.

Barr recalls that he almost was the Northwest Champion apple picker. He competed in the contest, but didn't do as well as he could have. He was just out of his environment, he explained.

After school he joined the Civilian Corps., the famed "CCC."

"It was a good outfit to get in. You got paid \$1 a day. And you could get promoted and earn more. We lived in barracks or tents."

Recalling he worked at Coyote Creek, Twin Lakes and Keller in southern Ferry County, he learned to drive truck and be a sawyer on clearing right-of-way for power lines. He served with his brother Bill.

"With a sack of Bull Durham and a bag of oatmeal we could cut a cord of wood in no time. Bull Durham, the favorite smoke of

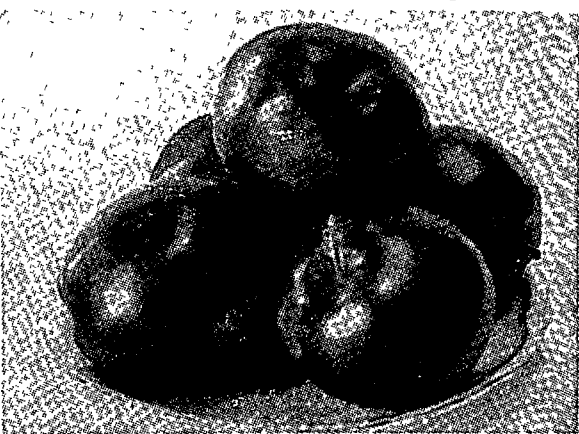
the CCC's, sold for two bags for a nickel.

After CCC he worked with Art Hansen cutting cordwood. He remembers Tom Johnson was big in cordwood then.

On October 22, 1941 he joined the U.S. Army and began a 38 month stint that saw him serving in the three major campaigns in the South Pacific. His brother Bill, meanwhile, served in Europe.

He returned from the Army to his home on Flat Creek. The homestead his father founded is above where he lives now, which is on the main road about seven miles south of Northport on the west side of the river.

He and his wife Blossom have one son, David. He is general farm manager for the



APPLES FROM "Upper Columbia Orchards" at Marble.



ADVERTISING apples from the Marble Orchards, about 1915. Holding the "N" was Tommy Rouston, the "H" D. W. Williams and the "R" Bircham. Rest not identified.

Colville  
Coulee  
After  
a  
the Va  
His  
Joe  
early  
"The  
the In  
live n  
clams  
Coulee

In th  
two so  
North  
Idaho.  
and Ja  
him a  
career  
l. se  
sons, l  
Julia  
her sis  
Ed Ro  
On  
Grigst  
and M  
Mrs. R  
bought  
for so  
frame  
home  
homes.  
Hughe  
John  
John b  
both in  
born 19  
in Nor  
scarlet  
father  
when h  
b, e  
ve

a nickel.  
t Hansen  
ers Tom  
on  
the U.S.  
that saw  
ampaigns  
her Bill,

his home  
his father  
ow, which  
miles south  
the river.  
one son,  
ger for the



Columbia



ie Marble  
"N" was  
. Williams  
ided.

Colville Confederated Tribe living at Grand Coulee.

After the war, Barr settled down in the area working in the mines at Goldfield and the Van Stone, plus farming.

His brother Bill Barr now lives at Omak.

Joe Barr remembers much about the early Indians.

"They had a wintering grounds down by the Indian graveyard just below where I live now. There used to be fresh water clams in the Columbia River before Grand Coulee Dam. They're all gone now. I

remember when there used to be lots of clam shells down there. They'd dig the clams out of the sand, boil them and eat them. There was also salmon then."

Barr also remembers when the house, that now stands on the west side of Highway 25 just as you cross Onion Creek was a store. The log house is commonly called "Kazzimir's."

"The house was moved to that spot. The original site and house was a store owned by Onion Jack. The house must be over a hundred years old."

## BEARD

In the late 1890's, George Beard and his two sons, James and John Phlander came to Northport probably from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. George was a carpenter and builder and James and John probably worked with him as John listed his occupation as a carpenter on his application for a marriage license. James and his wife, Beryle had two sons, Ray and Roy.

Julia Grigsby came to Northport to visit her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Robins.

On Aug. 2, 1899, John Beard and Julia Grigsby were married in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robins. Some time later, Mr. and Mrs. Robins left Northport and John Beard bought this house and it became their home for so many years. This house was the first frame house built in Northport. It was the home of William Hughes when he homesteaded the land that later became Hughes Addition to Northport.

John and Julia Beard had four children, John born 1900, George Phlander born 1903, both in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Martha Irene born 1906 and Frances Alda born 1914, both in Northport. Martha died about 1920 from scarlet fever. Jack (John Earl) and his father couldn't get along so he left home when he was quite young. He had a grocery, beer, etc. business in Riggins, Idaho, where he lived until he died in early 1960's. Jack

was married twice, Elizabeth and Virginia. Alda graduated from Northport High School, attended Holy Names Normal School in Spokane and became a teacher.

In 1939, Charles Merton Edwards and Frances Alda Beard were married and have made their home first at Coulee Dam and then Moses Lake where they still live. Alda retired from teaching in 1976. They have one son and six grandchildren.

In the fall of 1924, Howard Kinney and his family came to Northport from British Columbia where they had lived since leaving North Dakota where the children were born. There were four children: Amy, Roxie, Walter and Elsie.

Amy and Roxie graduated from Northport high school with the class of 1928. In July of 1928, the Kinney's moved to Spokane and in August 1928, George Beard and Amy Kinney were married in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. George and Amy had five children: Anne born 1929, Northport; Dale born 1930, Spokane; Elsie born 1932, Northport; Jacqueline born 1933 Northport and John "Howard" born in 1941 Northport. All graduated from Northport. In 1949, George and Amy moved back to Northport after the death of John Beard and took over the Beard's Store.

John Beard usually worked for himself. When first married, he had a saloon on Columbia Avenue near where the city hall is now.

In 1903, he was in Coeur D'Alene in



business and about 1904 he bought 160 acres of land south of Deep Creek and back of Silver Crown mountain for a timber claim. Sometime before the Day lead smelter closed in 1920 both John and George worked in the smelter.

During the war years (WWI) Mr. and Mrs. Beard had an ice cream and candy business on Summit Avenue near where the present fire hall is now. In the early twenties George logged a timber claim up Black Canyon, while his father John managed the business that became Beard's Store.

On John's death in 1949, George and Amy became owners and ran the business until they retired in 1975 because of health problems. George worked at Palm's lumber Mill while Amy managed the store until

they had the debts cleared. George retired from the sawmill in 1966. After retiring in 1975, George and Amy moved to Yelm, Wash. near their daughter, Irene Stanhope and her family.

On Aug. 6, 1978, the children and grandchildren of George and Amy hosted a reception for their fiftieth wedding anniversary at the home of Irene and Lee Stanhope. All five children, three great grandsons and eleven of their thirteen grandchildren were there.

Julia Grigsby Beard died in January 1955. John Beard died March 1949. Both are buried in Mountain Home Cemetery near Northport. Beard's Store was the first in the building on Summit Avenue where the present Fire Station is and then in the Almstrom Building next to Kendrick Merc. John Beard bought this building which has a very interesting story itself.



Smelter house - During smelter days - 1916-1917.

ge retired  
etiring in  
to Yelm,  
S hope

ren and  
y hosted a  
wedding  
e and Lee  
ree great  
thirteen

uary 1955.  
Both are  
etery near  
first in the  
where the  
en in the  
rick Merc.  
hich has a

## BOLICK

Nicholas Bolick was born in Austria in 1876 and came to America with his parents at age 14. His family later returned to Austria, but Nick stayed, working in the mines from Pittsburg through Montana and Idaho. He met and married Annie Vocobrolic in 1897, and the young couple moved into Washington, taking up a homestead in the Onion Creek area in 1904, with their daughter, then three years old.

This homestead is at the end of the Bolick County Road. They chose this area as Annie's sister and brother-in-law, George and Mary Sebasic had previously homesteaded there in the late 1800's.

The Sebasic family was the first to homestead west of Onion Creek, but soon a growing community joined the Bolick's, including the family of Ralph and Antonia Butorac. The Butorac place, still owned by their family, was located between the Sebasic and Bolick farms.

Other close neighbors of the Bolick's in the early 1900's were Joe Vittick, a bachelor, John Bubash, and the Michael O'Toole family, who lived on the southwest side of O'Toole Mountain, near O'Toole Lake. The O'Toole family also owned the first herd of Hereford cattle in the area.

On the other side of the mountain, lived the Preacher family, the Polish family, and Charles Haas. Above the Sebasic place on top of Polish Mountain, a family named Verbonitz homesteaded. In order to get a stove to their home on top of the mountain, Mr. Verbonitz carried one on his back from Marble, a distance of about three miles. This endeavor took several weeks to complete, but eventually Verbonitz's had their stove. As the soil at the Verbonitz farm was exceptionally rich and black, they were able to grow an unusually fine garden, with potatoes as large as footballs. Most of the families in the west area were originally from Austria, as were the Bolick's.

Lillian (Bell) Hawks was born in 1924 to the Bolick's only daughter, Mary (Bell), and as the Bell's separated when Lillian

and her sister Helen were small, the girls were raised on the Bolick farm by their grandparents.

After the Bolick's homesteaded their 160 acres, Nick Bolick continued to work in the mines for many years. He would leave home in the spring and work in the mines until about Thanksgiving, then stay home through the winter, clearing his land with an axe and grubhoe. When the spring crops were planted, he would leave again for the mines.

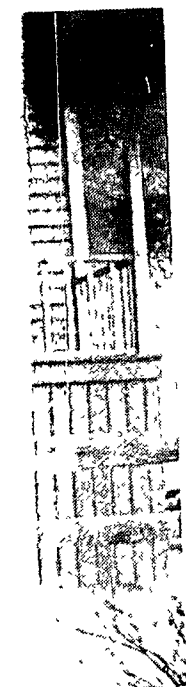
Other families, as well, had to supplement their living with outside jobs, and the men who did not mine, often cut poles or railroad ties, delivering them to Kane's Siding (where Brown's Mill once stood, and Ditlevson's now live.) The poles and ties were transported by horses and in the winter, sleds.

Lillian remembers begging her grandfather to go with him in the sled, wrapping up in sheepskin and blankets, with a hot brick at her feet, and still feeling frozen!

Nicholas Bolick built a small cabin for his family when they first moved to Onion Creek as a temporary home until the larger house could be built.

This cabin is still standing, though the second house was destroyed by fire in 1969. This house was built by Lee Bell, Nicholas Bolick and another Onion Creek pioneer Tom Anderson. Today, Lillian and her mother live in a trailer on the property.

No school was ever built on the west side on Onion Creek as the school section was located on top of the mountain, so children from the area usually went to school in Northport, where they often boarded with other families during the school months, or like the Bolick's, rented a small house in town and moved in while their daughter, Mary, attended school. After the Onion Creek school was built in 1917, some of the children went there although the distance was six miles. Lillian and Helen went to school at Onion Creek, riding a bus when it was available. When the girls reached high school age, however, they too had to go to school in Northport. They rented a small house in town, but returned the 14 miles



after days -

home to the farm every weekend. Sometimes "hitching" a ride and sometimes walking.

From the time the Bolicks settled in the Onion Creek area, they and their neighbors formed close ties of neighborliness and interdependence. Sunday was a day to visit, and although no phones were there to announce that company was coming, company was expected. Saturday was the day to clean house, Lillian remembers, scrubbing the floors, baking cakes, pies and homemade bread and putting a freshly butchered chicken to soak.

While there was not a lot of ready cash at that time, the Bolicks raised large gardens, and usually had pigs, chickens and rabbits on their farm. They were able to grow large potato crops and one fall harvested over 900 pounds.

No electricity or TV was on the mountain at that time, but Lillian remembers they were too busy to miss it. One treat she and her sister enjoyed was the Seattle Post Intelligencer every Sunday. "Someone always went to Northport on Saturday to get

the mail so we'd have the funnies for Sunday. It was always a week behind, but that was fine."

One of the best forms of entertainment though, was a radio that Nick Bolick purchased in 1934. This was the first radio on the mountain and Lillian remembers her grandfather and a neighbor, John Howey, putting up the aerial and turning on the radio.

"It was unbelievable. I remember it was a big fancy RCA in a cabinet with 5 batteries. One big "A" battery that you put water in once a month and four smaller "B" batteries that were all hooked together. It was quite a machine!" Other families in the area would come to listen to special programs in the evening. The Butorac family soon purchased a radio, and these remained the only two in the area for some time.

Nicholas Bolick died in 1950 and his wife Annie in 1945. Nearly all the farms to the west of Onion Creek are now abandoned, with the exception of the Bolick farm, still owned and operated by Lillian Hawks.



Successful deer hunting party up Onion Creek in 1919.

From Northport tended by Fred and Jacob at Northport. Fred, George and Henry at feed store. Jacob and Louise Ju the parent who died moved to Henry Dec. 29, 19 the marriage Harvey, v 1934, is now Grunwald. Rowe.

In 1915, sister, M child, C and Robert. The elder Irene Davis 1935. They called the l

In 1907 on to the Onion was at the born in Cr until the en a part of Y There w Victoria, Z three living Creek, Wil and Alma two grand Tacor an

funnies for  
behind, but

at inment  
Nick Bolick  
ie first radio  
members her  
John Howey,  
rning on the

ember it was  
inet with 5  
that you put  
smaller "B"  
l together. It  
amilies in the  
to special  
The Butorac  
io, and these  
area for some

and his wife  
farms to the  
abandoned,  
ck farm, still  
in Hawks.

## BRODERIUS

Fred Broderius owned the first car in Northport. He owned a saloon in town and tended bar.

Fred had four brothers, George, Henry, Jacob and David. The five came to Northport from Minnesota before 1900. Fred, Henry and Jacob remained, but George and David moved on to Alaska.

Henry and Jacob opened a hay, grain and feed store together in Northport.

Jacob Broderius was married to Anna Louise Jungclaus in 1894, and they were the parents of two children: George Henry, who died at the age of two, and Dewey, who moved to Spokane when he grew up.

Henry Broderius married Lena Hofer Dec. 29, 1900. Three children were born of the marriage, Harvey, Helen and Grace. Harvey, who married Miriam Runyan in 1934, is now deceased; Helen married Max Grunwald, and Grace married Laurence Rowe.

In 1915, Fred Broderius married Lena's sister, Minnie Hofer. They had five children, Clayton, William, Maxine, Wanda and Robert.

The eldest son, Clayton, was married to Irene Davis, the daughter of Art Davis, in 1935. They owned a dairy farm which they called the Den Dale Dairy, named for their



**1927 BASKETBALL TEAM** - Front row, left to right: Harvey Broderius, Alex Tyllia, George Farmer, Clarence Rowe and Val Harworth. Second row: Mr. Warfield, coach; Joe Janni, Charles Clarke, Art Davidson and Harry Cobain.

two sons, Dale and Dennis. Milk from the dairy was delivered to Northport and the surrounding area.

Dale presently lives in Spokane. Dennis and his wife, Carol, and three children live on the place originally belonging to Clayton where the family dairy was. Dennis is the only Broderius descendant living in Northport at this time.

## BUTORAC

In 1907 our parents came from Trail, B. C. to the Onion Creek area. Their homestead was at the base of Mt. O'Toole. They were born in Croatia, an independent country until the end of World War I. Then it became a part of Yugo-Slavia, not willingly.

There were seven children: Catherine, Victoria, Zora and John all deceased. The three living are: Michael Butorac of Flat Creek, Wilma (Willie) Zuhl of Woodland and Alma Thomas of Puyallup. There are two grandsons: Charles Abernathy of Tacoma and John Butorac of Flat Creek.

Two great-granddaughters: Amy and Gia Abernathy of Tacoma.

We were members of the Most Pure Heart of Mary Catholic Church in Northport - a distance of 12 miles from our farm. Going to mass was via horse and buggy or walking; before the days of automobiles.

Neighbors and friends often came to consult our parents on business and other matters. Father could do arithmetic in his head faster than most people could write the problem. This was a great asset when cattle buyers appeared. Dad shared this ability with all of us by applying math to everyday events. He would question us - how many pieces in this pie? What is each piece



arty up Onion

called? If two pieces were eaten how many were left? Our parents had little formal education, but had the gift of teachers. Their legacy was four teachers, an engineer, and a nurse in the family. Parents used much psychology in guiding us along the way, along with many jobs done on the farm. Many happy memories linger with us.

All special holidays were observed. We always had something to look forward to. Christmas was very special - hanging our stockings, making decorations, getting a tree and days of food preparation.

Our parents were very patriotic. They were thankful that they lived in the U.S. They loved their adopted country. One day when Willie was a little girl; she was riding to town with her dad. On the way, they picked up a neighbor who was walking. They discussed politics, etc. The neighbor was a bit disgruntled. Dad told him he should be thankful to be living in our beloved country.

Our farm had a variety of fruits and berries in an expansive orchard. Dad was kept busy, grafting fruit and experimenting with new and better varieties.

Mother had her vegetable and flower gardens. She canned over 1000 quarts of

vegetables, fruits, pickles, jelly, jam and meats. Many visitors, friends and neighbors were the recipients of those meals when they came to the farm.

We do believe our mother was the best cook in all the world. When she baked bread she always made a pan of rolls. So we could eat them hot with fresh butter and jam or jelly. (Can still taste them). For special occasions she baked povitica. This simply melted in your mouth. Everyone loved it. We still make it. Mother's noodles were known over the area.

When we were learning to cook, father would praise us. So of course we always tried to do a better job.

A big annual event of the summer was going to pick wild huckleberries. We'd pack a lunch and were off for the day. Often the hillsides were covered with berries. Mom's huckleberry pies were the best ever.

Our city cousins used to like to visit on the farm. And it was a treat to visit them in return.

Our parents are both deceased. The rich legacy they left still lives on in the lives of their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.



Peggy Carley

## CARLEY

Peggy Carley first came to Northport in 1932 with her husband, Lawrence E. Carley, and two sons from Spokane where her husband worked for the Great Northern Railroad in the yard office.

The depression had hit Spokane and Carley's job at the railroad had been pulled off. He was low on the seniority list so he was forced to look for other work. He found a job as a clerk in the railroad depot in Northport and moved his family into the house presently owned by Philo Pesicka.

"When we first came to Northport in 1932 there was just a dirt road between here and Colville," remembered Peggy. "I went out on the back porch of the house and looked at the mountains and cried all afternoon. I

thought it  
ever in. Al  
so how  
train back

Carley  
following  
job was p  
to Spokane  
very hard  
job in the

The job  
again ope  
second ti  
remarked

Peggy w  
on Novem  
Pogreba.  
U.S. from  
years of a  
Montana.  
old, the fa  
grew up a  
School.

There w  
family, w  
brother, C  
with w  
homes in  
and Evelyn  
Beck.

After hi  
Carley, w  
on June 2  
year and  
d'Alene A  
living in S  
two sons,

After m  
active on t  
team, pla  
was also i  
getting th  
was a cha  
served as  
range wa  
Creek Br  
member

Lawren  
Peace for  
that Bill F  
the h



elly, jam and  
and neighbors  
meals when

was the best  
ie baked bread  
ls. So we could  
er and jam or  
a. This simply  
yone loved it.  
noodles were

o cook, father  
se we always

summer was  
ies. We'd pack  
day. Often the  
berries. Mom's  
best ever.  
e to visit on the  
visit them in

ased. The rich  
in the lives of  
en and great

Y

to Northport in  
ence E. Carley,  
ine where her  
Great Northern

Spokane and  
had been pulled  
iority list so he  
work. He found  
ilroad depot in  
family into the  
Philo Pesicka.  
orthport in 1932  
etween here and  
.gy. "I went out  
se and looked at  
all afternoon. I

thought it was the most desolate place I was  
ever in. About every two weeks I would get  
so homesick that I would ride the passenger  
train back to Spokane," she laughed.

Carley worked from May, 1932 until the  
following March at the depot, but again the  
job was pulled off, and the family returned  
to Spokane for six months. Times were still  
very hard and he had a hard time getting a  
job in the city.

The job at the depot in Northport was  
again open so the Carleys returned. "The  
second time I came it wasn't so bad,"  
remarked Peggy.

Peggy was born in Great Falls, Montana  
on November 29, 1906 to Joseph and Mamie  
Pogreba. Joseph Pogreba had come to the  
U.S. from Poland when he was about five  
years of age, and Mamie had been born in  
Montana. When Peggy was around one year  
old, the family came to Spokane where she  
grew up and graduated from Hillyard High  
School.

There were four children in the Pogreba  
family, with Peggy as the eldest. Her  
brother, George Pogreba, lives in Mead  
with his wife Mary; both sisters make their  
homes in Rice, and they are Maxine Floyd  
and Evelynne Beck, who is married to Pete  
Beck.

After high school Peggy met Lawrence E.  
Carley, who was born in Nez Perce, Idaho  
on June 22, 1902. After dating for about a  
year and a half, they were married in Coeur  
d'Alene August 8, 1925. While they were still  
living in Spokane, Lawrence and Peggy had  
two sons, Lawrence Jr. and Lee.

After moving to Northport Carley became  
active on the town's basketball and baseball  
team, playing on both for many years. He  
was also instrumental with several others in  
getting the Northport Gun Club started and  
was a charter member of the club. He also  
served as secretary for 12 years. The gun  
range was across the river near the Sheep  
Creek Bridge. He was also a charter  
member of the Lions.

Lawrence also served as Justice of the  
Peace for a number of years. "I remember  
that Bill Heritage was mayor during part of  
the time he was judge," commented Peggy.

Carley worked at the Northport depot  
until November 1961 when the job again  
became obsolete. In January of 1962 he went  
back to Spokane and worked in the yard  
office at Hillyard.

While living in Northport, he was also a  
customs broker for Norman G. Jensen, Inc.  
"When he left to go to Spokane to work, I  
stayed here and took over the job as  
customs broker with the idea that I would  
work until he retired and then he would take  
it back again so that he would have  
something to do after retiring," said Peggy.

Before the dial phones were installed in  
1956, Peggy worked as a telephone operator  
for nine years. Carrie Allen was manager of  
the telephone office in Northport. Other  
employees she remembers were Millie  
Walker, Beth Ehrendreich, Anna Hyatt,  
Margaret Evans and Lorna Anderson.  
"When Northport went dial, we had quite a  
party in the old Northport Gym basement  
for the employees," recalled Peggy. The  
room was decorated with telephone booths  
and poles and officers from Spokane joined  
in the festivities.

Peggy has served for 23 years as Home  
Mission Secretary for the Seventh Day  
Adventist Church, giving up that position  
the first of October, 1980. She has also been  
a member of the Northport Over-40's Club  
for years.

Both of the Carley children, Lawrence,  
Jr. and Lee, graduated from Northport  
High School although Lee attended John  
Rogers High in Spokane during his  
sophomore and junior years. He returned to  
Northport to graduate with his classmates  
in 1947. Lee passed away from an illness in  
1950.

Lawrence Jr. graduated in 1944 and  
served in the U.S. Army until 1947, serving  
in Japan after that country surrendered.  
After discharge, he worked in Spokane,  
went to college for a short time, and then  
spent 10 years on the Spokane Police Force  
before resigning and moving to Sitka,  
Alaska where he still makes his home. He  
worked for the police force in Alaska for 15  
years, retiring as Chief of Police in 1979

On October 24, 1971 Peggy and her

husband were working on their rosebushes in the backyard, a hobby Lawrence dearly loved, when suddenly he collapsed and died from a heart attack.

Peggy has continued to live in the house they purchased in 1951, where she enjoys

doing handwork in her spare time. She especially enjoys crocheting, knitting, embroidery and tatting. Viola Hofer lives across the street from her now and is a close friend of Mrs. Carley.

## MABLE CLARK LINK

I, Mable (Clark) Link was born June 1, 1898 at Bossburg, Wash., where my father Sherman E. Clark and my mother Clara (Mason) Clark lived at that time. I had two brothers older than myself, Roy who lives now at Newport, Wash., and whose wife was raised across the river from Northport and went to school in the old school house up on the hill across and back of what is now the Speedway Track at Northport. She was Alberta Wilson.

She later taught school in that old school house and then my brother Arlie died years later in the Vets hospital in Walla Walla, Wn. Arlie's son Kenneth Clark, who now lives in Pleasant Hills, Cal., often came to Colville while his mother, who later married L. W. Davenport, was living. Mable Dahl Clark passed away a few years ago.

Well, to get back to our lives at Bossburg in '98. My dad was a freighter at that time, from Bossburg to Republic and Grand Forks B.C. with a big four-horse team and a large freight wagon. I can remember seeing dad start out with those beautiful big horses hooked to that big wagon and an enormous load on it. I thought he was the bravest man and most wonderful man in the world. I still feel he was a wonderful, honest, clean-cut man. I always admired him, and my dear old hard working mother. They were the real old time pioneers, who hewed a big farm out of the wilderness, with a lot of hard work and old time tools.

We moved in 1902 out from Bossburg to



Mable (Clark) Link

Bruce Creek on the old Huntley farm, my dad rented, but only lived there a couple of years, until dad got a chance to rent a ranch nearer to the schoolhouse. We lived there

where th  
was a lo  
time, an  
little  
dad's jig  
him and  
pulled m

Dad ho  
just in ti  
know ho

In the f  
I were b  
teacher.  
Wiley fa  
Director  
Heritage  
out Bruc  
Florence  
Wiley m  
Florence  
when the  
that the p  
sang etc.  
Heritage  
years. Bi  
colored p  
jabbered

Th  
homeste  
Creek are  
District,  
across fr  
wagon an  
all night  
Columbia  
Creek. Th  
cross the  
a post off  
the back  
night and  
morning  
Dad had  
blankets  
it until da  
and the r  
tug boat  
dumped t  
to a saw  
that time  
Williams  
boat, and  
the ke

ime. She  
knitting,  
ofer lives  
at is a

where the Brooks family lives now. There was a log house there and a barn at that time, and a pond across the road. I was a little girl then and I remember riding one of dad's big horses over to the pond to water him and I forgot to let go of the reins and he pulled me over his head into the water.

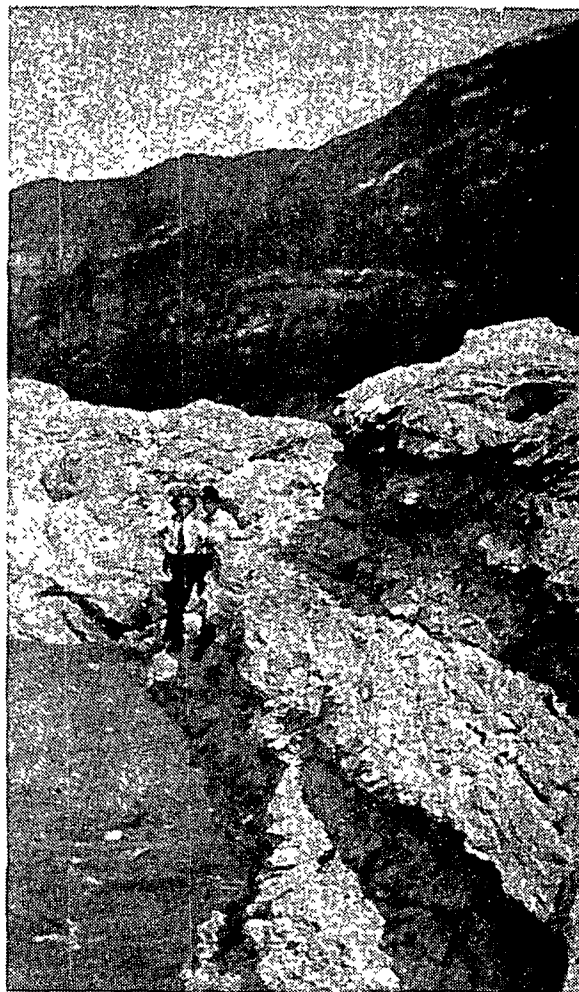
Dad hollered at me, "let the reins loose," just in time. I was six years old, and did not know how to swim.

In the first grade there, Bill Heritage and I were both in it and Bill's father was the teacher. The Heritage family and also the Wiley family (who lives at Flat Creek Direction now) are descendants of the Heritage and Wiley families who resided out Bruce Creek then. Guy Wiley married Florence Heritage, and a brother Chester Wiley married Anna Heritage. Guy and Florence had their reception at our house, when they got married. I can remember that the people danced and popped corn and sang etc., and had lots of fun. At school Bill Heritage's dad used to tell about this in later years. Bill and I sat in the same seat and colored pictures and wrote our A B C's, and jabbered away together in the first grade.

Then a year or so later dad had homesteaded 365 acres up in the Crown Creek area, which is now called Flat Creek District, nine miles South or down-river and across from Northport and we moved with wagon and livestock in 2 days, as we stayed all night at Ryan, which was just across the Columbia River from the mouth of Flat Creek. There was a ferryboat there then to cross the river on. At Ryan, then, there was a post office and the Ryan couple lived in the back of the building. We stayed there all night and was up and on the road early next morning and got to our homestead that day. Dad had built a nice big barn. Mom put up blankets to curtain off rooms and we lived in it until dad cut our pine and tamarack trees and the mill at Williams siding sent their tug boat up river. Dad hauled the logs and dumped them in a boom, the boat took them to a sawmill at Williams siding, which at that time was quite a little town. Ben Williams owned the mill, general store, tug boat, and built a dance hall and houses for the workers at the mill so it was a little city

in itself. Dad bought lumber from there to build the barn and then later to build the house and other buildings. Two carpenters came from Northport to build the house. They were hired by dad.

One of them was quite a sweet old man, his name was Mr. Barclay. I remember him because he was like a grandpa to me, and he ate with us and stayed with us while building on our house, and one day he had washed up for dinner that evening, I came running to the door just as he threw out the pan of wash water and hit me square in the face. Oh, he was so sorry about that, poor old fellow, and when he was through building and went back to Northport he sent me a leather postcard saying he hadn't



**LITTLE DALLES - Arlie Clark and Sam Christman, Marble Orchards bookkeeper, at Little Dalles before Coulee Dam was built.**

arm, my  
couple of  
t a ranch  
red here

forgot me and that he was so sorry, Bless him. That was the only leather postcard I had ever seen. Wish I had it yet, don't know what ever became of it after I grew up.

We finally moved into the house and dad built a woodshed and milkhouse, also a cellar or root house as they called it then, for storage of our potatoes, carrots, and other canned vegetables and fruit. When we were clearing the land and dad had plowed up the 10 acres for the orchard and the fields, we had a terrible lot of rocks to pile up and haul off the ground with a horse and stoneboat. My mother's only brother, Fred, who had a crippled left arm, lived with us, and one day he had Old Pete, one of dad's big sorrel horses, hitched to the stoneboat and was loading rocks on it when one of the first (I guess it was the first in fact) cars that had ever come out our way came along the grade below our ranch. Old Pete took off when he saw it and climbed right up on the big rock pile we had made, so he could see it better and watch it till it went past and out of sight. It sure looked funny to see that big horse, (pulling the stoneboat) climbing up on those rocks and really watching that car, the first car he had ever seen.

In our first years of living there we had to haul water (in big wooden barrels dad had bought from the Williams store) from Crown Creek about a mile and half from our home. It was quite a chore in itself. While we had lived at Bruce Creek my two brothers Gene and Ted Clark had been born, so there was five of us children, and two more brothers and two more sisters were born there on our farm in Flat Creek District.

My brothers Lee and Lyle and my sisters Irene and Blossom grew up there until Blossom was old enough to start school. The folks then sold the farm and bought a home in Northport. My sister Irene died when she was three years old in the old Smelter Hospital in Northport, before the folks left the farm. My brother Eugene lives now at Chinook, Wash. His wife Anna was the oldest Eliuk girl, whose folks lived then over near Nigger Creek road, where Dick and Dorothy LeCaire live now, or did live there, last I knew. Gene is a commercial

fisherman and has a large fishing boat in Alaska and fishes there each summer. Ted logged or worked in logging for years but is retired now and lives in Kettle Falls, with his wife Sylvia.

My brother Lee was killed in a pickup wreck while on his way to work, riding with some of the crew in their pickup, over near Kingston, Idaho, in 1939. My brother Lyle married Helen Hirsch of Colville and they lived for many years in Colville. Lyle passed away.

My youngest sister Blossom or Bea, (as she now is known), is married to Carl Goffinet and lives in Spokane. So much for all the kids, as for myself, my husband Allen and myself lived in Northport for a number of years, then he retired from the railroad and we moved to Idaho. We now live in Post Falls, Idaho.

After hauling water for a few years, dad found a big spring up at the end of our big meadow before he tilled it and put in alfalfa. He dug it down in the side of the hill to the bedrock and had six feet of the best drinking water ever. Then he bought enough pipe and dug a ditch three feet deep all the way down



Clara and Sherman Clark

to ou  
house  
There  
e  
time  
My  
some  
it, sh  
up, re  
it did  
.30-.3  
when  
had g  
the a  
and r  
One  
Ring  
and s  
kill M  
arour  
walki  
Ring  
never  
.30-.3  
windc  
throu

ing boat in  
mmer. Ted  
years but is  
Falls, with

n a pickup  
riding with  
, over near  
other Lyle  
le and they  
ville. Lyle

or Bea, (as  
ed to Carl  
io much for  
y husband  
hport for a  
ed from the  
io. We now

years, dad  
d of our big  
it in alfalfa.  
e hill to the  
est drinking  
gh pipe and  
e way down

to our house and piped the water into the house and also the corral for the stock. There were a lot of rattlesnakes on our place and all around that country at that time.

My mother saw my little sister pointing at something one day and our dog barking at it, she saw it was a big rattlesnake coiled up, ready to strike, and kept its attention so it didn't strike. My mother grabbed dad's .30-.30 and shot it. One other day earlier when we had just moved into our house, dad had gone up into the Churchill country to do the assessment work on his mining claim and mom and we kids were there alone.

One night she woke up hearing our dog Ring barking and she looked out the window and saw that mean Indian who had tried to kill Mrs. Charlie Cox twice. Coxes just lived around the hill from us. The old Indian was walking around the house and our old dog Ring was right at his heels growling so he never tried the door, but Mom got dad's .30-.30 then and watched him from the windows until he finally left and went out through our young orchard. Where he lived

I don't know, we never saw him again.

When we lived there the first few years we had to go over past Crown Creek to the old log school house, quite a distance, especially in the cold winters. So dad made a little sled with a seat on it, and mom heated a big rock (early in the morning) in her oven and put it (wrapped in an old blanket) at our feet, and with a brother on each side of me, our two ponies hooked up to it and away we would go off to school, all bundled up with a blanket around us as it got mighty cold in those winters and plenty of snow. At school we had a big long wood heater and we put our rock on top of it and it would be hot to go back home with.

At school (that old school) is where I met Anna (Beusan) Paparich, one of my first friends on Flat Creek. We got to be very good friends and visited each other's homes and got acquainted with each other's parents.

I rode horseback from the time I was six years-old so by the time I was nine or ten I rode my pony all over the country, after there was no more danger from that old



**FOUR HORSEMEN—** Gene Clark, Arlie Clark and Roy Clark, all brothers and Brooks Dotts.



mean Indian. I used to love to go over to Anna's home and visit. Her mom and dad were very lovable people and so good to me. Anna and I, when we were young ladies, went across the Columbia River on a catamaran, my brother Arlie had made before he went to the first World War. He and my brother Roy were in France for two years in that war. I rowed the catamaran and Anna was sitting on the box. Water would come over it part of the time. We went over to Marble where we got our mail. I had rowed a boat across that old Columbia then a good number of times, but that day no boat was available so we took the catamaran. I bet Anna has never forgotten that, as I think she was pretty scared, but we were hardy pioneers those days.

I used to go across the river twice a week during the war to get our mail. We would ride my horse down those few miles to the river, tie her to a tree, get our boat and row across the river, walk up to Marble, get our mail, back down and row back across the old Columbia. In high water it was fast and furious. I would have to row away up side then, and would land away down on the other side and then row back to where we tied up our boat.

I went down one Sunday to go to Marble and visit a friend of mine, Mary Walker, and when I got down there by the river I saw the ferry boat hanging by one cable out in the middle of the river and six people on it. They had started to come across and explore our side of the river and one of the cables had broken and there they were stranded. Did not even have a rowboat along. About then Sam Christman, a young secretary for the Upper Columbia orchards at Marble came along too to go back to Marble. So he took his boat and I took my boat and we went out to get the people off the ferry. I though he knew the river, but I guess he didn't because he went above the ferry apron (as it was hanging with one apron end up) and the current took him under the apron. A man on the ferry grabbed his arms and pulled him out, as the boat went under the ferry and on down the river. I went below and was getting up on the other side of the ferry at the same time.

Well, one of the men took my boat and a load to the Marble side and left them. Then came back and took the others of their group. Then another man came back with my boat and took Christman and I to shore. I tied up my boat good, put a padlock on it and went up to Marble with them and visited my friend Mary all afternoon.

Then went back down to my boat and rowed it back across the river, tied it and locked it, jumped on my dear old pony who had been tied to a tree all afternoon and left for home. When I came to a good patch of grass I would let my pony stop and eat it and we both got home in fine shape.

Before that I had a very dear friend who had lived down the river a little way from where the river crossing was, and she and I (Blossom Davies was her name) would get on our horses and ride all day over the hills around there. She moved away with her folks to Butte, Mont. and later she married and now lives in San Leandro, Calif. and we still correspond. I hope one of these days to go see her, before one of us leaves this world, as we are nearly 80 years of age.

When I was 16 years old my Aunt, Mrs. Merritt came in on the train from Marcus and I went to meet her. When we got down to the river from Marble, the river was running full of logs and she was scared to cross it. I finally talked her into getting in the boat and you know I missed getting hit by any log all the way across. We found out later a big boom of logs had broken loose up in Canada and came down the river. Logs ran all that night and my dad and brothers had a motorboat and they stayed on the river all night catching logs and they made a lot of money off them, by selling them to the mill at Williams siding.

There is a farm on that flat now, I noticed where Williams siding town used to be, Kelly Davies had a motorboat those days and my two brothers, Kelly, Blossom Davies, and I used to go down to the river on a Saturday eve, when a dance was at Williams siding hall, singing as we went, dance all night, and come back up the river at daylight, go home and sleep a few hours, then all meet along with more of our friends

and go home  
give to live  
old Flat C

And our  
brothers and  
after we  
family moved  
west of our  
at Bossburg  
husband C  
dear old father  
was married  
Kettle Falls  
now lives  
chums at  
Their folks  
our farm  
years. The  
Lake, far from

Our bunch  
Lake and  
snow off in  
District but  
ranch it was  
us and I believe  
we would  
coast right

One day  
years old he  
saw a coyote  
fawn deer.  
the coyote  
and brought  
fed it on the  
enough it could  
kids got the  
foam all  
"Beans" and  
and he and  
time in a  
blocks of  
mother would  
his neck so  
would follow  
the kids would  
he heard the  
off for school  
noon hours  
would run  
then. Mom  
Spokane later  
there go

and go horseback riding. What I wouldn't give to live those days over again with my old Flat Creek friends and Marble friends.

Another old friend was May Dotts and her brothers and sisters who later, a few years, after we moved to Flat Creek, with her family moved there on another homestead west of our ranch. She died a few years ago at Bossburg, where she and her first husband Charlie Crockett had a store. My dear old friend Lena (Ansaldo) Dotts, who was married to Desmond Dotts, lives now in Kettle Falls. She and her sister Katie, who now lives in California, were old school chums at the Clark school on Flat Creek. Their folks lived up on top of the hill back of our farm on the old Bleecker place for years. They first lived back at Ansaldo Lake, farther back on the flat up there.

Our bunch used to all go up to the Ansaldo Lake and go skating in winter, clear the snow off in a circle and skate. When the District built the new school just below our ranch it was named the Clark School after us and I believe it still stands as such. Then we would get on our sleds in winter and coast right to the schoolhouse porch.

One time when my brother Lee was 10 years old he was out on the saddle horse and saw a coyote that had hold of a little spotted fawn deer. He jumped off the horse, kicked the coyote in the behind, grabbed the fawn and brought it home on the horse. Mother fed it on the bottle at first, then when old enough it drank milk out of a bucket as the kids got through milking and he would have foam all over his nose. Our little dog "Beans" would lick the foam off his face and he and the dog slept together all the time in a cubby hole between the piles of blocks of wood. After a couple of years mother would put a big red ribbon around his neck so no one would shoot him and he would follow the boys down to the school. All the kids would pet him and got so as soon as he heard the kids out for noon, he would take off for school and play around during the noon hour and when school took up again he would run for home, I was through school then. Mom had to give him to a park in Spokane later when they had some animals there. It got to be a private person could not

keep a deer, a new law came out to that effect. Then he was sent later to Orcas Island over on the coast to breed the deer there, to make large deer as it seems the deer on that Island were small. Mother went to the park in Spokane while he was there and when she walked up to the fence, he recognized her and come running to her. She felt so bad about giving him up.

Mother died at 89 in 1961.

Dad died at 90 in 1956.

I can remember when we were kids, we older ones went to a Fourth of July celebration in Northport with Dad and we left our team and wagon on the west side of the river. In those days the only bridge there, was a railroad bridge and you could look down through the ties and see the river rushing underneath. Dad took my hand and my older brother took my younger brother's hand and we all made it across just fine and had a good day at the celebration. One Fourth of July, too, the boys and I went to a celebration at Marble a few years later on when the Upper Columbia Orchards were going strong there.

I was fifteen years old, I know, and they had races there that day, both horse races and peoples' races. My brothers swam old Pet across the river behind our boat and ran her in the horse race and she won, then my brother won the older boys' race, Arlie won the younger boys' race, and I won the girls' race. May (Dotts) Crockett won the married women's race. Then they ran May and I against each other and I won that. I was a real footracer at that age. We sure used to have fun in old Marble.

I packed apples there for five years for the Upper Columbia Orchards and got to where I could wrap and pack 216 boxes of apples a day, which in those days was very good. I also packed a car load of apples at home from our orchards for my dad, as he had sold them to Hunters Brothers Store in Rossland, B.C. and shipped them up by the old Red Mountain line railroad.

I rode that train quite a few times before it was taken out in those early days, as I had a very good friend by the name of Bernice Post who lived in Rossland, B.C. and we spent days visiting each other.

# RUDOLPH CLARK

By Mrs. A. G. Burklund

I lived in Northport from September 1916 until February 3, 1927, for 11 years. Most of these episodes will have occurred during this time.

When word was spread that the Northport Smelter was producing, Rudolph L. Clark, a carpenter and millwright moved to the busy city. As every available house or shack was occupied he bought a property from Charlie Allison a realtor. Upon this lot he built a floor and sidewalls and roofed it with a tent and tarp. He fixed doors and windows in it and bought a stove, table and bed. Clark lived there, but ate most of his meals at a restaurant owned and managed by Mr. and Mrs. George Clark, who had moved to Northport the early part of 1916.

Mr. R. L. Clark then moved his family from Curlew to Northport in September of 1916. Earl and Guy Clark the two older sons started working at the smelter. Mr. Clark was kept very busy building offices and houses for the smelter. Mern Clark clerked in a book and stationery store for Mr. W. F. Case. The Northport post office was located in the same building.

When the daily train arrived about 3 p.m. there was a rush to the depot with carts for the daily papers from Spokane, for Mr. Case or Mr. Sterrett, and mail for Mr. Ted Richardson who was the postmaster. As we received the papers, names were quickly written on them for the daily customers. Then we knew how many we could sell from the counter. There was always a rush for mail and papers when the smelter shift ended.

The New Zealand Hotel was located in the same block as the Post office. Mr. and Mrs. Wulff owned and operated the then very busy hotel. Their son Ed Williams helped them there.

After the George Clarke restaurant burned down, their cafe was moved to a building close to the Kendrick Store.

Mr. Slawson managed the Kendrick store. Some of his clerks were Pearl Clark, Art Cress, Mr. Janneck, Ben Hofer, Mrs.

Rodgers and later Henry and Victor Bjorklund. Mr. Vinson worked in the hardware department. Henry and Victor Bjorklund managed a Cash and Carry store on the First Street on top of the hill until 1918 when First World War was over. At that time their brother Art Burklund returned from France and took over the management of the Cash and Carry Store. He was helped at the store by Mr. Leo Kintner and Mr. Henry Broderius.

R. L. Clark built a larger home in front of his smaller cottage. Earl Clark was an electrician and wired that home. This property is across the street from the Catholic Church. It was in this home that Mern Clark and Arthur Burklund were married on June 30, 1921. Rev. James Thompson conducted the ceremony, as he was the Presbyterian minister for that area. The next year James Thompson's brother, John Thompson, filled the pulpit for the Northport church and lived in the manse for six months, to be followed by Pastor Russell Pederson. Mr. Pederson and Art Burklund started a Boy Scout group with Art as Scoutmaster. Northport was a very busy town in the years 1916 through 1919.

The youth group of the Presbyterian church often had 40 to 60 at their social functions. Among them were Reta and Neva Smith, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Smith. Mr. Smith was a barber in Northport. Other young folks in this group were Erma Rodgers, Gertrude and Jeanette Rutherford, Elizabeth, Irene and Daphne Janneck, Carrie Allen; Mern, Pearl, Earl and Guy Clark; Lucile Morgan; Ron, and John Bollinger; Edith and Albert Ogilvie; Victor Bjorklund; Ralph and Don Gottbehuet; Gertrude Richardson; Irene Adams and many others.

Irene Adams father owned the dance hall in Northport. Charlie Allison was a real estate dealer and very active in church work as was Mr. Hughes who published the Northport weekly newspaper. The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church was an active group, and a great help in many of its activities.

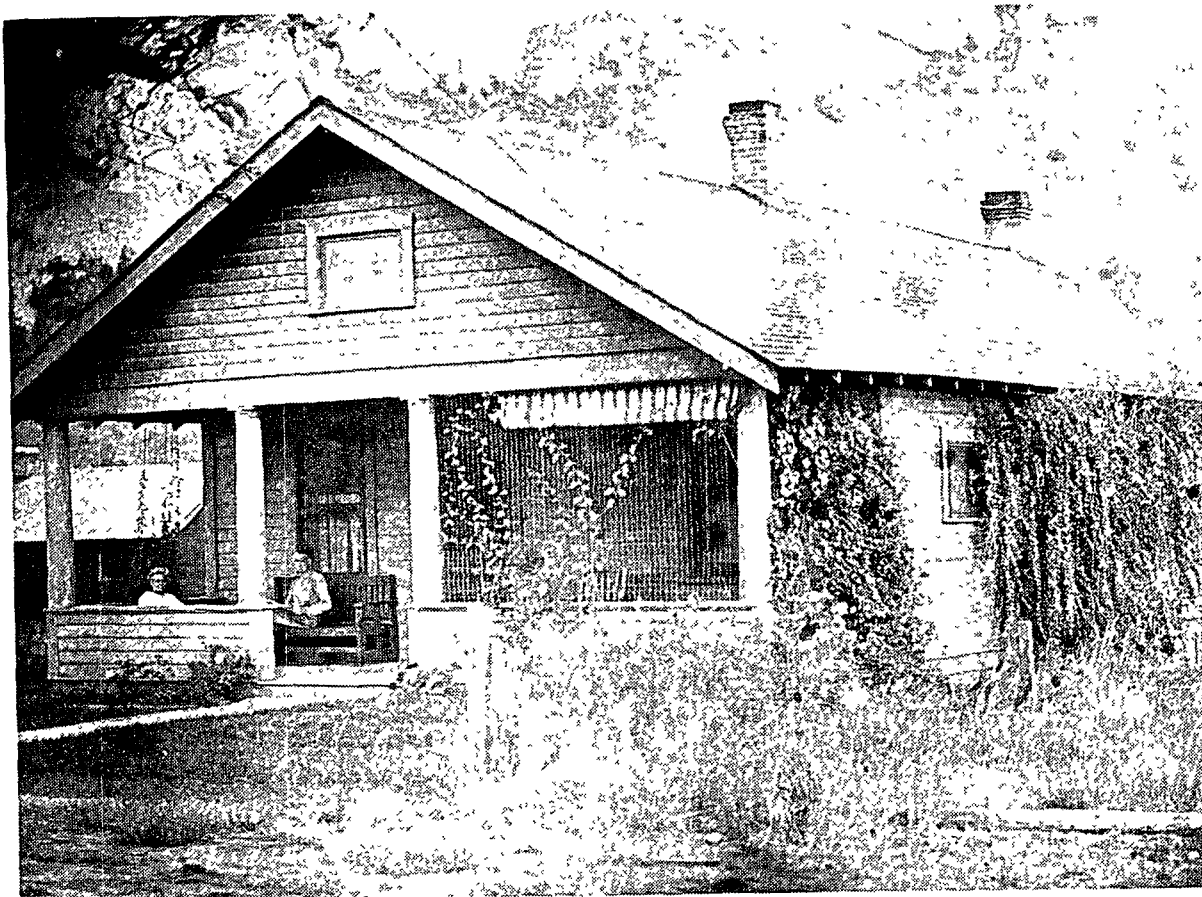
and Victor  
 worked in the  
 y Victor  
 and Carry store  
 hill until 1918  
 over. At that  
 lund returned  
 over the  
 l Carry Store.  
 by Mr. Leo  
 lerius.

ome in front of  
 Clark was an  
 home. This  
 eet from the  
 his home that  
 urklund were

Rev. James  
 emony, as he  
 ster for that  
 Thompson's  
 led the pulpit  
 d lived in the  
 e followed by  
 Pederson and  
 Scout group  
 for port was  
 1910 through

Presbyterian  
 at their social  
 Reta and Neva  
 d Mrs. Floyd  
 a barber in  
 in this group  
 ertrude and  
 eth, Irene and  
 Allen; Mern,  
 ucile Morgan;  
 ith and Albert  
 alph and Don  
 ardson; Irene

the dance hall  
 n was a real  
 ve in church  
 published the  
 . The Ladies  
 urch was an  
 in many of its



**CLARK HOME** - This home was built by Rudolph Clark in 1917 or 1918 across from the Northport Catholic Church. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are shown sitting on the porch. Mern Clark and Arthur Burklund were married in this house on June 30, 1921.



**Northport Lodge meeting.**

In June of 1917 as Guy Clark was cleaning around some of the conveyor belts at the smelter, the broom he was cleaning with broke, throwing Guy on to the belt and carrying him up to the hopper. Where his arms lodged stopping the machinery, causing the supervisor, Clarence Swan, to come running. They found Guy unconscious with his right arm almost torn off. He was rushed to the Smelter Hospital where he spent three weeks healing and recuperating. However, there were not too many serious accidents considering the dangerous work involved.

Irene Adams taught school at Velvet near Patterson, across the Columbia River from Northport. Mern Clark also taught school across the river at the Stonespur school. Mern walked from Northport to her school every day of the term. Most of the time crossing the Columbia on the old railroad bridge, otherwise taking the ferry-run by Frank Davis.

Erma Rodgers taught in the Northport town school.

Lodges were very active as long as the smelter was active. The Odd Fellows, Rebekahs, Knights of Pythias, Pythian Sisters, Masons, American Legion and auxiliary.

A library was started. Its main worker was Carrie Allen. Card parties and dances were held often.

The banker Mr. F. B. Robinson built a theater and movies became very popular. As the movies were silent at that time, musical accompaniment was furnished by Audrey Travis or Mrs. D. W. Williams on the piano. Mr. Williams was station agent for Northport. In 1922 a little theater group often put on plays, it was formed by some of the teachers, Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Lyndle Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Runyon, and many of the local people belonged to the group. Some of the plays put on by them were, "To Tell the Truth" (a Japanese Operetta), also "Yimmie Yonson's Yob" with Art Burklund as the Swedish "Yimmie Yonson".

The flu epidemic of 1917 and 1918 curtailed social life for several winter seasons. Schools were closed during the 1918 flu



**SCHOOL AT STONESPUR** - Mern Clark taught in 1918 and 1919. Reta Smith taught the Charlie Hanson school on Deep Creek and later (1920) taught this school at Stonespur.



**Rev. and Mrs. Charles Blerkemper of Northport Presbyterian Church.**

epidemic ar  
families who  
Clark became

Arm  
bonfire on th  
where an e  
burned. Art  
Dale, born a  
on Oct. 23,  
there was no  
Northport a  
had a daugh  
the Deacon

In 1925 a  
that made  
pleasant. In



No 20



epidemic and teachers went out to help families who were ill. On Dec. 30, 1918, Earl Clark became a victim of the flu.

Armistice day was celebrated by a huge bonfire on the shores of the Columbia River, where an effigy of Kaiser Wilhelm was burned. Art and Mern Burklund had a son, Dale, born at a maternity home in Colville on Oct. 23, 1923. Dr. Goetter officiating, as there was no practicing doctor or hospital in Northport at that time. The Burklunds also had a daughter, Mirth, born Feb. 3, 1925 at the Deaconess Hospital in Spokane.

In 1925 and 1926 there were many fires that made living in Northport not so pleasant. In 1926 there was no ice to be had

and that was before electric refrigerators. Most families depended on their ice boxes to keep food fresh. Some ice was shipped in by freight. Between Kendrick's store and the pool hall on the First Street on the hill, I cannot remember the names of the streets but I think we called it Front Street, there were many shops and stores. To name a few, Sid Neuman and Brother Mens Store, Floyd Smith Barber Shop, Mrs. Burcham's Ice Cream Parlor, Dr. and Eugene Travis Drug Store. There was a dentist and a photographer in offices above some of these stores. Many of these were vacated when the smelter closed.

n Clark  
taught  
Creek  
ool at



Northport Presbyterian Church manse.



Early photo Northport Presbyterian church.

# CLARKE

My parents George Lyan and Christina Ellen Clarke owned and operated Clarke's Cafe at 415-419 Columbia Ave., Northport, from 1916 to 1936. They owned about three store buildings in a row. We had our living quarters, the restaurant and another building where later dad had a second hand store.

There were four of us children George, Charles, Olive and Anna. I was the only one born in Northport.

Just prior to moving to Northport my folks ran a boarding house in Boundary then for a short time had a boarding house in Northport before purchasing the cafe.

We belonged to the Presbyterian Church. Mother belonged to the Ladies' Aid and the Missionary society, but didn't always get to attend because of the confining restaurant business. Mother also belonged to a lodge in the earlier days. Could be Knights and Ladies of Security. Later on mother became a Rebecca in that lodge.

Dad was on the city council and took much interest in civic affairs. He was in the Commercial Club of early days. He also stood for justice being done in the smelter fumes case.

My brother George came to Spokane later on and worked at the White Pine Lumber Co. He lost his life at 18 in a car accident near Colfax in 1926.

My brother Charles belonged to the Boy Scouts under Art Burklund's supervision. Some of the scouts were Jack Davidson, Tootie Boland, Vern and Glen Hartley and my cousin Gordan Greig and Jack Garner.

Later Charles became an electrician and served in the Navy in World War II.

My sister Olive was active in school and church. She played the piano and, like my mother, was in the choir. Olive sang on the Iris Theater stage in a school presentation singing "My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown". She was quite good and furthered her education at Whitworth College including studying voice and became a school

teacher, wife and mother of three children Anne, Charlene, James Gorban and Carolyn Olive Murray.

Some of my "favorite things" I like to recall are:

(1) Mother's beautiful plants in the cafe window, also dad's ore samples. He was very much interested in mining.

(2) Our player piano. It entertained many a customer and other friends.

(3) Our family visiting Mr. Vinson (He worked in hardware dept. at Kendricks) He would have us over to listen to his "crystal set".

(4) When dad purchased our Temple radio for a Christmas present for all. The first thing it said was "Merry Christmas Everybody." Another memory of the radio was when my cousin Arthur Gordon played his violin over the radio from Trail B.C. dedicating the selection to his Aunt Christina in Northport. Our favorite programs were "Myrt and Marge", "One Man's Family", "Amos and Andy", and of course the "Richfield News". Occasionally we could reach a station in Mexico. The Sunshine station, between the nations, it was called and we would hear a lovely soprano singer.

(5) Our Sunday school picnics on Sheep Creek. Our church outing at Sundheims one time when we roasted corn, then went in to pop corn at their huge fireplace.

(6) Coasting on Kendricks Hill. This was loads of fun.

(7) Roller skating, they weren't the quiet skates of today.

(8) Going home for lunch from school over the old ramble bridge (it isn't there anymore).

(9) Coming home from school in the afternoon by way of Mrs. Burcham's ice cream parlor to spend my nickel on a delicious ice cream cone, and picking up the mail at the post office located in Case's store building.

(10) Going to movies in the Iris Theater. In later years a traveling unit came to Northport to show the latest talking pictures.

(11) The ice rink in the old smelter grounds. My brother and sister enjoyed

these  
(1)  
Lilly  
re  
swin  
quite  
Te  
Gi  
Mae  
Mis  
Mis  
Bro

these outings, too.

(12) The old swimming hole down past the Lilly residence. Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Lilly were among the regulars who enjoyed swimming as much as we kids. There was quite a turnout in those days!

Teachers during my time were:

Grade School: Miss Kathryn Flynn, Miss Mae Cummings, Miss Mildred Maurer, Miss Elizabeth Janneck, Miss Zita Rowe, Miss Dutta Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent, Mr. Emerson and Mr.

Thistlewaite (superintendent).

High School— Miss Irene Belknap (superintendent), Miss Muriel Mace, Miss Lillie Sarki, Mr. Streikler, Mr. Spinning, Mr. Runyan, Mr. Rotar and Mr. Beaughan.

During my brothers and sisters era. High School: Mrs. Spiers, Miss Temple, Miss Young, Mr. Warfield, Mr. Dahl and Miss Velma Jasper.

Northport had awfully good teachers in those days and they should be remembered.



**CLARKE'S CAFE** - Which was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Clarke from 1915 to 1936. Behind counter is Clarke, Mary Snyder and Christina Clark. Man at counter is believed to be Joe Mafredo. All was located at 415-419 Columbia Ave. The Clarke family residence was in the building along with restaurant and second hand store.



**EARLY NORTHPORT PARADE** - On Columbia. Louis Michaels second from left. His parents built a hotel in Columbia. The building was later used as a Legion Post headquarters. Louis had brothers Emil and Eddie.



Mr. and Mrs. George L. Clarke and children George, Charles, Olive and Anna in front of cafe about 1924.

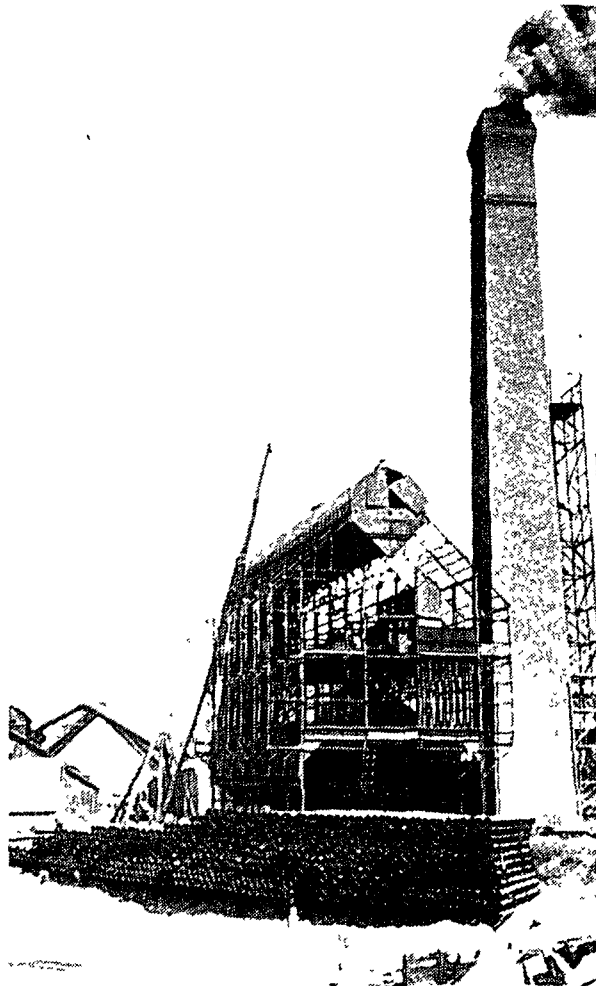
## DOMITROVICH

### Domitrovich

Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Domitrovich came to Onion Creek in 1909 and they took up a homestead farthest up creek, close to Mt. Rogers, there they settled down. They cleared land, built their own buildings and made a farm.

They lived there eight years, then they bought the Raymond Walter place which was closer to school, in 1917. They lived there until 1952 when they moved to Spokane. They sold the homestead to a mining company in 1945. They both came from Europe to Calumet, Mich. They were married in 1906.

They came west and settled down in the wilderness; the closest town was Northport, 16 miles away, and the closest neighbor four miles away.



Northport Smelter stack. 850 pipes in foreground.

I do thin  
with my fo  
one horse a  
to school w  
No one hac  
we would r  
friends.

And whe  
started an  
in our scho  
for us to k  
good time

Our sch  
our place.  
the dances  
fathers w

We had  
happy. We  
go out and  
school ha  
taught fin  
teacher to

Fl Cr  
alwa w

A day l  
1978, whe  
It was wc  
school m.  
long.

## ENG

Otto E  
on his fa  
July, 19  
Northpor

Herma  
born in  
Nina, an  
year and  
about 19  
at Portl  
friend  
lui ry

# LENA ANSALDO DOTTS

I do think they were happy days. I came with my folks to Flat Creek in 1903. We had one horse and when we got old enough to go to school we could ride the horse. It was fun. No one had a car those days but on Sundays we would ride horseback to see some of our friends.

And when I was 14 or 15 we got a Grange started and we had dances every two weeks in our schoolhouse. That was the only thing for us to look forward to and we did have a good time.

Our school was about three miles from our place. We had to walk to school and to the dances and back. All of our mothers and fathers would come to the dances, too.

We had lots of friends and we were all happy. We children would get together and go out and pick lots of beautiful flowers. Our school had one room and our teacher taught first thru the eighth grade. One teacher to 30 or more children.

Flat Creek to me is still my home and always will be.

A day I shall never forget is September 1978, when we had our first school reunion. It was wonderful to see our old friends and school mates that we had not seen for so long.



**Ella and Marie Dotts about 1914. Ella now lives in Tacoma and Marie in Prineville, Ore.**

## EHRENDREICH

Otto Ehrendreich was born in a log cabin on his father's Cedar creek homestead in July, 1913, and his wife Beth came to Northport in 1932 from Priest River, Idaho.

Herman Ehrendreich, Otto's father was born in Germany in 1872. He and his wife, Nina, and young son Alvin, who was about a year and a half old, left Domitz, Germany about 1906 to come to America. They settled at Porthill, Idaho, where Herman had a friend who owned a sawmill and lumberyard.

After working for his friend for a couple of years, Herman moved his family to Washington where he homesteaded on Cedar Creek. Another son, Harry, had been born in Porthill. The move was made in 1909.

In a few years, the youngest child in the family, Otto, was born. He started school at Cedar Creek when he was seven. When he was about nine years old, his mother died.

Otto's father worked in new Boundary loading poles for Jim O'Brien of the National Pole Company. He also loaded ore in railroad cars, from the Gladstone and Electric Point mines at Leadpoint. When the company that owned the mines sold out,



he worked in the logging business in the woods.

Otto's eldest brother Alvin, joined the Marine Corps in 1928 and was stationed in Bremerton. He owned a place there, and in 1933 the Ehrendreichs left Cedar Creek and moved to Bremerton. Herman lived there until he was killed in 1946 when he was struck down by a car.

Back in Cedar Creek while Otto was growing up, he sometimes helped his neighbors, Herman and Estelle Rieper, with their farm work; Rieper was a fire warden and didn't always have time to do all the work himself. A few years after Otto moved to Bremerton, Rieper died; his wife called Otto and asked him to come back to help her, which he did.

He remained in Northport and began working for Robert Orndorff in the limestone quarry. When the Orndorff lease ran out, Otto stayed with the quarry working for Pete Janni until 1940 or '41.

On Valentine's Day, 1939, Otto met Mary Elizabeth Baker, better known to her friends as Beth. They were married in July that year.

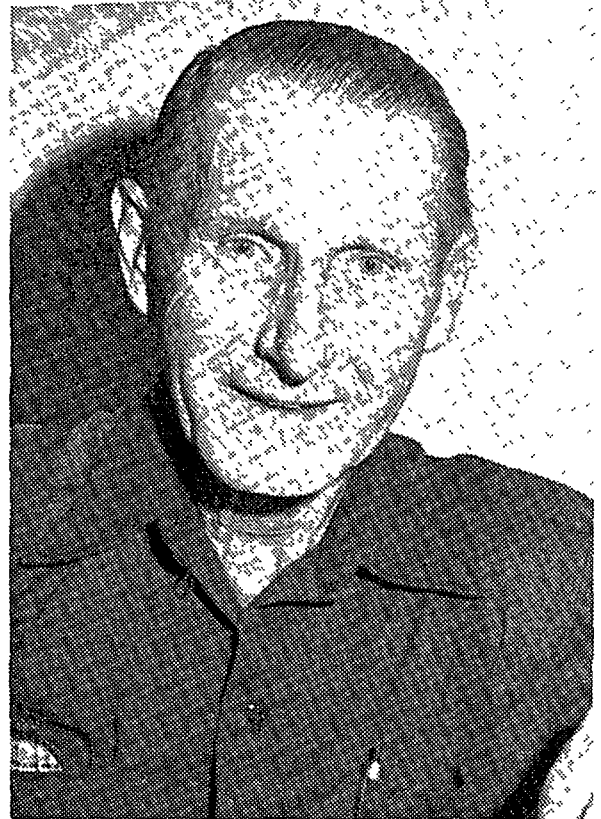
Otto loaded planks for Dewey Humphrey for a couple of seasons at his sawmill on Sheep Creek. The mill cut planks for the thermox plant in Chewelah.

In 1941, soon after World War II began, Otto and Beth moved to Flat Creek to her Grandpa Swanson's ranch, located about 12 miles from Northport where Jack Lael lives.

Beth, who was born in Edgemere, Idaho in 1914, had come to Northport April 22, 1932 to keep house for her stepgrandfather. Her grandmother had passed away. She had grown up in Priest River, Idaho where her family had moved when she was in the third grade.

Beth entered Northport High School as a freshman in the fall of 1932. The school bus on Flat Creek, which was driven by Arden Davis, quit running when the weather got too bad. Her sister came to take care of Grandpa Swanson, and Beth "batched" in town while attending school with another girl.

Beth worked for the Ralph Marshall



Otto Ehrendreich



Beth Ehrendreich

family  
started  
Zealar  
ool  
to drive  
provid  
brothe  
and fo  
She  
attenc  
had to  
her n  
Sev  
school  
1965.  
In I  
went  
school  
train  
there  
Pier  
up o  
built  
Pan.  
Th  
Dieg  
Sea  
att  
live  
the  
wer  
was  
he s  
right  
O  
pat  
Ok  
boa  
bor  
the  
ext  
tw  
Th  
do  
Ha  
th  
he  
of  
to  
so

family that summer, then when school started she began working at the new Zealand Hotel while she was attending school. During her senior year she was able to drive the school bus from Flat Creek, providing transportation for herself and her brother who were living with their grandpa, and for three others.

She graduated in the spring of 1936 and attended Walla Walla College that fall. She had to quit college in the spring of '38 when her mother became ill and needed her.

Several years later Beth returned to school and graduated from Whitworth in 1965.

In December of 1943, Otto was drafted and went to the U.S. Navy. "I was sent to a school in Maryland, then to an advanced training school in Dearborn, Mich.; from there I went to amphibious training in Ft. Pierce, Fla.;" he remembered. "We picked up our ship in Boston where it was being built and went down the East Coast to the Panama Canal."

The ship went through the Canal up to San Diego, then to Pearl Harbor and the South Sea islands, including Saipan, on out to the battle zone in Okinawa where they were involved in the battle there. Otto's ship was the S.L.C.S.L., similar to the LCI boats that were used to land troops on the shore. "It was more of a support ship for the troops," he said. "It had a flat bottom and could get right up to the shore."

Otto was a gunner's mate. His ship patrolled the islands of the other side of Okinawa, watching for Japanese suicide boats. One night a Japanese medium bomber went over their ship; Otto fired at the plane as it dropped a bomb, which exploded right alongside the ship, killing two men and wounding four, including Otto. The gunners at the back of the ship finally downed the plane.

Otto was sent back to a hospital in Pearl Harbor. He left the hospital in August of that year, 1945, to return to his ship, which he caught up with in Tokyo, Japan. The ship officers informed him that he was supposed to have gone home from the hospital, so soon he was headed back to the States.

Otto was awarded the Silver Star, and he

was discharged Nov. 10, 1945.

While Otto was in the service, Beth taught school in Caldwell, Idaho and in Toppenish, Wash. Then she started work for the forest service as a lookout, working at Old Dominion, Cliff Ridge, Huckleberry and Green Mountain. She was a relief lookout at all but Green Mountain, where she was assigned.

The summer after Otto returned, they went to Jackknife Lookout together, in Ferry County.

Otto continued working for the forest service, later going to work for the state forest service now called the Dept. of Natural Resources, where he worked for fourteen years.

They bought the place they now live on across the river from Northport in 1949 from Lee Midkiff; it was called the old Condon place. In 1952 and 53 they built a new house.

Beth kept a diary from 1944 until the present. One of the entries in February, 1950, tells that the Columbia River froze over for over a week, freezing up the ferry. People walked across the river on the ice. On Feb. 8 the channel broke through, but the ice still held the ferry until Feb. 14. She wrote, "On Feb. 18 we went to town, the first time I have been off the place for 31 days."

Beth worked some at the telephone office, both as a regular and as a substitute. She taught a year of kindergarten in 1952, and in the fall of 1961 she began teaching at Mill Creek School, where she remained for four terms. She had also taught a year at Colville and a year at Coeur d'Alene in denominational schools.

In 1963 Otto quit working for the Forest Service and worked at Carney Pole Company, Palm Lumber Company and Ron Sauvola's Mill, retiring in 1976.

Otto has been a member of the American Legion for 17 or 18 years, holding every office in the post at one time or another. Both he and Beth are members of the Over-40 Club.

Beth has been a member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church since about 1928. She was treasurer for several years, has been Sabbath School superintendent and Dorcas Leader.

The Ehrendreichs are the parents of one son, Carl, who lives beside their home in a

mobile home with his wife, the former Sheryl Richardson.

## GALLO

Tony Gallo came to Northport in 1917 at the age of three. He was born in New York, Dec. 5, 1914.

Tony's mother, Ella (Slabjana) Gallo, was born in 1887 and was from Kamnik, Yugoslavia; his father, Filo Gallo, was from Bozelliro, Italy, and was born in 1876.

Tony's father worked in steel mills in Pennsylvania, in various mines, and in a glass factory. He did not know the English language when he arrived in America but learned it as he traveled and worked. Somewhere in his travels he learned the barber trade, and in Portland, Ore. he owned a large six-chair barbershop.

Filo Gallo established a barber shop in Northport in 1917; the last shop he owned was located next to the present Tony's

Market, and the building is still in existence. Tony still has some of his father's old chairs and barber equipment.

Tony's mother was an expert linguist, speaking a number of languages and dialects. She acted as interpreter for people in the area for many years. Tony can still speak the Italian language and understand some Austrian.

Tony remembers his mother as an extremely hospitable person. "No traveler would ever pass our yard without being asked in for food," Tony remarked. "In those days it was sometimes a little difficult to provide, but my mother shared what we had."

Tony grew up in the town of Northport. His first-grade teacher was Miss Elizabeth Janneck, whose family built the house where Tony and Mable now live. She was raised in the house, and her father, along with Hank Broderius, operated the old



Tony and Mable Gallo

Cash  
assoc  
had

No  
first  
chilc  
ente

A  
earl  
(Cel  
Lair  
"C

Nor  
thro  
kind  
Ton

O  
wer  
row  
was  
sme  
hug  
wir  
can  
"

ys  
le  
ove  
who  
big  
Dei  
fur  
No  
De  
pie  
cor

cor  
tur  
rer  
ma  
a  
ab  
pla

he  
fa  
wo  
To  
sl  
st

the former

Cash and Carry Store at one time in association with Charles Slawson. Tony had always admired the house and was able to purchase it in 1950.

Not only was Miss Janneck Tony's firstgrade teacher, but she taught all his children except the two youngest when they entered the first grade.

A very good friend of the Gallos in their early years in Northport was Mrs. Joe (Celia) Laird. Tony remembers that Mrs. Laird helped his mother in many ways.

"One of the things that I recall early in Northport was the military train that came through. In it there were displays of all kinds of things from the first World War," Tony commented.

Other memories of Northport's early days were mentioned. "There was a hospital and rows of houses down where the smelter was, a big electrical power system, the old smelter hall used as a gymnasium, a great huge fence around the whole thing with a wire on top. The old fence just gradually came down over the years," he said.

"Mr. Lane was in charge of the light system, and Charles Shirk was in charge of the water system until Louis Pierce took it over from him. Shirk lived in the place where Lucile Rowe does. There used to be a big wooden flume called 'The Dam' up on Dennis Broderius' place. The overflow furnished the smelter and the town of Northport with water, which came from Deep Creek. Remnants of the old Dam and pieces of the pipe are still there," he continued.

"You never could tell what was going to come out of the water faucet when you turned it on," laughed Mable. "I remember when Bushy Norberg was mayor, someone turned on their faucet and a little fish came out. They told Bushy about it and he said, 'Well, it isn't every place you live that you can get fresh fish.'"

When Tony was 15, around 1929 and 1930, he worked for John Beard, George Beard's father, at his store in Northport. Beard would buy a live animal from a farmer, and Tony would go with George Bartol to slaughter the animal and bring it into the store. Tony would then help Beard cut up

the animal for the meat case. This was the beginning of his interest in meat-cutting, a job at which he later became an expert.

When Tony was about 16, he was involved in a serious car wreck near the Forest Homes Cemetery. "That was the beginning of my health problems, through which I lost one kidney," he said. He suffered a year of high fever and lost a lot of school time. His parents finally took him to the Mayo Clinic to find the source of the problem.

During his last year of high school, Tony hoped to become involved in football and sports that were not available to him in Northport, so he went to Spokane Gonzaga High School. He stayed in a boarding house there since his family remained in Northport. After high school he attended Gonzaga University for a while. His dreams of sports involvement were not realized after all, because he was not in the school long enough.



Filo, Ella and Tony Gallo - 1917.

Upon leaving school, he began work at Berger Bros. Meats. Work was hard to find, and from there he went to Stone's, then A & K Meats, putting in his application at Armour's. He was hired at Armour's in 1936

Tony met Mable Harty, the daughter of Charles and Nellie Harty, in Spokane. They were married July 4, 1936.

Mable was born Feb 3, 1918 in Kaslo, B. C., Canada. When she was six years old, her family moved to her grandparents' homestead about 10 miles northeast of Spokane. They later moved to a ranch about five miles west of Ione, then when Mable was eleven they moved back to Spokane. In 1935 when she met Tony, Mable was working at the Deaconess Hospital.

The newlyweds lived in Spokane for four years before Armour's transferred Tony to Seattle, where they lived three years.

In 1943 they moved back to Northport. Tony found work in the sawmills, the railroads, at Portland Cement, and various

places. "Then we sold our place on the coast and decided we were going to be in the meat market business," said Mable. "We went into the old meat market in the store that later burned down. Finally it wound up being a meat market and grocery store. It sat right on the alley and the old Grandview hotel sat next to it on the corner."

A fire broke out in the store July 29, 1972, burning it, the old Hotel building, and the Northport Meat Market Building, the latter two of which were used only for storage. Many items of historical interest were stored in the buildings which were lost in the fire.

Remembering the old hotel building, Tony explained, "It (the Grandview) was Great Northern's showplace hotel for this area. It was a really well-built building and very beautiful." After it was closed as a hotel, offices were opened on the main floor, including a real estate office operated by Charlie Allison and Fred Buel. The building closed in the 30's.



Filo and Tony Gallo in Gallo barbershop in Northport - 1925.

To  
almo  
of 79  
At  
ploc  
Hors  
Stat  
stat  
shop  
New  
that  
wag  
Nor  
hist  
som  
expl  
To  
mea  
buy  
slau  
con  
unti  
to a  
M  
have  
seve  
forc  
an  
with  
who  
A  
Mal  
Hos  
Bei  
was  
did  
cele  
she  
w  
the  
Ga.  
bec  
run  
T  
plu  
thr  
F.  
rai  
bec  
7  
ope  
c



on the coast  
in the meat  
"We went  
s that  
wound up  
ry store. It  
Grandview  
r."  
ily 29, 1972,  
g, and the  
, the latter  
or storage.  
rest were  
e lost in the

building,  
view) was  
el for this  
ilding and  
losed as a  
the main  
te office  
Fred Buel.

Tony's father passed away when he was almost 93 in 1969. His mother died at the age of 79 in 1966.

At one time Tony's parents had owned the block that now houses the Diamond Horseshoe. "There was an old Richfield Station on the corner, and back of the station right on the alley was the old print shop where they printed the Northport News. There was an old printing press in it that had been hauled here on a covered wagon when W. P. Hughes came to Northport. My father, not knowing the historical value the old press would someday have, sold it to Bob Goldman," explained Tony.

Tony and Mable worked together in the meat market and grocery store. He would buy live animals from farmers and slaughter them for sale in the market. He continued cutting his own meat in this way until the laws required the animals be sent to a slaughterhouse and inspected.

Mable took time off from the store to have their two youngest children and for several surgeries. In 1963, Tony was forced to retire from the store because of heart trouble, and Mable worked there with sons Sonny, Jerry, and finally, Don, who now owns and operates the business.

At the time the first store building burned, Mable was in Spokane at the Sacred Heart Hospital, having had open heart surgery. Being Dr. Ralph Berg's 1001st patient, she was on television during her heart cath. "I didn't even get a piece of cake at the celebration party they had for Dr. Berg," she laughed.

When the new store opened Aug. 3, 1973 in the old remodeled theater building the Gallos owned, Mable had to quit work because of poor health. Their son Don has run the store since that time.

The Gallos have five boys and one girl, plus twelve grandchildren. They have lost three other grandchildren. Their eldest son, F. R. (Sonny) Gallo, lives in Spokane. He raised Arabian horses and now raises beefalo cattle.

Tony, Jr. lives in Colville and owns and operates Gallo Meats. Jerry, of Kelly Hill, is a cattle buyer for local and eastern markets



Filo Gallo - 1962



Ella Gallo - 1962

and owns the Western Ranch Store. Don owns and operates Tony's Market in Northport.

Their only daughter, Judy, is married to Blaine Tipton and lives in Spokane, where her husband is a postal supervisor. Tom, also of Spokane, works for Rosauer's Meat Market.

In addition to their own, the Gallos have had nine foster children in their home when Mable was licensed for foster home care. They had a number of children staying with them at various times who lived too far out of town to finish high school without a place to stay in Northport.

At the time TV came to Northport, the Gallos owned the Ore Theater, later remodeled to be Tony's Market. "I recall that when they were first getting this TV thing together, it had gone down to defeat on the first vote, and I encouraged the second one, even though I knew it would make a difference in the theater. They had to have 50 subscribers to put the cable in, and it cost

\$250 for a hookup," reminisced Tony.

The Gallos purchased a big 27" television set. "The house was just full of children almost all the time," chuckled Tony. The theater business in Northport gradually faded out as TV became more popular.

As Mable shared some of her family history, she mentioned that her mother was the first white baby born in Hermose, S.D. Mable's grandparents were promised that if they named their child after the town of Hermosa, she would be given a parcel of land. She was named Nellie Hermosa, but as far as Mable knew, she never was given the land.

After Tony's forced retirement from the store, he bought a few cattle and pigs and put up a little hay each year to keep occupied. He recently sold all his livestock.

Although, because of their health, Tony and Mable Gallo are not seen as much at Northport activities as they used to be, they have both contributed much to their town in many ways.

## GEZELIUS

A chance meeting with an old friend brought Isaac Gezelius and his family to Northport in April, 1902. Isaac was the father of Bob Gezelius.

Isaac and his wife, Hulda, were in Spokane enroute from Minnesota to Astoria, Ore., when he happened to meet Louis Sundien, an old school friend from Sweden, on the street. The two friends had lost touch with each other since leaving Sweden.

In the ensuing conversation, Gezelius told Sundien that he had not liked Minnesota and was going back to Astoria where he had worked previously. Sundien told Isaac that there was a homestead for sale in northeast Washington next to his own place and invited Isaac to come home with him to see the land.

Sundien had homesteaded the land where Ike Thompson presently lives. The Gezelius family liked the area and purchased land adjoining Sundien's, behind the Forest

Homes Cemetery. That is how the Gezelius family settled near Northport in 1902.

Isaac, who was born in 1867 in Dola Jarna, Sweden, came to America at the age of 22 in 1889. He stayed a short time in Chicago, then went on to Astoria. From there he went to Minnesota, where he met and married Hulda Schedin. Hulda was born in Hulan, Sweden and had also immigrated to the U.S.

Six children were born into the Gezelius family. Richard was the eldest, then Anna, Alfred, Carl (Victor), Eva and Bob. Bob and Victor, who live in Colville, are the only surviving members of the family.

When Bob, who was born October 30, 1912, was two and one-half years old, his mother passed away, leaving her oldest daughter Anna to help raise the other children. Anna was eleven years older than Bob.

In 1919 Isaac bought 245 acres from D.O. Westman, who was married to his late wife's aunt. He moved his family into their new home, located across from the Southfork Grange, where Bob has lived ever since.

Isaac  
horses  
by haul  
ma  
place.

The  
Gezelius  
"There  
across,

Bob  
years  
hearing  
Red M  
he stat  
what t

The  
were s  
make  
school  
much

Bob  
When  
an old  
from S

Tony.  
television  
children  
The  
gr  
popular.  
family  
mother  
Hermose,  
promised  
after the  
given a  
d Nellie  
new, she

from the  
pigs and  
to keep  
livestock.  
th, Tony  
much at  
be, they  
r town in

Gezelius  
902.  
Jarna,  
of 22 in  
Chicago,  
he went  
married  
Hulan,  
the U.S.  
Gezelius  
n Anna,  
Bob and  
he only

30, 1912,  
mother  
daughter  
n. Anna

m D.O.  
is late  
to their  
m the  
ed ever

Isaac did some farming and had a team of horses with which he earned some income by hauling logs, poles, etc. He and two other men had a sawmill at one time on his old place.

The timber was "terrific" on the Gezelius' first land, Bob remembers. "There is one cedar stump that is seven feet across," he said.

Bob had mastoids when he was under two years old, resulting in a loss of some of his hearing. He recalled that a school friend, Red McGuire, helped him in classes when he started to school when he didn't hear what the teacher said.

The first eight grades of Bob's education were spent in Spirit School. "Anna made us make our own lunches when we went to school," remembered Bob. "She had too much else to do."

Bob remembers those lunches very well. When he began the second grade, he asked an older brother to bring him a lunch box from Spokane. "I was the only one that had

a lunch bucket with a thermos bottle, and I still have that lunch bucket. I broke the thermos bottle when I was eating lunch on the 'cat' one time a few years ago and it fell off. I carried lunch in that bucket until 1965, at least," he commented.

After the eighth grade Bob rode the bus to Northport High School, from which he graduated in 1932. Recalling the bus, which was driven by Sam Johnson, he laughingly said, "We had only one long plank on each side to sit on. It had a leather covering on it but there wasn't any padding.

"Everybody got out the back door. The bus driver pulled a lever that opened the back door and you jumped out. There wasn't any heat, but the bus was full by the time we got to Northport, so it was warmer."

After graduating, Bob worked on his father's place. He and his oldest brother, Richard, put up a small sawmill, logging and sawing lumber on the place.

The Gezelius family had milk cows from



Bob and Doreen Gezelius

1902 until Richard died in 1949, then there was no longer enough time to milk the cows and sell the cream as they had formerly done.

In 1936 they bought their first white-faced Hereford bull, and gradually their cattle increased. "I have been more and more and more into cattle each year," said Bob.

He figures he is wintering 200 head, more or less, but he has a superstitious feeling about keeping an exact count because of bad luck following each time he did.

Bob and his wife, Doreen, were named as Cattleman of the Year in 1979 by the Stevens County Cattlemens' Association.

Bob's sister Anna was married to George Benham in 1936. When he passed away years later, Anna came back to keep house for Bob. After her brother's marriage she lived in a mobile home next to Bob and Doreen until she passed away in 1980.

On Christmas Eve 1970, Bob met Doreen Birch in the Shell Tavern in Northport as they were both out for the evening with friends and relatives. "I was introduced to Bob through Lee's (her son-in-law) sister, Mary Ann, and through Carl Sauvola," recalled Doreen.

Although she and Bob danced together - "It was a waltz; I'll never forget it," she said - they didn't really start dating for a while. They were married in Coeur d'Alene June 22, 1972.

Doreen was born in Indian Head, Saskatchewan to Jon and Loreitta Margaret Tait. The family moved to Prince Albert, Sask. where she went to school for about eight years. When she was fourteen, they moved out to British Columbia where her father worked at the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Trail.

Doreen worked at the hospital in Rossland until she was 17 or 18, and she was married at the age of 19. She raised her family in Rossland, two girls and two boys. Her daughter, Connie Jensen, lives in Rossland, and her other daughter and sons, Margaret Bleecker, Gerald Birch and Morris Birch, live in Prince George, B.C. She has six grandchildren.

Her marriage ended when her children were grown, and she continued to live in

Rossland.

Bob has worked with timber all his life, learning to use selective cutting from his father and from his own experience. There is one area on his land from which he and his family have taken three crops of trees over a 45-year span, and another crop is about ready for cutting.

On this section, the first crop of stumps, which were cut in 1922 or '23, are about level with the ground now. The next cutting was done in 1936 and the last in 1962. "About every 15 years you can go in and take another crop if you don't cut them clean and if you use selective cutting," remarked Bob.

In 1979 when the Gezelius' were named Cattlemen of the Year, a tour was held of their land with a lunch catered by the Stevens County Cowbells held at the nearby Grange Hall. Bob told the attending crowd about his methods of cutting, showing them the area where the three cuttings were made.

"I cannot make it with cattle alone," he said. "I worked the timber with the cattle." The methods some loggers use of clearing a whole area of trees with no regard for size or plans for the future are upsetting to Bob.

Bob is a member of the Stevens County Cattlemens' Association, The Odd Fellows No. 109, and the Southfork Grange. He describes himself as "sort of a loner," and says he doesn't get to meetings very often, partially because of work duties at home with his cattle. He has been a Grange member for 45 years, and he has a high respect for the Odd Fellows organization.

Doreen has been a member of the Southfork Grange for eight years, serving as lecturer for the last three years and as Chaplain prior to that. She has been a member of the Deep Creek Home Ec Club for the past eight years. She enjoys handwork, including knitting, and crocheting, and keeps chickens. She likes to garden and can the produce.

Once a year at branding time, Doreen and Bob host a barbecue for friends when they brand the cattle with their 3G and do the dehorning.

Bob remembers that Nels Berger once told him the origin of the name

"Smack  
homest  
Northp  
A  
were d  
'smack  
known  
Anot  
Charlie  
homest  
Owens  
with Is  
Spokar  
dressn

The  
the be  
by p  
five y  
decide  
valley  
in Nor  
than a  
endea  
all.

Lorr  
very  
Colum  
Roose  
Dam.

At tl  
Pearl,  
Bridge  
until tl  
to the  
gradu  
decide  
Augus  
Nelsor  
Hospit

It wa  
Armis  
"Boy,  
Nelsor  
rr

"Smackout." The story goes that a couple of homesteaders from that area came down to Northport early in the 1900's for supplies. An acquaintance asked them what they were doing, and they answered, "We are 'smack out' of grub." He said it has been known by that name ever since.

Another early settler Bob knew well was Charlie Hanson, a Norwegian who homesteaded the place owned by Tom Owens. Bob's mother's cousin, Selma came with Isaac and Hulda from Minnesota to Spokane, where she worked as a dressmaker. She came to visit her relatives

## GILBERT

The little town of Northport is situated on the beautiful Columbia River, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Thirty-five years ago Lorraine and Ralph Gilbert decided to move their home in this beautiful valley.

It was very fortunate for the people in Northport, as they have become more than an asset to the community, they have endeared themselves and are beloved by all.

Lorraine "Pearsall" Gilbert was born in a very small town, called Peach, on the Columbia river. It is now covered by Lake Roosevelt from the backwaters of Coulee Dam.

At the age of four her family moved to Pearl, near Bridgeport, later moving to Bridgeport. Lorraine went to school here until the age of 14, when her family moved to the area of Princeton, B.C. After she graduated from high school, Lorraine decided to become a registered nurse. In August, 1918, she began nurse's training at Nelson, B.C. in Kootenay Lake General Hospital.

It was soon after this that the World War I Armistice was signed and as Lorraine said, "Boy, was it a big hulabaloo up there in Nelson."

Lorraine graduated in 1921 receiving her

in the Deep Creek area and met and married Hanson.

Bob has a deep respect for the settlers of this country, who came into a tree-covered wilderness and carved out homes and farms for themselves and their families through hard work and perseverance, many of them from the old countries and not knowing the English language. Bob himself is proud of the fact that he has never "worked for wages one day in my whole life," as he always earned his living right on his own land.

diploma as a registered nurse, with very high honors. She moved to Lethbridge, Alberta and worked two years in the hospital there. She then moved back to Princeton where she recuperated from an illness and nursed and visited awhile, then decided she would like to move back to the U.S.A. to continue her nursing career.

She came to the Mt. Carmel Hospital in Colville, where she was head nurse and hospital anesthesiologist from 1923-1926.



Ralph and Lorraine Gilbert



Ralph Gilbert was born three miles east of Colville and went through all twelve grades of school there. He graduated in 1918 and immediately entered World War I. As soon as the Armistice was signed he returned to Colville and soon had a job in the Assessor's office in the Courthouse. He held this job for two and a half years, then went to work in the Treasurer's office for another two and a half years. He then went to the Auditor's office for another two and a half years.

During this time, Ralph was informed by his sister-in-law, Martha Gilbert, who was in the Colville hospital as a patient, that she had a night nurse whom he should meet. Martha just loved her, she was so lovely and intelligent. Ralph, by this time, had heard so much about her that he finally went to his sister-in-law to try to meet this wonderful single nurse, Lorraine Pearsall.

Ralph sat beside her bed and she rang her bell, as Ralph said, "She didn't need anything, she only wanted her night nurse to walk in, and boy when she walked in, she was the most beautiful, wonderful woman I had ever met, we fell in love at once."

The hospital kept patients in longer than they do nowadays and as Ralph explained, "Needless to say, I never missed one day after that seeing my sister-in-law in the hospital."

Their first date was to the Colville Methodist Church. July 31, 1926 they were united in marriage in the very hospital where they fell in love.

A few weeks later Ralph accepted the position as timekeeper with the magnesite mine quarry in Chewelah. He stated, "They gave us a furnished house to live in which was part of my salary. The house was on a side hill. I utilized all available space behind the house and turned it into a Fancy Pheasant Game Farm."

Lorraine's time was taken up mostly as she related to me, "I was sure kept busy feeding baby pheasants every two hours, I didn't have much time for nursing work, I only helped a couple folks to get on their feet!"

They lived there from 1926-1930 before they moved away.

It was during this time that their first child, Ollie Mae, was born. She is now Mrs. Robert Wilson of Northport. They have six children.

The pheasant farm was sold as other ideas were forming. In March of 1930 Ralph and Lorraine purchased the Mt. Carmel Hospital in Colville. It was then at the corner of Oak and Aster streets, now known as Colonial Arms.

Thirteen days later their son, Ralph, Jr. was born in their own hospital. He is now living in Yakima and is Inspector for the Decota Aircraft Engineering Co. They have two children.

Ralph and Lorraine were really kept very busy. Depression was on and they were on duty or call 24-hours-a-day. During these years they had a six unit apartment house built, also they purchased a summer fishing resort at North Twin Lakes, which Ralph operated along with his hospital duties.

The resort was sold first, then in 1940 they sold the hospital to the Dominican Sisters.



Ralph the  
Liquor Co  
commuting  
Lorraine's  
clinic.

Ralph he  
Athletic Club  
money to co  
golf course. I  
years, then I  
Lodge in 19  
course.

Ralph was  
Colville for 1  
this time, Ra  
telling him a  
how he cou  
lumber. Ralph  
see what pot

In 1948 Ra  
Northport, a  
railroad in  
Columbia Riv  
close to the t  
he leased. He  
lumber. He  
miles to Colv  
year.

In 1948 one  
Gilbert move  
home. Later  
smelter grou  
mill. He also  
managed all t  
In about 19  
daughter and  
Robert Wilso

Ralph was  
but had learn  
of Northport  
heart turned t  
to help make  
to live. Mrs. I  
has lived here  
to this writer  
her:

"You can'  
meant to No  
Ralph Gilbert  
civic-minded  
without thou  
thinkin' f

at their first  
ne is now Mrs.  
They have six

son as other  
of 1930 Ralph  
e Mt. Carmel  
; then at the  
ts, now known

on, Ralph, Jr.  
tal. He is now  
pector for the  
Co. They have

eally kept very  
l they were on

During these  
artment house  
ummer fishing  
, which Ralph  
pital duties.  
en in 1940 they  
inican Sisters.

Ralph then became Inspector for the Liquor Control Board in Spokane, commuting back and forth for four years. Lorraine worked at this time in the Colville clinic.

Ralph helped organize the Colville Athletic Club in 1944. He helped raise the money to construct the beautiful nine hole golf course. He helped manage this for three years, then it was turned over to the Elks Lodge in 1947 and they completed the course.

Ralph was also on the City Council of Colville for four years at this time. About this time, Ralph had a good friend that was telling him about the lumber industry and how he could really sell good planed lumber. Ralph decided to look into this and see what potentials were in this industry.

In 1948 Ralph picked the little city of Northport, where it had timber and a railroad in a beautiful setting on the Columbia River. He built the planer mill as close to the tracks as possible on land that he leased. Here he turned out custom planed lumber. He drove back and forth the 36 miles to Colville from Northport for the next year.

In 1949 the family of Ralph and Lorraine Gilbert moved to Northport to make their home. Later Ralph purchased the old smelter grounds and enlarged his planer mill. He also had a dry kiln and saw mill. He managed all these for the next twelve years. In about 1962 they sold it all to their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson.

Ralph was very busy managing his mills, but had learned to love his new home town of Northport and all of the people in it, so his heart turned to thoughts of what he could do to help make it a better place for everyone to live. Mrs. Margaret Evans, a citizen who has lived here since the 1920's was speaking to this writer about the Gilberts and I quote her:

"You can't believe how much it has meant to Northport to have Lorraine and Ralph Gilbert. He is such an outgoing civic-minded person, and does things without thought of cost to himself, only thinking of what he could do for his

community."

Ralph was on the Northport city council for four years. He helped to organize the Northport Chamber of Commerce. Ralph also helped dedicate the new bridge over the Columbia River at Northport. He was Commander of the American Legion Post Frank Starr No. 47 and also belonged to the gun club. Lorraine and Ralph joined the Northport Presbyterian Church and have been very active in it.

When the Gilberts arrived in Northport, there was no longer a doctor, hospital, or clinic here. When the smelter shut down the main population also moved, including all facilities for first aid or health care and the closest doctor was in Colville, 36 miles away by the Lake Williams shortcut.

Lorraine soon became known to everyone for her quick thinking in emergencies and was on call 24-hours-a-day for first aid care. Her telephone number was right up there with the fire and police number and folks began to relax and not worry about being so far from the doctors' offices. This made it a better place to live.

Lorraine was also very busy in her church, teaching Sunday School, and filled nearly every office at some time in these many years. She has been an Elder for 20 years.

When Lorraine would go to some of these emergencies, there were times she called Colville and had hospitals and doctors ready for the patients, riding right beside them giving moral and spiritual help as well as to calm them en route.

As another dear lady, Juanita Ansotigue said, "Bless her. I just don't know what we would have done without Lorraine, she knew everything to do, to run the church so beautiful and all the children just loved her teaching in Sunday School, and when my little baby was in convulsions once I called Lorraine and she didn't have a car handy, but she walked quickly to my house in the spring through thawing streets. When she rushed in she had mud clear to her knees. She saved my baby. She has come for other emergencies too. I don't know what we would do without this wonderful woman!"

Mr. and Mrs. Konrad Hartbauer also

depend on Lorraine for emergencies for their family. As Edith Hartbauer said, "Lorraine follows up with doctor's orders on my recent surgery in the hospital. She comes and gives me shots or care I need, she is so wonderful and dependable, I can't imagine doing without her!"

One lady was attempting to feed her cows when her husband had the flu in minus zero weather. Lorraine went in her four wheel drive to render her first aid before putting her in an ambulance. The lady had a bale of hay fall on her leg, injuring it very badly.

The Boy Scouts came to Northport and stepped accidentally into a yellow jacket nest. With the allergy situation it was nip and tuck until Lorraine furnished the proper confidence that everything will be all right.

Mark Lenderman was working in the woods, his Cat fell on him. Lorraine met him at the edge of the woods, with the ambulance and first aid. He was rushed into the Colville Hospital and had to have his leg amputated.

The ambulance driver, John McKie said, "She is so wonderful with everyone. When things are really bad she is very calm and collected. She calms the folks in the ambulance right down, giving them confidence that everything will be all right. She is a wonderful nurse, when everyone is so excited or upset she takes over completely, doing and saying exactly the right thing. She gives more than first aid, she tends to their moral and spiritual needs, too. She rides right by them where ever they need to go."

"It is wonderful that the B.J. Carney Pole Company has furnished an ambulance here since 1965. I'm available 24 hours a day."

One day some folks ten to twelve miles out called Lorraine to come for an emergency. She knew exactly where to go. The man said to be sure and bring the four wheel drive, it was a solid glare of ice. She went out with her case where faint hearts would certainly be afraid to go. She arrived safely, taking care of the need. The lady said, "Lorraine is an angel of mercy, she's been very dear to me and cared for all our emergencies since I was 15 years old. With her love of God and love for her fellow men she certainly

has chosen the right career."

Ralph Gilbert had used his wife's services, too, like the time he cut off three fingers at the first joint; also when his car slipped off the steep bank above the city of Northport on the Silver Crown Mountain. It went down 70 feet in 22 degree below zero weather. He was brought down with his pelvis fractured in three places to his house and given first aid by his wife before he was taken to Colville.

Many times Lorraine has been tapped on the shoulder in church and in a few minutes is speeding away in an ambulance; twice like this with heart victims.

As Ralph said, their house has always had a 24 hour nurse's first aid center, but one time a patient with a badly cut hand holding it out front, led a path of blood and stepping in it all the way to the first aid section at the back of the house. Mud and pitch also went into the rug that day.

When Ralph retired in 1962 he didn't just sit back in his rocker. Not by any means. As he said, "I spray and trim the garden, but Lorraine pulls the weeds. I've six grandchildren in this town and I've been busy teaching them how to hunt and fish and drive cars, also teaching them how to properly handle guns."

They have a cabin over at Lake Thomas, 25 miles East of Colville and they enjoy going there once in a while. Also, they enjoy visiting his brother Ray in Butte, Mont. or his brother Kenneth Gilbert or his sister Mrs. Roxie Willett, both of Colville. Sometimes they go to see her sister Mrs. Eunice Dorn in Tacoma. Lorraine has one other sister in California. They do love to travel.

I w.  
Wash  
19th o  
but lo  
next  
childr  
mothe  
years  
grand  
old er  
Mary  
Seattl  
health  
much  
the ra  
pital f  
Mary  
troub  
Lake  
Who  
worki  
then t  
depar  
bo  
and ir  
when  
callec  
learn  
embr  
fram  
makin  
name  
1925.  
gathe  
dry b  
Bef  
taugh  
pupil  
other  
her h  
raffia  
dye th  
also v  
was h  
school  
grade  
at  
ave

# GILMAN

I was born in a small town called Lyman, Wash., not very far from Sedro Woolley, the 19th of May 1910. My parents had 10 children but lost three before birth. Mary, the sister next to me in age, and I were the only children left at home when we lost our mother in 1911. My sister, Mary was just 3 years old and I was 10 months old when our grandmother took us to raise until we were old enough to go home to Dad again. Later Mary and I were taken and put in a home in Seattle because of Grandmother's poor health and Dad was away from home so much working as a Locomotive engineer for the railroad. We both had to go to the hospital for an examination and they found that Mary had to go to a sanitarium for lung trouble. Then I was sent over to Medical Lake Village.

When I got old enough I was put on the working detail. First in the dining room, then the kitchen, and finally in the bakery department. We weren't given much schooling as there was a lack of teachers, and in those days were really hard times. So when I was 15 years old, I went to the room called the Industrial work room, where we learned to do a lot of fancy work such as embroidery, crocheting, making rugs on a frame and loom, basket weaving and also making pine needle baskets. My teacher's name was Miss Ebbs and that was 1920 to 1925. In the fall of the year we went out and gathered pine needles and laid them out to dry before making baskets.

Before Miss Ebbs came to teach she taught at an Indian school. She had her pupils bring their baskets, and beads and other art work to school; and they taught her how they make things out of reeds and raffia besides willows and grass and how to dye them. She was a wonderful teacher. She also wrote a book on art work later on. She was hired to teach all these crafts at our school, that was before I was taken out of grade school to work.

Later I had the chance to get a job and leave the school. The social worker's name

was Miss Billinger and she brought me up to Northport in the early fall to look around the area, then later on Dec. 15, 1938 she took me to the Becker rancher where the Feakes family had the farm leased and they hired me to take care of their two little boys and do the house-keeping.

When I first stepped in the door little baby Marvin was sitting up in his buggy and he gave me the sweetest welcoming smile you ever saw. The other little boy was asleep and I didn't get to see him until next morning.

While I was there, I took the boys for sled rides to the mailbox and the snow was quite deep then. I had a very good time with the children and we got along just fine.

Well, after working there three months I met a Mr. Walter Gilman who had come over to help Mr. Feakes with the cattle, driving them over to range across the river. Then they had to be driven back in late fall. It took a long time for Mr. Gilman to take



Edith Gilman

courage to meet me and get acquainted until Mr. Feakes had a problem with a bull that had hurt its foot. Mr. Gilman came to the house to get some coal oil. I went and got him some and then I told him my name was Edith B. Andrick as he had asked. He asked how I was getting along with the folks and I said "fine" only I can't seem to satisfy Mr. Feakes as he had been kicking about everything. I also told Mr. Gilman that I had never had the opportunity to learn about farm work or to milk cows. We girls worked as housekeepers, cooking and baking. I was hired to help Mrs. Feakes take care of the children, not for men's work and one thing led to another. So after meeting Walt several times we really got interested in each other.

After knowing Walt for awhile we went for a walk and also later we rode horses together out in the country several times, then came the exciting day when he asked me if there was any chance of our getting married or if I had already had somebody in mind to settle down with. I told him I was of age and could marry anyone I chose. That made him very happy and he told me he loved me and wanted to marry me. We set the great day to get married.

It was on a beautiful day not too warm or too cold and everyone was in a festive, happy mood. The wedding was held over the Columbia River on the old railroad bridge made into part of the Highway that went into Canada. As far as I know we were the only couple ever to be married on that old bridge.

The wedding party consisted of the justice of the peace who married us and his name was Mr. D. R. Cain. He performed a wonderful ceremony. Miss Carrie Allen made my big bouquet of flowers and they were just lovely. Mrs. Anna Hyatt took a lot of pictures of us and the attendants too. There were a lot of people that came to the unusual wedding place. My special bridesmaid was an old friend of mine that used to work with me at the school and her name was Myrtle Mae Vine and she lives over in Arkansas now with her husband. The best man was Mr. Fred Nudell and he lived on a ranch toward Deep Lake.

The bus coming across the railroad bridge had to stop until the ceremony was over. The Canadians that came were really excited and pleased. The fleecy slow moving clouds and general feeling of full spring in the air really made our special day memorable.

After all the excitement of the ceremony was over we went up to the ranch where Walt was farming on the Nasburg place. It was a beautiful place and I was happy there with Walt, but we had to work hard there too. Always a lot of work on a place.

When we got rested, we took a walk to meet our next-door neighbors, the Alvin Palms on Deep Creek. We decided to wait until later on to meet more of our neighbors, and when we returned home we found a note nailed to our door, requesting us to please stay home that night.

Walt tried to prepare me for the planned festivities but I had never heard of giving a Chivaree before for newlyweds. I was so



Walt and Edith Gilman

tired  
man  
mari  
er  
such  
anyt  
of b  
beca  
fresh  
mak  
were  
didn  
they  
Chiv  
likes  
nice  
but  
Ov  
and  
very  
ever  
when  
satis  
your



the railroad  
ceremony was  
we were really  
flowing slow  
of full  
or special day

he ceremony  
ranch where  
burg place. It  
s happy there  
k hard there  
a place.

ok a walk to  
s, the Alvin  
cided to wait  
ur neighbors,  
e found a note  
; us to please

r the planned  
rd of giving a  
ds. I was so

tired from all my packing my things and many other things to get done before getting married that we just retired and went to sleep. Late evening the big gang came and such a racket they did make, banging on anything to make a noise. Well I jumped out of bed and had to get dressed in a closet because I didn't have time to put up the new fresh curtains at the windows. They were making wonderful music later on. There were so many friends and neighbors we didn't have enough cigarettes or candy, but they brought a lot of food. Such a grand Chivaree that house had never seen the likes before or since. Everyone was very nice to us. The dance was on the same night, but we were too tired to go with them.

Over the years we lived on many farms and worked very hard, until we bought our very own place here in Northport. We built everything ourselves and felt very proud when everything was finished. Gives a very satisfying feeling to know you make things yourself.

Well, in February 1950 the first pier of that same bridge we were married on fell into the river, then later some more structure on the other end of the bridge fell in leaving just the big middle section still holding fast, which had to be blown out with dynamite. When this happened, and before the new bridge was built people on the other side of the river had to use row boats to get to town.

Sheep Creek bridge and road way for several hundred yards were flooded also at this time for several weeks until a man by the name of Mr. Herbert Lang brought a Ferry to Northport. This was before the bridge fell, I believe the Ferry came here in 1948. Mr. Lang operated the Ferry and he hired another operator whose name was Manderville. The name of the Ferry was McLeod of Seattle. It could take on eight cars at a crossing.

Some very terrifying times could be told about crossing the Columbia River, especially in row boats and in late fall when



Walt and Edith Gllman's wedding picture. The ceremony was performed over the Columbia River on the old Northport bridge.

the ice started forming or in the break-up in the spring. One friend told me that a farmer drove a team of horses and wagon across the river when the ice was real thick.

Roy and Jack Midkiff ran the Ferry the longest and when it was to be sent back to Seattle it blew up and burned. It was rumored that the owner set the fire as he didn't want to take the Ferry back to Seattle.

## GRAHAM

Patrick Hugh Graham was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, on St. Patrick's day the 17th of March, 1875, the son of Thomas and Rosanna (Monaghan) Graham.

At the age of three he left the Emerald Isles with his mother and father migrating to the United States and in particular Stevens County, arriving here in October 1878. His parents located on a ranch east of Colville. He received his public schooling in the Colville vicinity. At the age of 18 in the year 1893 he entered Gonzaga University as one of the first 15 students to enter the new college.

He completed two years at the college, returning home to help his widowed mother on the farm. In 1897 he joined his brother going to British Columbia, where they engaged in mining.

In 1904 he returned to Colville taking up a homestead near his mother's farm east of Colville. The original Graham homestead is marked by a small mountain called Graham's Mountain.

He met Miss Grace Hoffman, a school teacher at Torada Creek in Ferry county. They were married June 27, 1906.

To that union were born three sons and two daughters. Charles T. Graham, publisher of the Statesman-Examiner in Colville; Nora Maxfield, retired school teacher now residing in Northport; Margaret Graham, deceased; Patrick D. Graham, retired timber cruiser with the Department of Natural Resources and

Many changes have taken place in all our lives over the years. Walt died from the effects of a fire in our home and I finally sold my home and now rent a cozy little home more in the middle of town. I keep busy and have many friends to visit and also belong to the "Over-40 Club." Making and selling pine needle baskets is a great joy to me, also other hobbies.

Robert J. Graham, owner of Clark's Service and Motel in Northport.

In 1917 Patrick and Grace Graham purchased a mercantile business and farm



Patrick Hugh Graham

land a  
Northp  
post of

over t  
Nation  
moved  
for a n

Mear  
post off  
her ret

An a  
elected  
the Der  
for 27 y  
after he  
term

commi

Durin  
commi



land at Boundary, nine miles north of Northport. The business also included a post office, boarding house and cafe.

The store closed in 1923 and Graham took over the Boundary Pole yard for the National Pole Co. When National Pole Co. moved out, he managed the yard on his own for a number of years.

Meanwhile, Grace Graham operated the post office, a job she held for 30 years until her retirement in 1951.

An active leader, Patrick Graham was elected a Stevens County commissioner on the Democratic Ticket, a position he held for 27 years. He died in that office in 1948 after he had been appointed to serve out the term of Vern Williams as county commissioner.

During a break from being county commissioner, he served as a member of

the Washington State House of Representatives for one term, 1940-1941.

He will always be remembered for the many things he accomplished for Stevens County, among them is something still standing today. As the trains became larger Canada realized it needed a new railroad bridge over the Pend Oreille River in Canada. So they proceeded to make a new bridge. There wasn't an automobile bridge into Canada at this meeting place of the two large rivers, so Patrick H. contacted Canada and through his own efforts, kept them from tearing down the old bridge, and worked out an agreement to let the USA build it into a one-way automobile bridge into Canada.

As a county commissioner, he was instrumental in seeing the construction of Stevens county's present courthouse. The



**GRAHAM FAMILY - 1948 -** First row, left to right: Patrick J. Graham, Robert Graham, Grace Graham, Patrick H. Graham, Geraldine Graham and Patrick D. Graham. Second row: Les Clark, Margaret (Graham) Clark, Joe Maxfield, Nora (Graham) Maxfield, Charles T. Graham and Rosanna Graham.

cornerstone bears his name along with the other two commissioners of that period.

Patrick H. Graham donated the poles, as well as much of the labor for the old log gym which stood next to the old brick Grade School-High School building. The gym was destroyed by fire on Jan 30, 1963 which incidentally is the birthday of James Patrick Graham, fourth son of Robert J. and Gailene Graham.

The little town where they lived no longer exists today, it's only marked by a sign on the railroad tracks calling it "Boundary".

#### **ROBERT J. GRAHAM**

Robert J. Graham was born on April 12, 1931, in the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. He went to school at Cedar Creek for eight years, six years under his own sister's teaching and the next two years Eva Lotze was his teacher.

Because of terrible roads Bob had to go to Colville to live to attend Colville high school. After two years and when the roads were made passable to Boundary, Bob went to school at Northport high school and graduated from there in 1948.

Bob entered the Washington State University at Pullman and after two years he entered the Marines seeing service in Korea.

When Bob came home from the University he met Gailene Pittelko, who was then a sophomore at Northport high school. Gailene was born in Martins Maternity Home in Colville, July 1., 1935. She had two brothers and one sister. She had lived in Northport all her life, and graduated from the Northport high school.

Years before Bob ever met Gailene, Bob's father wrote an article in the Colville paper about Gailene's grandmother. The year was approximately 1945, about three years before Mr. Graham, Sr. died. He didn't realize someday his son Bob would marry the dear lady's granddaughter. The following article is a reproduction in part.

**-A Tribute To A Friend-**

The Nine O'Clock bell has sounded the last time for Mrs. Louise Damp (Miss Rivers) and she has gone to answer the questions of the Eternal Teacher, who rules over the entire school world.

It was my good fortune to have been one of her pupils back in 1885 when she was teaching in Colville, coming from Eastern Canada to make her home, with her uncle, Mr. Charles Montgomery, a pioneer merchant of Colville, she easily fitted into the rising metropolis of Colville of Stevens County, and became the first teacher in the new town. Gifted with a pleasing personality, and a high education, she was much in demand as an educator, and a leader in all activities, pertaining to the entertainment, and upbuilding in the communities of Colville and Chewelah.

No entertainment, either school, patriotic or religious was undertaken without the assistance of Miss Rivers. Her system of discipline and respect from her pupils, was not one of driving, but rather the actions of an over indulgent mother, who believed in mothering the child, and thereby gaining its good will. I never knew her to punish one child, she maintained an orderly school of perhaps 50 pupils, ages 5-25 years of age.

She was much in demand and always gave freely of her musical talent, for the benefit of all religious services, regardless of what creed.

Her last services were well attended, and were conducted by the order of the Eastern Star, and the rites of the Episcopal Church. So passed a woman beloved by all who knew her, and who never caused a person to heave a sigh of regret or to shed a tear, except when she died. I know her Heavenly Father, has prepared a place for her soul, while her friends prepared a resting place for her body.

#### **Requiescat in Peace.**

In 1954 Bob and Gailene wed and moved to Boundary. Bob began work for Kelly Lotz at the Boundary Lumber Co. loading lumber into the box cars at Boundary siding. He next hauled ore from the Gladstone Mine to Kellogg, Ida., for Lotz. Then he hauled logs and lumber in Gilbert's Planer Mill in Northport, from the Vern Douglas mill.

By now Gailene and Bob had moved into Northport. Bob then worked at the Stewart Brown Mill as planerman, also, he worked ten years for Palm Lumber Co. as lumber

grader

In 1961  
and Cl.  
w/ h  
w/ a

Bob h  
his life  
basketb  
busy m  
he was  
and lov  
the thin  
also wa  
minds.

He l  
Columb  
towns a  
Northpo  
Marcus

A Car  
Rosslar  
was tea  
Coach.

The  
Northpo  
the Can  
the Lion  
g s

Bob  
Basketb  
towns l  
eleven  
State C  
year.

Bob  
Americ  
Chief a  
the Lic  
Catholic  
too. And  
first lov

Gaile  
Start w  
was pl  
school.  
College  
employ  
1978. Sl  
She is a  
has als  
their M  
b. ar

grader.

In 1969, Bob bought the 76 Union Station and Clarks Motel. Several years later it was changed to a Self Serve Exxon Station with a grocery store connected.

Bob has always loved sports. It's nearly his life -- He loves children and to referee basketball games. And though he was very busy making a living and raising a family he was also out making a name for himself and loving every minute of it. He was doing the things which brought him great joy and also was helping train young bodies and minds.

He began refereeing in the upper Columbia River Association going to such towns as Hunters, Kettle Falls, Republic, Northport, Inchelium, Metaline Falls, Marcus, Colville, Curlew and Chewelah.

A Canadian Baseball League at Trail and Rossland was established in Canada. Bob was team manager and Cecil McNinch was Coach.

The Lions Club sponsored it for the Northport children to play baseball with the Canadian Teams. Bob was president of the Lions Club at the time and they played games with the Canadian teams.

Bob refereed District Tournament Basketball in 1971. He officiated at different towns like Cheney, Colville, and Spokane, eleven consecutive years. Bob refereed State Championship games about once a year.

Bob was 1956 Commander of the American Legion. Fire Chief and Past Fire Chief and now Assistant, Past President of the Lions Club, and a member of the Catholic Church. Bob loves to hunt and fish, too. And of course, it goes without saying his first love is sports.

Gailene worked two years with Head Start with Carrie Allen. From 1966-1969 she was playground supervisor for the grade school. She took college courses at Cheney College to become a Teachers' Aid and was employed by Northport School District until 1978. She belongs to the American Legion. She is a member of the Catholic Church and has also taught catechism. She helps with their Motel Rentals and collection of water bills and works with Bob running the store

and gas station.

They have four sons, Robert, Tom, Michael and Jim and three daughters, Rosanna, Mert and Bobbi Jo.

Gailene has one brother, Louis Pierce of Northport, and two sisters Mrs. Delle Applegate, and Mrs. Katherine Schemel.

#### **CHARLES T. GRAHAM**

Charles T. Graham, the first child of Patrick H. and Grace Graham, moved to Oregon and worked on the Oregonian 17 years. In 1947, Charles and his wife, Rosanna, came back to Colville, and became publishers of the Colville Examiner, then in 1948 they combined with the Statesman Index, and called it Statesman-Examiner. Their only son Patrick J. Graham was born just six months before Bob Graham his uncle.

Patrick J. Graham, graduated from the University of Montana and entered the army in Korea for two years. On returning he entered the University of Minnesota for a Master's Degree in Journalism. In 1955 Pat joined his father on the Statesman-Examiner and he is now publisher of the Colville paper.

#### **NORA MAXFIELD**

Nora Graham is now Mrs. Joe Maxfield of Northport. Nora taught school a total of 42 years, only recently retiring.

Margaret (Graham) Clark was postmaster of Northport, just before Val Harworth. They built Clarks Motel and Service Station. Margaret died a few years ago.

Patrick D. Graham is still living on a farm out Boundary way. He is from the Department of Natural Resources in Colville.



# HARTBAUER

If there is a title of "Mr. Pioneer of Northport" it belongs to Konrad Hartbauer.

Konrad was born Aug. 2, 1896, the third child of Chris and Mary Hartbauer, in a log cabin built by his father approximately one and one half miles from Leadpoint.

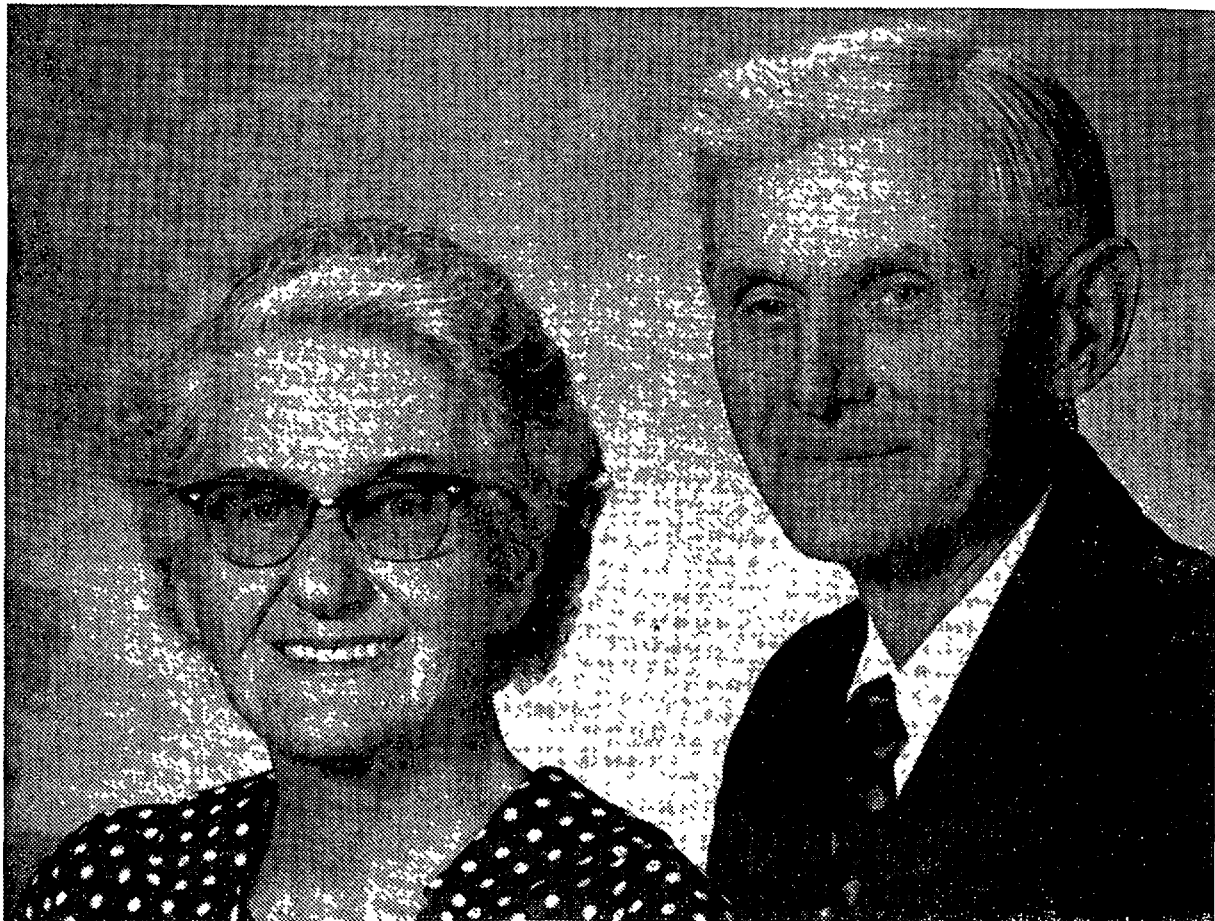
Chris Hartbauer, who was born in 1863 in Germany, came to America in 1883 or 1884. He was a baker by trade, but after serving his required two years in the German army after reaching 18, the bakeries refused to hire him, saying he was out of practice after two years' absence. Discouraged, he told his father that he was going to America. After arriving in the U.S. he worked for a farmer in Missouri for about a year, leaving there to come to Mullen, Idaho, where he began a bakery shop. Business was so good that he soon needed help, and he wrote to his

brother in Germany "to send him a good woman." Soon after 18-year-old Mary Hubner arrived, the two were married, and moved their bakery business to Wardner, Idaho, a booming mining town. After they had been there a few years, the miners went on strike, many leaving town. The Hartbauers were left with \$3,800 on their books.

"They took all the papers out in the street, lit a match to them, and moved to Boundary, where they bought a store," reported their son. "This was in 1892."

Old Boundary was at its peak, a brawling, active town, with 900 people, nine saloons, three dance halls, a store, post office and hotel. The bridge on the Pend Oreille and the railroad to Canada were under construction. The Hartbauer family stayed there until 1894.

"About 1893 my dad bought the homestead rights from Henry Leadus for 160 acres for \$200 for our ranch. It took



Mr. and Mrs. Konrad Hartbauer

about a y  
ranch to  
coment

Ti ar  
and it w  
quality  
tamarac  
cleared 1  
years and  
vegetable  
land. The  
and child  
older tha  
years old  
lived in  
father bu  
is still th  
until las.

"My m  
sell. She  
always  
bacon, b  
time," r

As a t  
produce  
his brotl  
For a  
"P. of  
there. I  
take the  
said. "I  
until ab  
when E  
store, th  
200 peop  
pool ha'  
bear pe  
two bi  
Leadpo  
remark

There  
Leadpo  
Konr.  
Florida  
was 23,  
first va  
been of  
trip wa  
real es  
met Ec  
mie  
he K

him a good  
r-old Mary  
married, and  
to Gardner,  
. After they  
miners went  
town. The  
300 on their

in the street,  
moved to  
t a store,"  
in 1892."

a brawling,  
ine saloons,  
t office and  
Oreille and  
ere under  
mily stayed

ought the  
Leadus for  
ch. It took

about a year for him to build a road to the  
ranch to get the family up there,"  
commented Konrad.

The ranch was a mile north of Leadpoint  
and it was a dense wilderness of good  
quality timber, including cedar, fir,  
tamarack, pine and spruce. The Hartbauers  
cleared 129 acres during the next several  
years and started a farm, growing crops of  
vegetables, fruit and grains on the new  
land. The family of five, including parents  
and children, Anna (five and one half years  
older than Konrad), Carl, (four and one half  
years older than his brother), and Konrad  
lived in the log cabin until 1904 when his  
father built a new house near it. (This house  
is still there, owned by the Harry Simmons'  
until last year.)

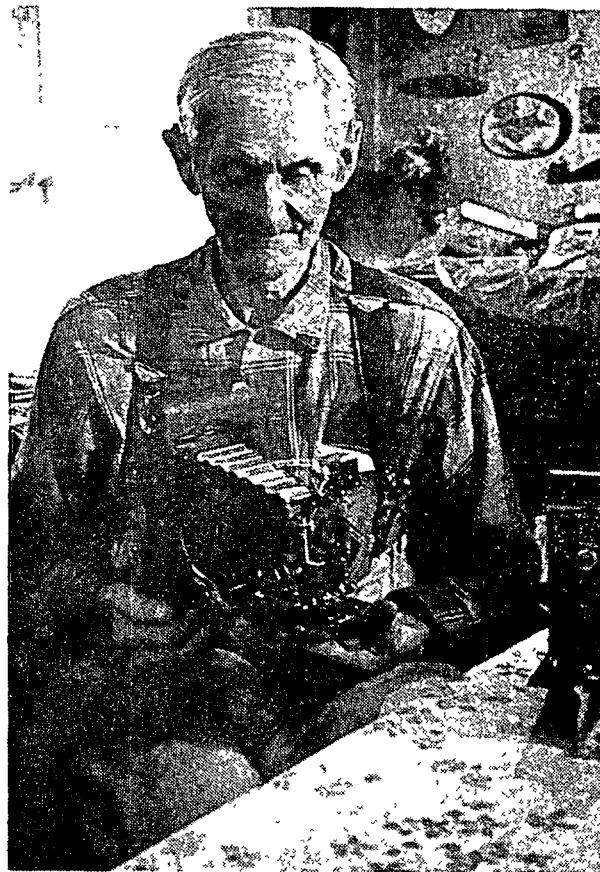
"My mother was always making things to  
sell. She made vinegar and butter and  
always had eggs. They had pork, beef,  
bacon, hams, fruit and vegetables all the  
time," remembered Konrad.

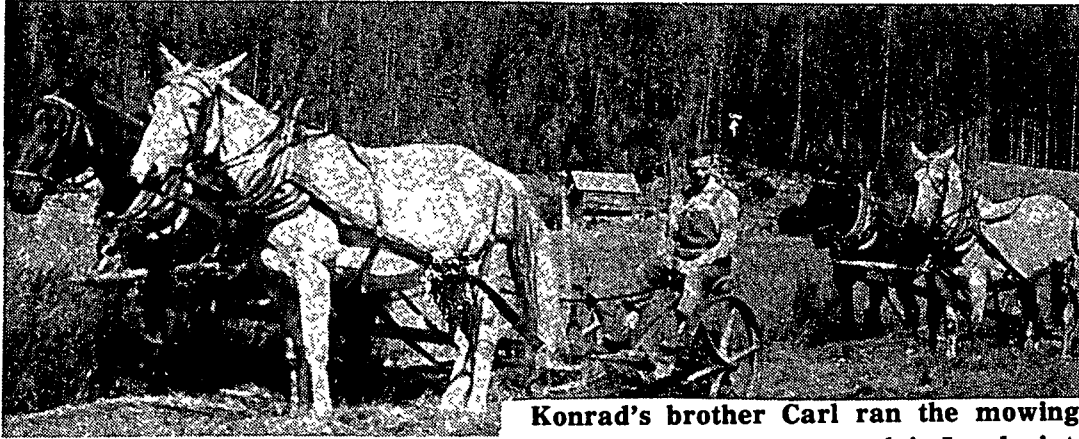
As a teenager he peddled some of the  
produce in Leadpoint on his bicycle. He and  
his brother also ran a threshing machine.

Konrad went to school in Leadpoint.  
"Part of the time I was the only scholar up  
there. I had to come to Northport in 1912 to  
take the eighth grade examination," he  
said. "Leadpoint never amounted to much  
until about 1908. I was still going to school  
when Ed Feulner came there and opened a  
store, the first one there. There used to be  
200 people, with a store, post office, hotel,  
pool hall and barber shop. Feulner had a  
bear pen with a bear in it. There were also  
two big sawmills there. I have seen  
Leadpoint at its heights and at its worst,  
remarked Hartbauer.

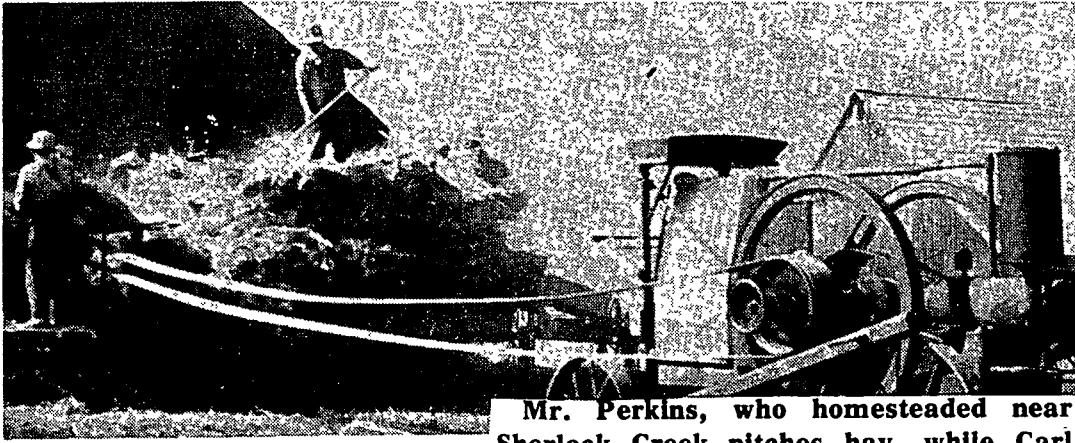
There was also a Kendrick's store in  
Leadpoint, run by Fred Nudell.

Konrad's parents bought some land in  
Florida through an agent. In 1919 when he  
was 23, they took him with them for his very  
first vacation. Prior to this he had never  
been off the ranch except for 30 days. The  
trip was made by train. In Florida he sold  
real estate for a short time. While away, he  
met Edith McKenzie, and in 1920 they were  
married. They came back to Northport to  
help Konrad's brother, Carl, with haying,





**Konrad's brother Carl ran the mowing machine at the family's ranch in Leadpoint.**



**Mr. Perkins, who homesteaded near Sherlock Creek pitches hay, while Carl Hartbauer feeds grain into the machine. Picture taken around 1915.**



**During the years of 1943 to 45, Hartbauer killed 120 coyotes and bobcats for bounty.**



**While  
Hartbauer  
down quick  
Loui:  
get up and**



While on his mail route, Konrad Hartbauer drove past this fawn. "It lay down quickly and played 'possum.' I had Louis Broderius stand by it so it wouldn't get up and walk off while I got the Kodak.



Grandfather Konrad Hartbauer, son Roy Hartbauer and grandson Craig Hartbauer. Picture taken where Konrad's father lived in old cabin while he built road to his homestead. A distance of 8 miles from Boundary. He built the road in 1894 and 1895.



Log house in which Konrad Hartbauer was born August 2, 1896. The house was moved from Hartbauer homestead to Deep Lake and is planned to be used as area museum.



and decided to make their new home on the ranch. Edith and Konrad lived in the old log cabin, which they moved next to the newer house where Carl and his wife Ivy lived.

In 1922 a daughter, Laura, was born to the Hartbauers in Colville. Her health was fragile from an injury at birth, and Edith's mother in North Dakota wanted them to bring the baby there so she could help take care of her. The Hartbauers spent six years in North Dakota, during which time a son, Roy, was born. Konrad worked as a clerk, and he also put his ability with words to work, publishing a book of 31 chapters which he and his brother had copyrighted in 1928. The book, which never saw much success, was entitled "Modern Science and Tricks for All Outers." It was planned to be a handy pocket-size encyclopedia for outdoorsmen, Konrad said. Sample chapters included "Canoeing," "What to Do When Lost," "Camping," "Kodakery," and "Medical Hints." Konrad knows of only two copies in existence now.

The "Kodakery" chapter came from his experience with two "nearly new" Kodak cameras he purchased in 1918. He still uses both of these cameras, although the larger one, patented in May, 1907, used VP122 film, which is no longer available, and he only has a few films left. It has a F7.7 lens, and pictures taken with it are post-card size. He has been an avid photographer, and has pictures of almost all of Northport's disasters, such as fires. The smaller camera is a No. 2 Folding Autographic, which meant that with a steel pencil attached to the camera and the old-type film, the photographer could open a section of the back and write on the picture taken while it was in the camera, thus labeling it as to location, people involved and other identification marks. When the film was printed whatever was written was printed directly onto the picture.

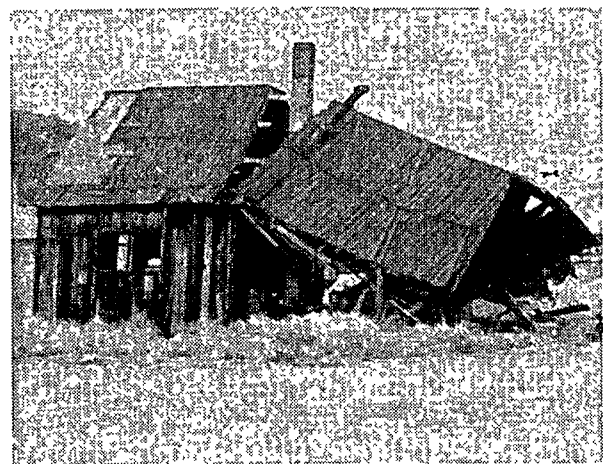
The Hartbauers returned to Leadpoint from North Dakota in 1929, where they lived until moving to Northport in 1946. In September of 1941 Konrad began hauling mail from Leadpoint to Boundary and back, with very small pay. This was new Boundary. Mrs. Graham was postmaster,

and the Graham family had a store, post office and hotel there. New Boundary was about one and a half miles southwest of old Boundary. That same year the railroad put up notice that it was its last trip bringing mail and passengers. After that Hartbauer had to come to Northport to get the mail.

"That doubled the distance and doubled the pay," he said. In 1946 the post office again changed the route, and Hartbauer received the bid for the new route. He kept it until 1954 when more changes were made, necessitating that the carrier live in



**NORTHPORT RIFLE AND PISTOL CLUB 1956** - Left to right, first row: Busby, Beusan, visiting boy, Carley, Tyllia and Relsen. Second row: Sanders, Hartbauer, Menegas, Good and Asbell.



**Remains of old Hartbauer store at Old Boundary.** Konrad Hartbauer's folks had the store from 1892 to 1894 during the time the railroad was being built.

Colville. move, he

In the: m t new orid Northpo

"I bou landlord closed de there wa housing, houses b

"Ther country market 1957 and cut alm started wood. 3

remarko woods i

He i handma last Oc

Born Pennsy. of eight half yea Idaho, Spokane his scho

Val's mechar fire es Spokane where l mother office a childre

In C Northp Northp musica fr M sc ol,



store, post  
ndary was  
west of old  
ail and put  
p bringing  
Hartbauer  
the mail.  
and doubled  
post office  
Hartbauer  
He kept it  
ere made,  
live in



PISTOL  
w: Busby,  
yllia and  
artbauer,



re at Old  
folks had  
the time

Colville. Since he did not want to make the move, he quit hauling the mail.

In the spring of 1946, when the Hartbauers moved to Northport, the beginning of the new bridge and all the mines running made Northport boom again.

"I bought 10 houses to rent and got to be a landlord," said Konrad. Later the mines closed down, the bridge was completed, and there was no longer the great demand for housing, so Hartbauer sold all of his rental houses but two.

"There were lots of dry trees in the country at that time and there was a good market for wood. So I bought a chain saw in 1957 and went into the wood business. I have cut almost 1,800 cords of wood since I started in 1957. That is my big fun, cutting wood. I am just crazy about it," he remarked. "I haven't been hurt in the woods in that 23 years."

He is probably best-known for his handmade knives, reaching a total of 10,000 last October. Of this number, 3,000 were

made in two years from 1977 to 1979, after he was 80 years old. He is justifiably proud of the fact that he has never been out of a job. On the occasions when he gets too close to his machinery or a knife blade with his fingers, he uses tamarack fungus to stop the bleeding and heal the wound. This fungus, found on dead tamaracks that lay on the ground, has a remarkable healing quality, Konrad states.

Another great love of his life is hunting. During the years of 1943-45, Hartbauer killed 120 coyotes and bobcats for bounty. The coyote pelts were used by the Army to make warm aviators' jackets. He has also gotten his deer regularly, using a .257; his favorite gun.

Konrad's wife, Edith, passed away in December 1976 following a lengthy illness. Their daughter Laura lives in Colville at the Pinewood Terrace Nursing Home, and son Dr. Roy E. Hartbauer lives with his family in Berrien Springs, Mich.

## HARWORTH

Born on June 28, 1907 at Oakmont, Pennsylvania, Val Harworth was the oldest of eight children. When he was one and a half years old his family moved to Jerome, Idaho, and at age three they moved to Spokane. It was in Spokane that Val began his schooling.

Val's father was a blacksmith and mechanic by trade and made many of the fire escapes for the old buildings in Spokane. In 1913 they moved to Marble, where his dad opened up his own shop. His mother clerked in the post office, ran the office and general store and cared for her children.

In Oct. 1922, the family moved to Northport and Val graduated from the Northport High School in 1927. Being musically inclined, Val took piano lessons from Mrs. Williams and, while in high school, he started up a dance band. He

played with different musicians including Emil Michaels on the violin, Ernie Embree on drums and Ed Matesa on violin. They



played for several years in the Northport area.

Val was active in high school athletics, playing forward on the football team. This basketball team won the county championship in 1926 and 1927. In 1927-28 Val entered Washington State University, coaching and managing the basketball team while there.

On Sept. 15, 1928, Val became postal clerk in Northport for T.T. Richardson. On June 25, 1940, Val was commissioned as postmaster of Northport, his commission being one of the very few signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Postmaster General James A. Farley. Val held this position until his retirement on July 31, 1970.

Crystal "Carper" Harworth was born in Spokane, attended all twelve grades of school there and graduated from North Central High School. She then attended Washington State University for five years and received a B.A. degree. She did graduate work at Gonzaga University, Eastern Washington State College, Whitworth and Western Washington at Bellingham. She also attended the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma and took extension courses in Salt Lake City, Utah.

She did her practice teaching at Havermale Junior High in Spokane and came to Northport in 1937 to teach in the high school.

During her first year of teaching in Northport, Crystal taught all four years of English, library science, Washington history, U.S. history and girl's physical

education. As Crystal said, "My contract called for English and other subjects."

Val and Crystal were married in 1938 in Creston, where Crystal's parents lived.

Crystal taught for one more year in Northport, but after being informed that married women could not teach, had to quit.

For the next two years, Crystal worked in the Northport Post Office for her husband as clerk. She was then able to resume teaching again. Each year she taught more and more subjects, supervising many activities, directing plays, acting as class advisor as well as for annuals and school papers. She was senior class advisor for 20 years.

There were many years when the high school annual would be dedicated to Crystal and many pupils, after they had grown up, would write to her and go to see her. Mostly, they wanted her to know how much they enjoyed her teaching.

When she retired in 1974, the school presented her with a plaque and many gifts.

Mrs. Harworth began her teaching career in 1937 in the Northport school system and she has spent all but five years at the Northport High School since then. The five years included one in Rossland, B.C., one in Colville, one in Davenport, and two years of work at the Northport Post Office.

After entering the post office, Val didn't stop his involvement in sports. He continued basketball in the winter and baseball in the summer. In 1940 he coached a team at Waneta Dam and played there also. His team won the basketball championship and the District Championship in the Inland

Empire Amate kept playing t until he reache

Val w Postmasters, a League of Post Ceremonies at Convention in S and Val belon Employees Ass

Val was a T get cable televi president for 1 body to get ca 1955-1971.

He was a c president of the start the Cham the organization in the late 1940

Val was also club, helping president for n

He was als Washington Sh El Katif Ter Degree M Spokane deputy of the

HC

Bill

My dad dec advice of our mother's poor wise one and M and vigor aga moved west ir didn't. We cam we were met farm we had i fall of 1903 wh with my three Olive, and dad interesting tri before we got

My dad nc bought ac an




Northport Ball Team - About 1920

y contract  
jects."  
in 1938 in  
: li  
e year in  
rmed that  
ad to quit.  
worked in  
r husband  
o resume  
ght more  
ng many  
as class  
nd school  
sor for 20

the high  
to Crystal  
grown up,  
r. Mostly,  
uch they

re school  
any gifts.  
ng career  
stem and  
rs at the  
. The five  
.C., one in  
o years of  
e.  
Val didn't  
continued  
ball in the  
team at  
also. His  
nship and  
ie Inland



bol 1920

Empire Amateur Athletic Union and he kept playing basketball with local men until he reached the age of 50.

Val was president of the State Postmasters, a life member of the National League of Postmasters, and was Master of Ceremonies at the National Postmaster Convention in Spokane in 1969. Both Crystal and Val belong to the Federal Retired Employees Association.

Val was a T.V. club charter member to get cable television into Northport and was president for 16 years, forming a ruling body to get cable television in town from 1955-1971.

He was a charter member and past president of the Lions Club. He helped to start the Chamber of Commerce and was the organization's president for a few years in the late 1940's.

Val was also a charter member of the gun club, helping to organize it and was its president for many years.

He was also president of the N.E. Washington Shrine Club of Colville and the El Katif Temple in Spokane. A 32nd Degree Mason of the Scottish Rite of Spokane Consistory, and a No. 30 district deputy of the Masonic Grand Lodge.

# HERITAGE

## Bill Heritage Story

My dad decided to move west on the advice of our family doctor, because of mother's poor health. The move proved a wise one and Mother recovered her health and vigor again. I would like to say we moved west in a covered wagon, but we didn't. We came by train to Spokane, where we were met by relatives. Dad sold the farm we had in Coffeville, Kansas, in the fall of 1903 when I was 5-years-old. Along with my three sisters, Anna, Florence and Olive, and dad and mom, we had quite an interesting trip. It got tiresome though, before we got to Spokane.

My dad and nephew Harvey Heritage bought adjoining homesteads 20 miles from

He represented the grand master, Grand Jurisdiction of Washington and Alaska in 1957-58 and was master of the Northport Mason's lodge. He was also Eastern Star Rainbow Dad of Kettle Falls in 1966 and has been a patron of the Eastern Star for several years now.

Val was appointed by the Trico Board in Colville for the counties of Pend Oreille, Ferry and Stevens. He was also appointed three years ago to the Stevens County Planning Commission by the County Commissioner.

Val was on the Northport City Council for four years. He served as Mayor of Northport until his death in March 30, 1975.

Crystal is past president of the Delta Kappa Gamma Society, an international Educational honorary professional sorority for teachers, the Alpha Eta Chapter, a charter president for three years of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Northport, and the Northport Public Library secretary. She also was Eastern Star Worthy Matron for three terms and secretary for many years, a member of the Washington State Teachers Library Association and belongs to the W.E.A. and the N.E.A.

Colville, the next spring and we had the joy of growing up where there were lots of trees and mountains to climb and play in. Also, there was Phalans lake to go fishing and swimming in, whenever we wanted to. In Kansas it was all flat land and very few trees. The area where we lived was called Bruce Creek.

My brother Frank was born on our homestead in 1904.

My dad taught school at Bruce Creek several years and also found homestead sites for people to buy.

My dad taught me the first two years of schooling along with Mable Clark and lots of other children. I thought dad would let me get away with being mischievous, but no, he was, really, more strict, but fair. He was a good teacher and fat as he was, he

would run foot races and play with us at lunch and recess time.

When my dad got a job as a sewing machine salesman, we moved to Colville and later to Spokane. Then we moved to Bruce Creek at Look Out, where I was learning to make ties with my cousin Harvey Heritage in the winter of 1914. He taught me a lot of woods lore besides making ties.

One of the most important men of the early Northport history was William Hughes, with whom I became well acquainted when I came to Northport. He ran a newspaper in New Mexico from 1874 until 1886. After selling his newspaper there, he ran a newspaper in California for a couple of years, then moved to Spokane. He met a man by the name of Mr. Corbin who was building a railroad from Spokane to Nelson. Mr. Corbin got him interested in the area that later was to be Northport. It was a wild country and there was no town here then, only a few farmers.

The railroad at that time had only reached as far as Bossburg, which was quite a thriving town. Possibly as many as a thousand people lived there.

At that time they were freighting all supplies across the Columbia River and through the Kelly Hill District to Orient by big freight wagons. In 1889, they started to build the railroad on north and completed it as far as the Little Dalles by the fall of 1890. There was quite a settlement built there. In the spring of 1891 they started to extend the railroad on north and that was when Mr. Hughes came on to Northport with Mr. Corbin to look the situation over.

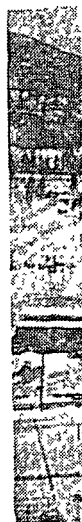
Mr. Hughes and Mr. Corbin liked what they saw and the possibilities for growth here. Mr. Hughes and, I think, three other men laid out the town site of Northport. They had to clear the land and build as many houses as they could by the time the railroad reached Northport. They incorporated the original townsite in 1892 and the next year they started to build the railroad



Mr. and Mrs. Bill Heritage

on toward

In 1889 Mountain B.C. found the on the shaft on didn't look So he had Star a few Roi mining quart of assessments Star besides deal between the Le Roy working mountain ore until where it around crew and When the the 375 foot body of a lot of The over ore and it that at North Portland of the two had the



e had only  
which was  
as many as a

weighting all  
a River and  
to Orient by  
ey started to  
completed it  
e fall of 1890  
uilt there. In  
to extend the  
as when Mr.  
rt with Mr.  
ver.

a liked what  
s for growth  
, three other  
f Northport.  
nd build as  
the time the  
They incorp-  
1892 and the  
the railroad

on toward Nelson, B.C.

In 1889 a man discovered mineral on Red Mountain close to the town of Rossland, B.C. and named it the "Le Roi." Later he found the Center Star a short distance away on the same lead or fault. By 1892 he had a shaft on the Le Roi down 160 feet and it didn't look as good as it did on the surface. So he had just started to work on the Center Star a few weeks when he traded the Le Roi mine to a man from Spokane for a quart of whiskey and he had to do the assessment work for one year on the Center Star besides. The man who agreed to the deal brought a mining engineer in to look the Le Roi mine over to see if it was worth working. After going over the whole mountain, he told him he wouldn't find any ore until he hit the water table. When asked where it was, the engineer said it should be around 380 feet down yet. So, he hired a crew and started more work on the shaft. When the men cleaned out the rubble from the 375 foot level they were right on a big body of ore, mostly copper. There has been a lot of ore taken out of the Le Roi mine.

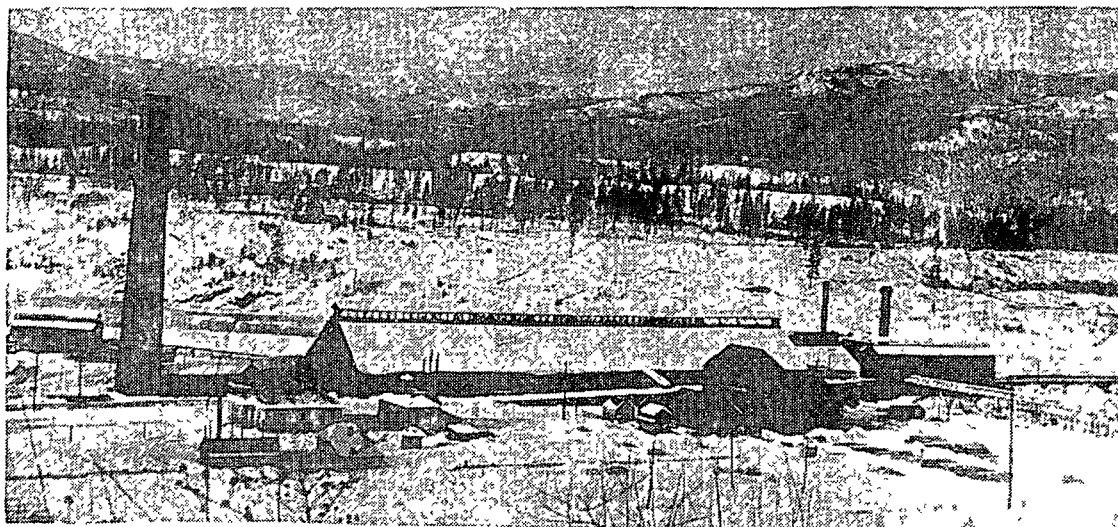
The owners then hauled two car loads of ore down to Trail and loaded it on barges and it then was transferred to the railroad at Northport and shipped to a smelter at Portland, Ore. They didn't get enough out of the two car loads to pay the freight. They had the ore analyzed in the assay office and

it ran real high in gold and copper, so they decided to build their own smelter. They incorporated the Northport Copper Smelting Company to raise money for expenses and voted to put half of the stock on the market and keep the other half in the treasury, never dreaming that the half they sold would ever get into one company's hands.

The next year in 1893 they started to build the smelter, and it was completed in the last few months of 1897. The next spring Mr. Corbin started to build a railroad to Rossland which was completed in 1902. In the meantime, they were hauling ore to the smelter by freight wagon and stopped sending the ore by barges. They used six horse teams and pulled a trailer wagon behind the main wagon. A very perilous journey to say the least.

The road ran out from Rossland on what is now the Queen's highway, then turned down the ridge just before you came to the old Velvet mine. The road from there on was much better and was a real blessing, as the road ran down to Sheep Creek and crossed the creek a quarter of a mile up from where it crosses now. The old bridge fell in 1979.

The Copper Smelter ran smoothly until 1907 and was considered the best paying mining company in North America. Although the ore was a teleride, it was



Northport smelter - Early picture.



exceedingly high in gold, too. They laid a slag brick platform where the Northport town wells are now located. They would pile ore on this platform four feet deep, then buy cord wood from the farmers and pile it four feet deep on top of the ore and set it on fire. That would get the ore hot enough to drive off all the Tellerium in a form of vapor, freeing the gold for smelting. They would draw the copper off in a tap hole on the side of the furnace. There was also a tap hole on the front end of the furnace about six inches higher than the copper tap hole where the iron and slag rock was drawn off. This was waste. The gold settled to the bottom of the furnace in what they called a gold matt. There was a hole on the side of the furnace where you could stick a rod down on top of the matt. When the gold matt got fourteen inches thick they would shut the furnace down and let it cool off and then would dismantle the sides of the furnace so they could get at the gold matt. They would take huge crow bars and pry the gold matt up after cutting it into pieces, and load it on box cars and ship it to a gold refinery.

In 1907 there was a tremendous mining boom all over the west. The hunt for ore was on in earnest.

About that time a large British syndicate had a lot of money to invest in mining, so they tried to buy the Northport smelter, but couldn't come to an agreement. So then they secretly bought up all the fifty thousand shares of stock that had been put on the open market. They next went into court and that was one of the longest court trials on record. It wasn't settled until about 1974 and then the Le Roi, Center Star and some retimbered, ready to reopen, because the Consolidated finally won the court battle.

But while the fighting went on in the courts, the syndicate pulled every kind of trick known to get control, and finally resorted to bringing in labor agitators to create trouble among the crews, eventually getting the men to walk out on a strike. Rumors were flying around and one of them was that the smelter was going to shut down.

It didn't take long after that rumor started, for the men that were still on duty, to start stealing gold. The men that were barring down the gold, and probably a lot of others also, were burying it and taking it home in their lunch pails. The result was that there were caches of gold hidden all over the area. After the strike had gone on for some time, the syndicate went back to Joplin, Missouri and hired a whole train load of men (they were told) to start a new smelter.

On the afternoon before the train was to arrive in town, the rumor was spread that a train load of strike-breakers was coming in that night about 11 p.m., and that they were going to back the train up on the switch track in back of the smelter where they unloaded ore. All the men that worked at the smelter armed themselves with rifles and hid in the brush along the switch track. They didn't intend to kill anyone. Only scare them so they wouldn't stay and not even get off the freight train.

When the train pulled in and the brakemen opened the doors, the hidden smelter men started firing over their heads. The bosses of the strike-breakers quickly rushed the few men that had gotten off, back into the box cars and issued them rifles and told the men to defend themselves, that they were being attacked by Indians. So a siege began of the train. The firing was heavy at first, but after a couple of days it started tapering off. The battle lasted about a week, until the governor sent word he was sending in troops to quell the fight. A restaurant or two took food to the beleaguered strike-breakers. About midnight one night, an engineer back an engine onto the smelter grounds and hooked onto the freight train and took it back to Joplin without ever unloading all the men. But several men and their families stayed here. The only ones I heard about were the Treglone family, the Samuels and the Brothers and their families, along with the Skeltons. The relatives of these families still live here.

The smelter shut down for good in 1911. A lot of people moved away then, as there was a shortage of work. About that time

people started on the smelter panning for gold time the <sup>va</sup> thousand Chinese area, especially

In July, 1914, and the whole a few homes, time. But the rebuilding. On St. was never

Then in September prior warning long freight backed in on grounds. A n down town and could get. He s smelter. Boy! That was the l

This man's with his brother smelter com Wallace, Idaho the name of M the excavati machin T superintendent foreman, and and remodel

I started to 1915, as a ca good to me a

Almost all t work building It was a box guard tower went from th around the joined at the There were main railroa every time a guards at th When the fer carpenter cr the buildings other half w The building was a ne a the pe. at

people started looking for that buried gold on the smelter grounds. Other men started panning for gold on the river banks. At one time there was reported to be some five thousand Chinese panning for gold in this area, especially at China Bend.

In July, 1914, a fire broke out in Northport and the whole business section, along with a few homes, burned down. That was a sad time. But the hardy ones started right in rebuilding. Only the one block on Columbia St. was never rebuilt.

Then in September 1914, without any prior warning to the people of the town, a long freight train pulled into town and backed in on the siding of the smelter grounds. A man got off the train, went down town and started hiring every man he could get. He said he was starting up a lead smelter. Boy! was that ever happy news. That was the beginning of the lead smelter.

This man's name was Jerome Day and with his brother Harry, he owned the new smelter completely. They came from Wallace, Idaho. The Days gave a man by the name of Mr. Franz the contract to make the excavating and installing all the machinery. The Days brought in their own superintendent, manager, and carpenter foreman, and they over saw all the building and remodeling done.

I started to work at the smelter on Feb. 4, 1915, as a carpenter's helper. They were good to me and taught me a lot.

Almost all the carpenter crew were put to work building a fence around the smelter. It was a board fence 8-feet high with a guard tower every three hundred feet. It went from the river on the west side clear around the whole smelter grounds and joined at the river edge on the east side. There were even large gates across the main railroad tracks that had to be opened every time a train went through. They had guards at the smelter during World War I. When the fence was completed, half of the carpenter crew went to work on remodeling the buildings, housing the furnaces, and the other half worked on the roaster building. The building where they roasted the ore was a huge affair. It was close to 90-feet to the peak and 150-feet wide and 500-feet

long. Then the crusher building and an ore building came next. It was just a whole line of ore bins under one roof and a trestle on the far end. An incline up the south end for a railroad track that ran the full length of the ore bins and the trestle. The whole building was about 600-feet long and 90-feet to the peak. The railroad must have been 50-feet above the ground. The furnace building must have been 6- or 700-feet long and 70-feet to the eaves on the lower side. On the upper side the ground level was even with the floor, which was about 40-feet above the lower level. There was quite a large room on the south end fixed for storage, where they stored clay that was used to plug the tap holes in the furnaces and it was also used as a store room for gas barrels, coal oil barrels and lube oil barrels. Then the furnace room was close to 100-feet long and on the north end was a huge engine room.

When the smelter first started there were two large steam engines fired by coal. Both engines were hooked onto one long line shaft. They had fly wheels on the engines 28-feet in diameter with pulleys on the line shaft four feet in diameter and four feet wide. On the other end of the shaft there was a dynamo that produced ten thousand volts of electricity and then went into a generator that boosted it up to one hundred thousand volts. That supplied electricity for the whole plant. Later when they built the plant to filter the smoke, they ran a high voltage line down from Canada and shut down the steam plant. Now, to go back to the beginning.

This Mr. Franz turned out to be a terrible slave driver. As there was little work around the country, it was, as the old saying goes, "a case of rabbit or no breakfast". The men just had to take his abuse. One day when the smelter was about half finished, the men were moving the big crusher into place, when Jerome Day came up from Wallace, Ida., without notice. He heard Mr. Franz cursing the men and called him into the office right then and cancelled his contract. Things went much smoother from then on.

After we finished the carpenter work at

the smelter, we were told to build the smelter hospital across the street from the old custom house. After it was completed, I decided I wanted to try my hand at tapping furnaces.

In 1915, Northport was about 1,000 in population. By April, 1916, when they started the first furnace, the population had increased to about 3,000 population.

I worked on the furnaces the first part of 1917 as a cleanup man until I learned the job well. It was a ticklish job of getting the right amount of clay to stay put in the tap hole. It was an interesting job. About a year or a year and a half later, I thought I had gotten lead poisoning, so I took off a couple of months for a vacation. Everyone working on the furnaces drank a lot of buttermilk, thinking that kept one from getting lead poisoning. Anyway, when I came back, a friend told me they needed someone to drive the little ore train pulling roast from the roaster to the charge pit. I really liked that job best of all and what person wouldn't like to run a train?

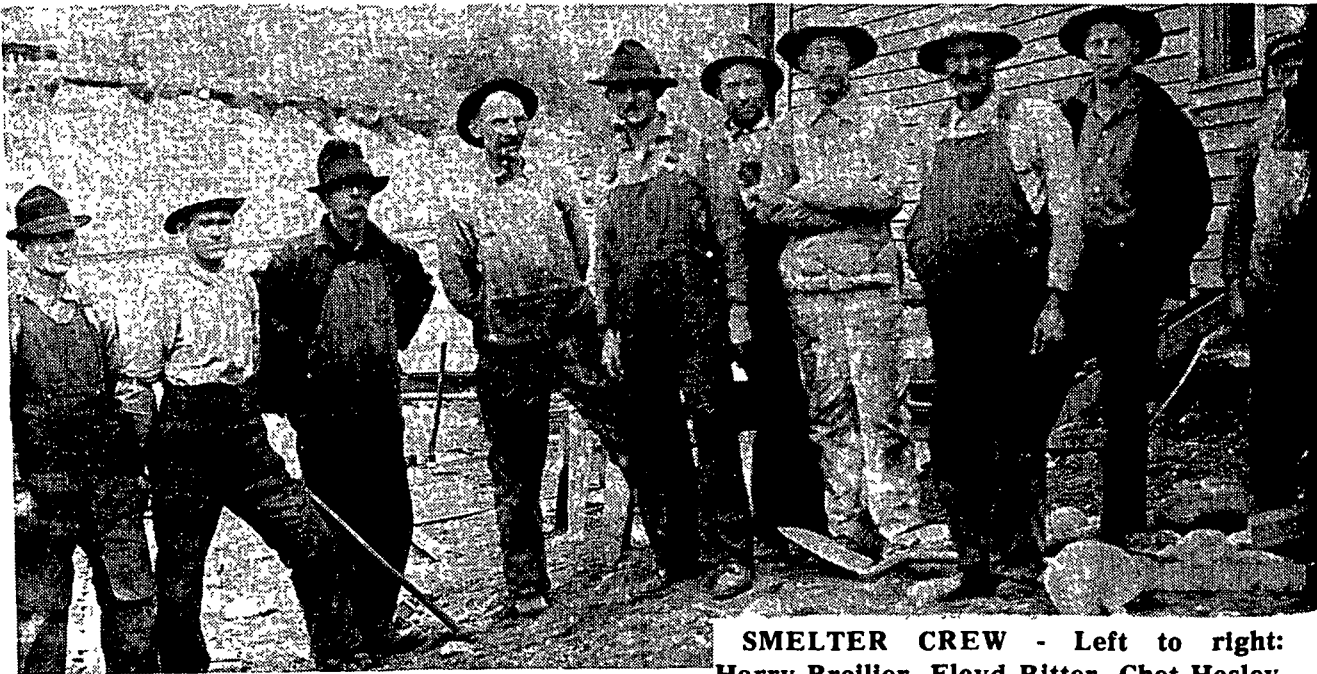
We formed a kangaroo court, with judge, attorneys and the whole works, to keep the peace and control unruly guys. We kept a

box of cigars on the counter in the store room and in the box we loaded a few cigars with gun powder, so whoever got one of those loaded cigars and it blew up, he had to buy a new box of cigars. That way there were always cigars, besides being a lot of fun. If he wouldn't pay or argued any, he was hauled into court and sentenced to buy a new box of more expensive cigars. That made sure there were always cigars on hand.

On a holiday, especially the 2, 3, and 4 of July, everyone from miles around would come to town and there would be about 10,000 people here. The town built an open dance hall across from Kendricks store with a promenade hall about four feet wide clear around the dance part. On the 3, 4, and 5 the dances ran 24-hours a day.

There were five or six of us special buddies always into mischief - especially Irving Wiley, Cliff Ritter, John Colby, Evert Bursell and myself.

Cliff Ritter and I rode our horses down town on the 4th of July without saddling them. Of course with all exuberant people and fireworks and bands blaring (there were all told about six bands) during this



**SMEILTER CREW** - Left to right: Harry Brollier, Floyd Ritter, Chet Hosley, Jim Crooks, Milo Peters, Ollie Peters, Charles Peterson, (Boss), Dan, Bill Heritage and Dad Prece.

period, - the  
their hind f  
four. Then  
riding  
There  
also front. W  
the horses  
neighed and  
causing all  
should have  
Any cou  
Northport  
few hardy n  
department  
long rail. Th  
and fastene  
this cart ar  
apple box.  
six-foot lon  
let it stick o  
straddle the  
on this cont  
town just u  
and as we  
beating on  
making a  
everybody  
parade. The  
We wo  
Parlor fir  
there and b  
it was all ch  
would go f  
always we  
watched a  
counted he  
was charge  
cost the gro  
before he  
grooms pai  
the proceec  
Bickman a  
well, he wa  
the ice cre  
and kept sa  
anything b  
bill would  
When we  
stopped the  
on the stag  
who was th  
We b

period, - the result was the horses walked on their hind feet more than they did on all four. Then one of us got the bright idea of riding our horses onto the dance pavilion. There was a wide entrance on the side and also front. When we got onto the dance floor, the horses stood on their hind feet and neighed and neighed and danced around, causing all kinds of pandemonium. You should have seen the people scatter.

Any couple getting married here in Northport got very special treatment. A few hardy men got a hose cart from the fire department - just a two-wheel cart and a long rail. They pulled it by hand so we went and fastened an apple box upon the axle of this cart and the bride had to sit on this apple box. We took a six-inch rail about six-feet long and wired it underneath and let it stick out behind and the groom had to straddle that fence rail. After getting them on this contraption we would start around town just up one street and down another and as we went we was hollering and beating on cans and ringing bells and making a racket. As they went along everybody would dash out and get in the parade. Then we would go back down town. We would go to Mrs. Burcham's Ice Cream Parlor first, and everybody would go in there and buy anything they wanted to and it was all charged up to the groom. Then we would go from there to the theatre. We always went to Robertson's theatre and watched a good show. The ticket taker just counted heads as we went in and that bill was charged to the groom also. It usually cost the groom four or five hundred dollars before he finally got the bill paid. Most grooms paid like a good sport and enjoyed the proceedings immensely. But when Miss Bickman and Mr. Al White got married, well, he was just the other way. He went to the ice cream parlor and everywhere else and kept saying he wasn't going to pay for anything but what he bought, and that any bill would have to be paid by the crowd. When we got into the theatre, why, we stopped the show and rolled up the curtain on the stage and sent a guy to the smelter who was the judge of the Kangaroo Court. We brought the groom down there on the

stage and held court. He was found to be guilty and told to pay the bill. He still refused and had a bad attitude besides. So when the crowd got outside a bunch of people got between the bride and groom and whisked away the bride and hid her here in town for two weeks. The superintendent up and fired the groom for being such a poor sport. We took up a collection and paid the bills. This Al White was the head brick mason and received good wages and could have afforded to pay. He sure was a spoil sport. His bride went along and was a swell person.

There was a guy that worked at the smelter that had beautiful reddish gold whiskers. He was so proud and vain of them. He would comb them with a fine tooth comb until they would glisten. Well, this guy had a trick where he liked to show off. In the "dog house" next to the furnaces there was a salamander (which is a barrel on legs kept hot at all times by burning coke). Nearby was a bench with a small jar of coal oil on it. He liked to come in, take a mouthful of this coal oil and show how he could spit the coal oil in a stream onto the side of the salamander, which would ignite, and the flame would run back up the stream to his mouth. Not a drop of the oil fell to the ground and not a whisker would be singed. He was very proud of this trick. One day I got a bright idea, and I kept after him to demonstrate it over and over again until he ran out of oil. The shift boss came in about then, and we coaxed him to show the boss what he could do. Well, he didn't have any more oil, so I quickly volunteered to go get some. Now he should have been suspicious because it was a long way down to the oil room. I filled the bottle nearly to the top with coal oil and finished it with a little bit of gasoline. I didn't realize the results would be so drastic. I just planned on giving him a little singe. He surely had great long whiskers.

Anyway, I gave him the bottle and he took a big mouthful and spit it out on that salamander and it was just a big puff of smoke. You couldn't see him at all for a few seconds in all that smoke. I was scared that I had killed the man, but when the smoke

cleared away, there the man stood just as clean shaven as a woman's face and he didn't have a burn on his face. Not a burn or any hair either. He was quite a religious man and he figured that God did that to him because he was so vain and proud of his whiskers. He never guess I had anything to do with it and he never wore whiskers or a mustache again.

There were two tappers to a shift in the furnace room. You worked for four hours and could go anywhere you wanted on the job for the other four hours, just so you were there in case of an emergency. So, one day I had worked my four hours and was off gadding around and went up to the carpenters shop and I just happened to see this group of about fifteen teachers coming out of the office and knew they were there for a tour around the smelter. I rushed back to the furnace room -- knew they would be there on their tour sooner or later, and we all got our heads together, even the shift foreman, figuring what we could do to give them a real show. Well, we decided to let the furnaces run over the matt and so we let the matt build up in the first pot and over into the second pot. Filled it up just ready to run over into what they called the laundry, where the over-flow went and there was an eight-inch piece of pipe down there, flat you know, and when water sprayed in there it would crumble itself up. We kept it ready to fly off in there at a moment's notice and we did that on both furnaces. Then we just soaked the ground around the furnaces with water.

Martin Marlow, the shift boss, was taking the teachers in tow, and showing them all around and explaining it all to them. We had those furnaces ready to tap. The tap holes were about three-inches in diameter and the fire would fly out of there for about 200-feet, a solid blaze, out into the yard. And roar! It would roar so loud you couldn't hear yourself think and hot chunks of coke flew through the air. Well, John Colby was furnace man on number two and he had one of those big iron ladles, and by that time the shift boss got the teachers back in between the furnaces and we had everything wet. We then started blowing the furnaces and

they got to roaring so you thought the world was coming to an end. John would grab that ladle and run over to number one laundry and reach in there and get a bucket full of slag and start back across the wet ground slopping it over and everytime it hit the wet ground it would blow up and the steam would come up. You couldn't see anything around there for the steam and then we let the matt build up in there until it was flowing over into the laundry and it would sound like a hundred-ten millimeter cannons, you know. It wasn't just an ordinary explosion, it was really loud. I'll tell you, you never saw so much excitement in all your life, those women were jumping up and down screaming and they didn't have any place to run to, so they just thought they would be dead for sure. They didn't know what was happening with all the steam and noise. They thought the furnaces were blowing up. I'll bet that was an experience that they never forgot as long as they lived.

The smelter officials had an agreement with the men for a sliding pay scale, in that if the price of lead went up they were paid more money a day and if the price of lead went down they got less pay, of course. Low wage scale was \$2.75 per day and skilled labor as \$3.75 per day. So when the Days received three higher prices for lead in about six months' time without increasing the men's wages, the men decided to go out on strike. So the smelter was shut down for over a month, until the men and management came to an agreement. This happened in 1918 and the smelter was run until late in 1920 when the price of lead went way down and the Day brothers couldn't sell their lead. They were also in difficulty trying to sell their lead under their own efforts as the Syndicate wanted to take the smelter away from the Days. So, in 1921 the smelter shut down for good.

This is my story of the smelter days I experienced at Northport.

After the smelter shut-down, Heritage had various jobs around Spokane, Orting, Aberdeen, and finally went to Yakima and worked in the fruit-packing business there. It was in Yakima that he was introduced to

Ida Ledford. when Bill was a daughter, I 1926, at s Yakima. Fay cholera epid job in Spoka there, where born in 1934. Bill worked magnesium :

Ida (Ledfo miles from C 1908. "Our ho is called 'Co and two brot red school related.

"To my k was only one was probabl she said.

We three s day with m having such we headed h as Ida cal

The s many rest p one of the screams clo ever heard,

Mother's s very sturd "because th





Ida Ledford. The two were married in 1925, when Bill was 28 and Ida was 17 years old. A daughter, Faye, was born to the couple in 1926, and a son, Jim, in 1928, both born in Yakima. Faye died a few years later in a cholera epidemic. Bill was offered a good job in Spokane, so he moved his family there, where their third child, Naomi, was born in 1934. During the years in Spokane Bill worked at the aluminum and magnesium plants.

Ida (Ledford) Heritage was born nine miles from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Jan. 19, 1908. "Our homestead was located in what is called 'Cougar Gulch.' My four sisters and two brothers grew and attended a little red school house one mile away," she related.

"To my knowledge," said Ida, "there was only one cougar ever heard of and it was probably one just passing through," she said.

We three smallest girls, were visiting that day with mother, in Post Falls, Idaho, having such a fine time, we overstayed, so we headed home when it was quite dark," as Ida recalled.

The girls were very tired and needed many rest periods. All at once they heard one of the most blood curdling woman's screams close by. "It was the loudest you ever heard," she related.

Mother's skirt must have been made of very sturdy material," Ida recalled, "because three frantic and very frightened

little girls grabbed and hung on for dear life, running and hoping the thing wouldn't get us," Ida recalled.

Mother, being of pioneer spirit, rose to the occasion, and finally got us calmed down enough, so we could go on, "no more lagging or rest periods were needed that night," she said.

In 1910, during the big fire near Coeur d'Alene, thousands of acres of virgin timber



Ida Heritage



Silver Crown Cafe and service station in the mid 1950's.

were burned. Ida recalled that they all had to flee to Coeur d'Alene, to stay several days. Some stayed in churches, some in private homes, and some in parks. Most everyone lost everything according to Ida.

"I attended school in Coeur d'Alene, then on to Selah," she said. Mother bought us a home in Yakima and we attended school there. In the summer I worked for Libby McNeil and Libby Cannery," she continued.

At times the Heritages would visit relatives near Northport, where Bill liked to prospect and go hunting. In 1946 or 1947 they bought a ranch down the river right across from Marble, where they lived until 1952 when they sold the ranch and moved

into Northport. They bought the corner property where the Diamond Horseshoe Grill is now located, and built a service station and the Silver Crown Cafe, which they operated until 1957.

Heritage has a great interest in prospecting, and is co-owner of a number of mining claims in the area.

He served as mayor of Northport for four years, from 1953 to 1957.

They then moved back to Spokane until 1962, when they returned to Northport.

The Heritages have nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Their daughter Naomi is married to Bob Palm and their family lives near Northport. Son Jim and his wife, Helen, live at Riverside.

## HOFER

When people in the Northport area think of Ben and Viola Hofer, they also think of Kendrick's Mercantile.

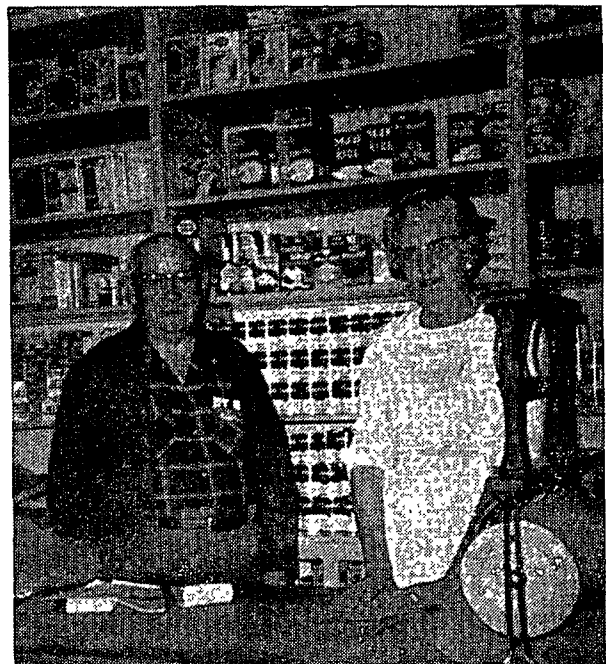
The late Ben Hofer's connection with the Kendrick firm began in 1916 when he started work as a warehouse man at the age of 22, earning \$50 per month. Except for the time he spent in the military service, Hofer was a part of Kendrick's from that time until his death in 1970.

Ben, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Hofer, was born Jan. 23, 1894 at Athena, Ore. His father owned a ranch on Onion Creek and was a school custodian in Northport. When Ben was in the sixth grade, his parents bought an apple orchard near Spokane and moved there. Hofer graduated from the eighth grade at the Glenrose Station School.

In 1915 he returned to Northport to work in the smelter after working in the apple and potato business. After a year in the smelter, his career at Kendrick's began. In 1917 he joined the U.S. Navy and was assigned as a mail clerk during the War, reaching the rank of storekeeper second-class. Upon discharge from the military service he returned to Northport and Kendrick's.

During Northport's boom period, Kendrick's employed a total of fifteen persons. In the early days of the old store, it sold dry goods, groceries, hardware, hay and grain, furniture, farm machinery, iron and steel, Studebaker wagons and sleighs, dynamite, and even gasoline and oil. An old hand gas pump still stands on the sidewalk outside the store.

The company was established by A. T. Kendrick sometime prior to 1898. The exact



Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hofer

date is  
publish  
fires th  
N<sup>o</sup> po  
building

"The  
whole t  
the bric  
located  
at the c  
Avenue  
Washin

Kend  
moved  
of Ken  
corpora  
manage  
Northp  
At h  
Hinton

Ben I  
after w  
was th  
demise

In th  
w<sup>o</sup>  
their pa  
to the  
out the  
employ

A new  
book of  
Refinin  
the stor  
over u  
from h

There  
by the  
Lilly, v  
from ti  
for the

Marg  
the firm  
six em,  
Other M  
the nur  
at vari  
Walley  
Fisher  
R<sup>o</sup>

the corner  
Horseshoe  
t a service  
laf which  
aterest in  
number of  
ort for four  
okane until  
orthport.  
ndchildren  
en. Their  
Bob Palm  
thport. Son  
Riverside.

iod, Kend-  
persons. In  
it sold dry  
and grain,  
and steel,  
dynamite,  
d hand gas  
alk outside  
d by A. T.  
. The exact



tof

date is not known, but a history book published in 1904 gives details of one of the fires that almost destroyed the town of Northport on May 3, 1898, and the Kendrick building is mentioned.

**"The fire was awful. It swept away the whole business portion of the town except the brick building of A. T. Kendrick and Co., located in the center of the burned district at the corner of Fourth Street and Columbia Avenue." (from the History of North Washington.)**

Kendrick later sold the company and moved to Idaho, where he founded the town of Kendrick. The store was owned by a corporation. One of the early co-owners and managers still remembered by some Northport residents was Charles Slawson.

At his death his son-in-law, Newton Hinton of Spokane, inherited his share.

Ben Hofer later bought into the business after working there for several years; he was the manager of the store until his demise.

In the center of the store was a "cage" where smelter employees came to receive their pay in cash. The payroll was brought to the store, Kendrick employees doled out the wages to the 500 to 600 men employed at the smelter.

A new smelter employee could pick up a book of script at the Northport Smelting and Refining Co., Ltd. for \$10 and then use it in the store like money; this helped tide him over until payday. It was then deducted from his pay at the Kendrick Store.

There were large Kendrick warehouses by the train depot. A dray, owned by Jack Lilly, was used to bring the express over from the train and for delivering orders for the Mercantile Co.

Margaret Evans, who was bookkeeper for the firm for 32 years, recalls that there were six employees at the time she began work. Other Northport residents who were among the number who have worked at Kendrick's at various times are Peggy Carley, Dorothy Walley (now of Colville), Pat (Meyers) Fisher, Alex and Lenora Tyllia and Vaino Raisio.

Mrs. Evans commented, "It was really a booming business. In the wintertime there was no way out of town except by the railroad. When they built the highway shortly after I went to work there, the highway was kept open to Colville in the winter. After the war, the business went down. People went to Colville for their business; there were no longer lawyers, real estate business or banking in Northport."

Hofer was married to Viola Vail Jan. 23, 1922, on his 28th birthday. They moved into the apartment above the store, where they lived for the rest of their marriage.

Sometime in the 1960's, the Hofers purchased the beautiful home built by Mrs. James Lowry, planning to move into the house when they sold the store business and retired. Tragically, this was not to be, as Hofer passed away in 1970 without ever getting to live in the new home.

The business was sold after Ben's death, and in 1971 Viola moved into the home alone, where she still resides.

Ben loved antiques and had many items, including furniture, in the old apartment as well as in the store building itself. When he learned that he had cancer, he sold all the antiques.

Ben was a member of the Knights of Pythias in Colville, the American Legion and was president of the Northport Chamber of Commerce for many years. He enjoyed hunting and fishing, prospecting and mining.

Viola was born August 18, 1901 to Jack and Emma Vail. Her father worked in various places in the woods in Washington cutting logs. Some of her early schooling was in Rosalia. "My parents were here in Northport for a while, and I met Ben here after he was in the service," she recalled.

In the store, she helped to keep the place spotless. "I did all the 'dirty work'," she laughed. "It was such a large place, though, that it finally got too much for me."

Viola is a victim of glaucoma, making it impossible for her to do any close work. She attends the Northport Presbyterian Church. She enjoys working around her home, and three of Ben's nieces, one by marriage, visit

her frequently. Grace Rowe of Billings, Mont. and Helen Grunwald of Oak Harbor were the daughters of Henry (Hank) and Lena Broderius; they had a brother, Harvey, who is now deceased, and his widow, Miriam, lives in Olympia. The three ladies keep in close touch with Viola.

Ben had two sisters, Lena and Minnie,

and the girls married brothers, Fred and Hank Broderius. Hank, Lena's husband, was associated with the Old Cash and Carry Grocery Store in Northport. Fred and Minnie were Dennis Broderius' grandparents. Dennis still resides in Northport.

Viola has one sister, Katherine Seabright, who lives in Spokane.

---

## IN THE DAYS OF OLD

The kids all say  
In the days of old  
To me they are almost  
Made of pure gold

It was back in the days  
When you done it yourself  
You washed all your clothes  
On the scrub board or else

You never bought canned food  
Twas all canned at home  
From the woods you'd pick berries  
And fruit grown at home

The homes were so simple  
So clean and so scrubbed  
On your knees you would give them  
An old fashioned rub

The bath would consist of  
An old washing tub  
Filled with warm water  
That in buckets we lugged

We had a tiny kitchen stove  
And in it we burned wood  
It really had no fancy frills  
But cook and bake it would

We had no fancy built-ins  
Just some shelves upon the wall  
For all our earthly staples  
With a curtain that would fall

The wood was split and a load brought in  
And stacked against the wall  
Right near the stove and heater  
That was used to warm them all

Then off in some small corner  
The separator'd gleam  
When milking time was over  
We would crank out all the cream

I could go on and tell you  
Of all the things we did  
But we were young and happy  
And home was where we hid.

(Written in 1938 by Alice Palm Marttela)

10  
When at  
comm. ty  
usually exp  
Francis Hof  
of the sch  
yearbook o  
dedicated t  
reads:

"Whether  
D, girls or  
Christmas  
is there. Sh  
snow or sun  
years, bef  
facilities fo  
basketball

Ida reme  
the river, a  
started com  
building the  
that is wh  
building wa  
and was us  
built.)

Ida's  
born a Ma  
the world in  
her mothe  
passing on  
being part  
died when s  
was seven  
also. On  
requested t  
Essie and  
school to be  
five boys  
considered  
the world.

Thus it w  
Essie left t  
attending a  
Regis Miss  
Falls.

In remer  
Mrs. Hofer  
separate. I  
the boys' de  
behir

# IDA HOFER

When attending ballgames and other community events in Northport, one can usually expect to see the familiar face of Ida Francis Hofer. She is such a loyal supporter of the school activities that the 1972 yearbook of Northport High School was dedicated to her. Part of the dedication reads:

"Whether it be basketball games (A, B, or D, girls or boys), talent shows, carnivals, Christmas programs, or other, Mrs. Hofer is there. She doesn't let the weather - rain, snow or sunshine - stop her. For a number of years, before our school had laundry facilities for the gym, she even washed basketball uniforms, P.E. towels, etc."

Ida remembers, "When we lived across the river, all of my kids played ball and we started coming to games. They had a little building they called the "Crackerbox," and that is where they played ball." (This building was next to the smelter hospital and was used before the old gym was ever built.)

Ida was the youngest of seven children born to Mary and Joe Kover. She entered the world in Tonasket June 16, 1896. Mary, her mother, was half Colville Indian, passing on a heritage to her children of being part native-American. Ida's father died when she was very small and when she was seven years old, she lost her mother also. On her deathbed Ida's mother requested that the two girls, nine-year-old Essie and little Ida, be sent to a Catholic school to be brought up by the Sisters. The five boys of the family were older and considered able to make their own way in the world.

Thus it was, that Ida and her older sister Essie left the government school they were attending at Fort Spokane to come to the St. Regis Mission between Colville and Kettle Falls.

In remembering her years at St. Regis, Mrs. Hofer said, "The girls and boys were separate. The girls' dorm was on a flat and the boys' dorm was up on a hill in a building behind the church. The girls lived with the

Sisters. (The Kettle Falls Boys' Ranch is now located in the building which was the dorm when Ida lived there.) About 100 kids went to school there. My sister and I had to stay there when all the other kids went home during the summers and on vacations. I enjoyed it. I always called that my happy home. The Sisters were good to us; they were like our mothers. We learned to cook, clean house and do laundry. We had two weeks in the kitchen, two weeks in the laundry, two weeks in the recreation room and took turns like that."

The years went by and when Ida was a teenager she met a boy named John Francis, who was attending the Boy's school at the Mission. Ida and John were soon married at the mission there, sometimes known as Ward, because Ward was the name of the railroad stop near the St. Regis Mission.

After their marriage, Ida and her new husband settled down at Bossburg. During the next several years, the couple had four children, all boys, all of whom were born without the benefit of a doctor's assistance. John's mother helped at the birth of all of the children, who were named Art, Mitchell,



Ida Hofer



Herman and the youngest, Alex, who was born in 1920.

Around this time the Francis family moved to Flat Creek a few miles from Northport, where John began working for the smelter. He continued working there until it was taken down.

Oldtimers around the area remember John's expertise with a violin, which he played at all the dances at the Flat Creek School during these years. Ida loved to dance, enjoying the two-step, fox trot and waltzes all equally. "Sometimes we danced until 4 a.m. in the morning," she recalls.

Babysitters were no problem. "When we would go in, we would make a bed in the corner, and all of the kids would lay there and sleep," Ida said.

The food situation was easily handled, also. "Everybody would take something and it would be like a potluck. They would make a big old pot of coffee on the woodstove and everybody would get their lunch and sit on the benches and eat," she added.

The Francis's lived about eight miles from the school and in the winter evenings they would pile the buggy up with hay and help keep them warm on the trip.

When Ida's third son, Herman was eight years old, he suffered a concussion from a fall off of a building, dying shortly thereafter. Memories at the old house were painful, and soon the family moved nearer to town, close to the river, not far below the present site of the airport. The children, who had been attending Flat Creek School, changed to the school nearer their new home, which was being taught by Mrs. Joe (Celia) Laird.

Fate had yet another tragedy in store for the family, as Mitchell, the second-oldest son, contracted spinal meningitis and died at the age of 15, shortly before his 16th birthday. He was taken to the Mount Carmel Hospital in Colville, which was owned at that time by Ralph and Lorraine Gilbert. Mrs. Hofer recalled that this was when she became acquainted with the Gilberts.

There were also marital problems resulting in a separation of Ida and John

when their youngest son was 13 years old. Ida now lived in Northport and she worked at housecleaning, doing laundry for the hotel, school and families; doing whatever she could to make enough money to care for her children, Art and Alex.

Ida's house was also home to other children in the town at various times, including Warren Chastain, who stayed with the family for seven years, until his marriage. Mrs. Hofer considers him to be like a son to her and she sometimes spends a week or two with him and his family in Everett.

John Francis died in 1959. Later, Ida was married to Ed Hofer, whose family had also lived in the Northport area since the early part of the century. Ed and Ida made their home together in the house where Ida now lives until 1966, when Ed passed away.

Ida has been a faithful member of the Pure Heart of Mary Catholic Church in Northport since moving to Flat Creek in the 1920's. Prior to that time she and her family had attended services at the little mission on Kelly Hill.



Ed and Ida Hofer on their wedding in 1959.



Ida and Alex.

William  
of Northport  
which paper  
over 40 years  
Marion could  
The only  
Parker House  
Kansas and  
years of age  
in the acquisition  
aside his  
newspaper  
to learn the  
one year then  
continuing  
more years  
he obtained  
the State Journal  
he was convinced  
From there  
which city  
Union, with  
since been  
being an honor  
union. From  
points in the  
Canada, still  
of any size  
The paper  
about 100

3 years old.  
she worked  
dry for the  
ig whatever  
y to are for

e to other  
ious times,  
who stayed  
rs, until his  
s him to be  
nes spends a  
s family in

ter, Ida was  
ily had also  
ce the early  
made their  
ere Ida now  
ed away.  
nber of the  
Church in  
Creek in the  
her family  
tle mission



Ida and her children, Art, Mitchell and Alex.

## HUGHES

William Parker Hughes, the first mayor of Northport, founded the Northport News, which paper he published continuously for over 40 years. He was born in Salem, Marion county, Illinois.

The early boyhood and youth of William Parker Hughes were spent in Illinois, Kansas and Texas, and until he was eleven years of age he attended the public schools in the acquirement of an education. Laying aside his text-books he then entered a newspaper office in Independence, Kansas, to learn the printer's trade. After spending one year there he went to Topeka, Kansas, continuing to work as an apprentice for two more years. At the expiration of that period he obtained a position as a compositor on the State Journal at Topeka, Kansas, where he was continuously employed for a year. From there he went to Quincy, Illinois, in which city he joined the Typographical Union, with which organization he has ever since been identified, at the present time being an honorary member of the Spokane union. From Quincy he traveled to various points in the middle west, the east and Canada, stopping in practically every city of any size and working at his trade.

Then he went to Texas and after spending about six months at his trade he joined the

She is also a member of the Over-40's Club, the American Legion Auxiliary, the Deep Creek Home Economics Club and the Altar Society.

Ida takes pride in her collection of Northport High School yearbooks; she has almost all the copies from 1959 to the present time.

She also is a proud grandmother of seven and has five great-grandchildren. Her son Alex and his wife Jean live in the Deep Creek area. Her eldest son Art is now deceased; he had made his home in Portland, Ore.

Texas Rangers, known as the Frontier Battalion of the state of Texas. Withdrawing from this at the end of a year he went to Laramie, Wyoming, where he resumed his trade, which he followed in this city for about a year. His next destination was San Francisco, California, whence he later



Mr. Northport - William P. Hughes, publisher of the Northport News. Photo taken in Spokane.



ing in 1959.

removed to Sacramento, spending about six months in the two cities. At the end of that time he returned to Laramie and spent six months, then went to Denver for a year. From Denver he went to Eureka, Nevada, where he resided for two years after which he again became a citizen of California, locating in Los Gatos where he edited the Los Gatos Mail. He also edited papers at Tres Pinos and at Saratoga, California, remaining a resident of that state for eight years.

He subsequently came to Washington, first locating in Spokane. After spending about three months in that city he came to Northport and established the Northport News, the first issue of which bears the date of July 4, 1892. It was one of the best papers in Stevens county, its columns always having been devoted to the advancement of every worthy cause or public endeavor, the interests of which were identified with the development of local enterprises or the community welfare.

Denver, Colorado, was the scene of the marriage of Mr. Hughes and Miss Alice Murphy, the event occurring on the 1st of May, 1880. Mrs. Hughes is a daughter of Patrick Murphy, a railroad contractor, who removed to Laramie, Wyoming, when the Union Pacific was constructing its road through there. Of this union there were born three children: Nellie, who married

William Howes; Jennie, the wife of F. B. Dill; and William Parker, Jr., who chose for his wife Miss Alfreda Mae Roberts, a daughter of a prominent citizen of California, who for fourteen years was treasurer of his county and for many years the collector of customs.

Although his views on political questions accord with the principles of the democratic party, Mr. Hughes did not always endorse its candidates, particularly in local elections, considering that in such cases it is more a question of the man best qualified to serve the interests of the people than a matter of political issues. He was the first mayor of Northport, to which office he was elected in 1897, serving for one term, and he was also Northport's first postmaster, serving for six years, after which period he resigned the position.

For fifteen years he was acting as United States commissioner and for eighteen years he was district mining recorder. Besides the duties of his newspaper business and the responsibilities connected with his official positions, Mr. Hughes is president of the Black Canyon Mining & Milling Company. He was one of the very first settlers of Northport and will be counted among its progressive and influential citizens, having been one of the prominent factors in promoting its development along both commercial and educational lines.

## HYATT

Frank Hyatt came to Spokane with his parents, George and Nellie Hyatt and a younger brother Ray, in the spring of 1909 from Ohio. "We came west because of my mother's health," Frank said.

Hyatt was born in Medina County, Ohio, Aug. 25, 1895. In 1901 when he was six years old, he remembers seeing President McKinley's funeral train passing by his home near LeRoy, Ohio, enroute to McKinley's burial place in Canton, Ohio. The President was succeeded by his vice-president, Teddy Roosevelt.

The Hyatt family traveled West on an immigrant train. Describing the trip, Frank said "The car we were in had upper and lower bunks for sleeping. In the back of the car was a cookstove for the families to cook their meals on."

### Purchase Home

They arrived in Spokane and stayed at the old Pacific Hotel until Frank's father bought a place for them to live. He began work for the Spokane water department and they lived there for four years. Frank delivered papers for the Inland Press, Inland Herald and the Spokesman-Review, all at the same time.

In 1913 Frank's father decided the city

was not the fam team of the p good for strong y fragile h

In 191 and his that 30 guard t lead an valuable Anna w. Hotel w fence w approx of barbe Brothers rememb Deep Cr

At the draft. A Frank v Jake H notice ir quit of his team prepared meantime own tear the train depot, al France v Frank v Division Washing division airplanes

Althou service w short tim an airpla see Hofe Decembe in a rest

After t was disc home, an dan at loge s j

wife of F. B.  
who chose for  
Roberts, a  
open of  
years was  
many years

cal questions  
e democratic  
ways endorse  
in local  
ch cases it is  
t qualified to  
ople than a  
was the first  
office he was  
term, and he  
postmaster,  
ich period he

ng as United  
ghteen years  
Besides the  
ness and the  
h his official  
sident of the  
g Company.  
st lers of  
d among its  
izens, having  
factors in  
along both  
ines.

West on an  
e trip, Frank  
d upper and  
e back of the  
nilies to cook

stayed at the  
ank's father  
e. He began  
partment and  
ears. Frank  
land Press,  
man-Review,

ide the city

was not the best place for his two boys an  
the family moved to Deep Lake. With a  
team of horses pulling a load of furniture  
the trip took six-days. The move was very  
good for Frank, who soon developed into a  
strong young man after being of rather  
fragile health.

In 1916 World War I began. Both Frank  
and his wife, Anna (Matesa), remember  
that 30 soldiers were sent to Northport to  
guard the smelter, which produced both  
lead and zinc. Lead for bullets made it  
valuable to the country's defense program.  
Anna was waiting on tables at the Cook's  
Hotel where the soldiers stayed. A board  
fence was erected around the smelter,  
approximately eight feet high with strands  
of barbed wire above the boards. "Palm  
Brothers mill cut the boards for the fence,"  
remembers Frank. The Mill was located on  
Deep Creek.

#### Draft

At the age of 21, Frank registered for the  
draft. A man could enlist at the age of 18.  
Frank was logging at Cedar Creek with  
Jake Hofer when he received his draft  
notice in November of 1917, in the third  
quota of the first draft. He let his folks have  
his team of horses, said goodbye to Jake and  
prepared to leave for the Army. In the  
meantime, unknown to Frank, Jake sold his  
own team and enlisted. When Frank got off  
the train in Spokane, Jake met him at the  
depot, already in uniform. Hofer was sent to  
France where he served in a logging crew.  
Frank was assigned to the new Spruce  
Division and spent his entire service time in  
Washington and Oregon, also logging. His  
division supplied timber needed for  
airplanes and ships.

Although he spent most of his Army  
service working out in the woods, he spent a  
short time at the base in Vancouver, where  
an airplane factory was located. He didn't  
see Hofer again until after the war. In  
December of 1979, Jacob Hofer passed away  
in a rest home in Colville at the age of 88.

After the war ended late in 1918, Frank  
was discharged early in 1919. He returned  
home, and in 1920 he met Anna Matesa at a  
dance at Leadpoint. He worked at various  
logging jobs, hauling ore, and also built a

sawmill on Sherlock Creek near his family's  
ranch. In 1921 he had a subcontract for a  
mile of road that leads to Deep Lake from  
Northport. While working on this, he stayed  
at the New Zealand Hotel. He then hired  
several men to help on the road; Anna's dad  
among them.

#### Married

After a two-year courtship, during which  
the couple attended dances at the old  
Smelter Hall, Frank and Anna were  
married in Colville Oct. 14, 1922. The first  
winter of their marriage they lived at  
Boundary. They then moved to Portland,  
Ore., where their daughter Evelyn was  
born, and where Frank worked for the S P &  
S Railroad car shops for about a year.  
Family ties and the thought of working for  
himself soon drew him back to Northport.  
"I didn't like working for somebody, and I  
got a contract hauling 5,000 poles up here,"  
said Frank.

Upon his return, he worked hauling ore  
for the Gladstone Mine for five years, while  
living at Leadpoint and also did some  
hauling for the Electric Point Mine. He then  
entered into a mining venture in Twisp,  
which proved unsuccessful. About this time  
a son, Bob, was born into the family in  
Spokane. Frank moved his family to  
Rossland, B.C. for five years where he  
worked for National Pole.



In 1930 he fell 70 feet from a spar tree, causing him to spend several months in the hospital recovering from serious injuries.

#### **Return to Northport**

In 1922 the Hyatts returned to Northport and rented the house where they now live, purchasing it a few years later. Frank had accepted a job of hauling ore from the Velvet Mine on Sheep Creek. Following this, he worked at various short-term jobs. He enjoyed working on his own, rather than for someone else.

"I have logged, I have sawmilled, I have mined - you name it. I guess I liked machine work the best. I was a machinist for the Calhoun Mine for four years. I worked for the dolomite plant, helping to install the machinery when it was built in 1941," explained Frank. "I was foreman on that job with 29 men under me. I also worked at the cement plant for about three years."

His wife commented saying, "He has been very inventive; he likes challenging jobs and he loves machinery of any sort."

Frank was foreman of the job of rebuilding and cribbing of the old railroad grade to make a highway between Northport and Rossland. Later, the old

railroad highway was abandoned and he worked on the bridge for the new highway. He built the pole peeler now used by Carney Pole Company around 1943 for his own use. He has built four different sawmills.

#### **Montana Native**

Mrs. Hyatt, who was born in Montana and came to Northport from Grand Forks, B.C. in 1907, began her schooling and graduated in Northport. She worked for the telephone company for 25 years. "I was on the first interscholastic girls' basketball team that we had in Northport. We used to go on the train to ball games, and we would get to stay all night and miss school the next day."

She recalled that there were trains coming through twice a day, running from Nelson, B.C. to the roundhouse at Marcus. "You had to change trains at Marcus to go to Colville or Spokane."

The Hyatts have nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Their daughter Evelyn is married to Walt Ames, Jr. and lives in Albuquerque, N.M. Their son, Bob, married Velma Williams, and is a mechanical engineer for Kaiser Aluminum in Salinas, Calif.



Frank Hyatt, (holding reins) in 1921 hauled this boller to the sawmill he was building on Sherlock Creek, O'Brien's Sawmill. This picture was taken by Konrad Hartbauer.

In 1956 v  
felt they w  
Lake  
returned  
January o  
find the h  
snow.

In 1968 v  
made a tr  
He had no  
earlier. T  
"There wa  
and my fi  
Octogenar  
in Memp  
places bei



Posing i  
Frank H  
Spink's so  
George H  
unidentifi  
Republ  
Lake



ed and he  
w highway.  
l by Carney  
is use.  
mine.

fontana and  
Forks, B.C.  
d graduated  
e telephone  
on the first  
l team that  
to go on the  
ould get to  
e next day."  
ere trains  
unning from  
at Marcus.  
arcus to go

hildren and  
eir daughter  
ies, Jr. and  
ir son, Bob,  
and -is a  
r Aluminum



in 1921  
he was  
'Brien's  
Konrad

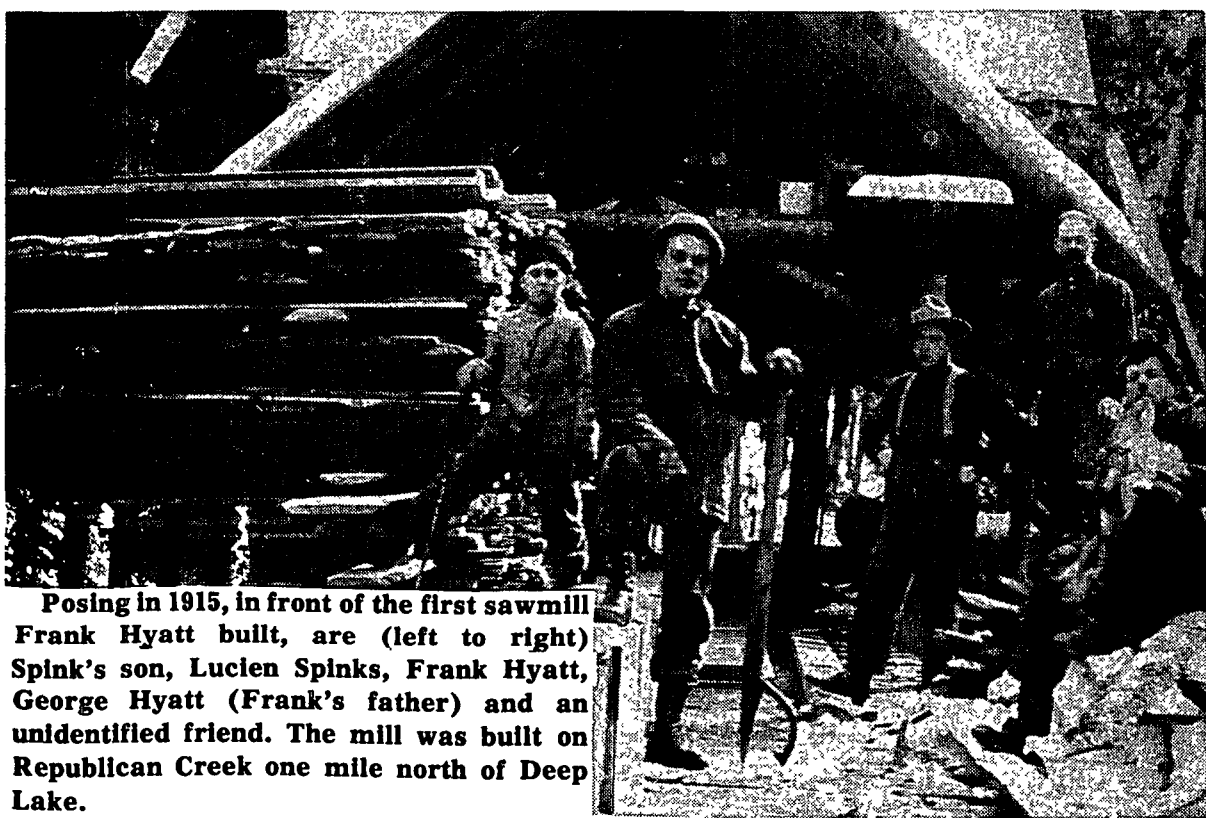
**Ranch Living**

In 1956 when Frank's father died Frank felt they were needed at the ranch at Deep Lake and they moved there in 1958. They returned to their home in Northport in January of the severe winter of 1968-69, to find the house under 40 inches of packed snow.

In 1968 when Frank was 73, he and Anna made a trip to Frank's birthplace in Ohio. He had not returned since he left it 59 years earlier. They made the trip by plane. "There was a lot of difference between that and my first trip west," commented the Octogenarian. They visited Frank's brother in Memphis, Tenn., and several other places before returning home.

The Hyatts are charter members of the American Legion and Legion Auxiliary in Northport, which were organized in December 1938 and January 1939. Frank also served a number of years on the Town Council. They have a cabin at Deep Lake, and fishing from their boat there gives them both pleasure.

Frank is one of the old breed of self-made men who take pride in their work and enjoy being in control of their own lives. He stated that he had always had some type of job since he was 14 years old. "I had to sell my lathe last year to quit working," he laughed.



Posing in 1915, in front of the first sawmill Frank Hyatt built, are (left to right) Spink's son, Lucien Spinks, Frank Hyatt, George Hyatt (Frank's father) and an unidentified friend. The mill was built on Republican Creek one mile north of Deep Lake.

# JANNI

If Northport was to give a title of "Industrialist" it must go to the late Peter Janni, an Italian immigrant who saw his dream come true in this small northern community.

Born at Grimaldi, Italy, on Feb. 14, 1874, Janni came to this country as an uneducated Italian boy, who couldn't speak English but had the will to work and learn.

Janni's father was an early-day merchant who plied the world selling goods. He eventually came to America and started following railroad construction.

The son first came to Denver and later joined his father at Butte, Mont. It was here Janni launched his career and his first lessons in English.

He was hired on a Northern Pacific Railway construction gang as a waterboy. Janni, being afraid he would be fired if he didn't keep busy, would take a turn running steel drills to a shop for sharpening or pushing a wheelbarrow laden with rock from the railroad diggings.

Janni recalls a woman at the construction site kept teasing, continually asking, "where's your woman." With some practice, he managed to finally tell her, "Denver."

The woman, a wife of one of the bosses, undertook to teach Janni English and then offered his father \$5,000 for the immigrant lad. Joseph Janni talked over the offer with other men and one of them said, "Sell your son. Ha. How can you sell your son?" The sale never took place although it was a common practice in those days.

Peter Janni worked for \$2 a day, 10 hours and followed the railroad across Montana, Idaho, and Washington to Seattle. He swung a sledge hammer, pick and shovel. Sometimes he would stop and go mining, such as working in the Morning mine in the Wallace area two years.

After the rails were laid to the coast, he came to Northport in 1893 and helped build the Great Northern Railway to Nelson, B.C.

In 1902, he returned here and went to work

at the smelter. Janni remembers the folklore connected with the alleged gold thefts that may have led to the closing of operations.

"There was a lot of talk around about gold being stolen and buried," Janni said. "That gold has never been found and one day may make somebody rich if they uncover the loot."

Louis Peel was tried in 1903 in Stevens County Superior Court in the gold-theft case. He was found not guilty and charges against another smelter employee, Ivan Knapp were dropped for lack of evidence.

In 1930, a hoard of 100 pounds of gold was unearthed east of Colville but it was never established that it actually came from Northport.

"A lot of things were happening in Northport in those days," Janni said with a sparkle in his eyes. "There's no telling how many men were murdered and their bodies dumped in the Columbia River. You took a



Peter Janni as a U.S. Immigration interpreter.

chance w days."

Janni s Northport population the men smelter w women of ed their ti lined an e

All the t language for the i strong Re the camp the turn c

He re campaign larder of was his jo walk thro prospecti

"I didn the few de



chance walking alone at night in those days."

Janni says there were 21 saloons in Northport during this era when the town population numbered about 2,000. Most of the men working the mines and at the smelter were single and he estimated 300 women of professionally easy virtues worked their trade from a string of brothels that lined an entire street.

All the time Janni was developing his new language and was serving as a spokesman for the immigrants. Terming himself a strong Republican, he worked actively in the campaigns of William McKinley near the turn of the century.

He reminisced about the McKinley campaign reaching Spokane with a \$60,000 larder of cash being carried in a trunk. It was his job, he said, to take \$50 at a time and walk through saloons setting up drinks for prospective voters.

"I didn't know about money other than the few dollars I was paid by the railroad or

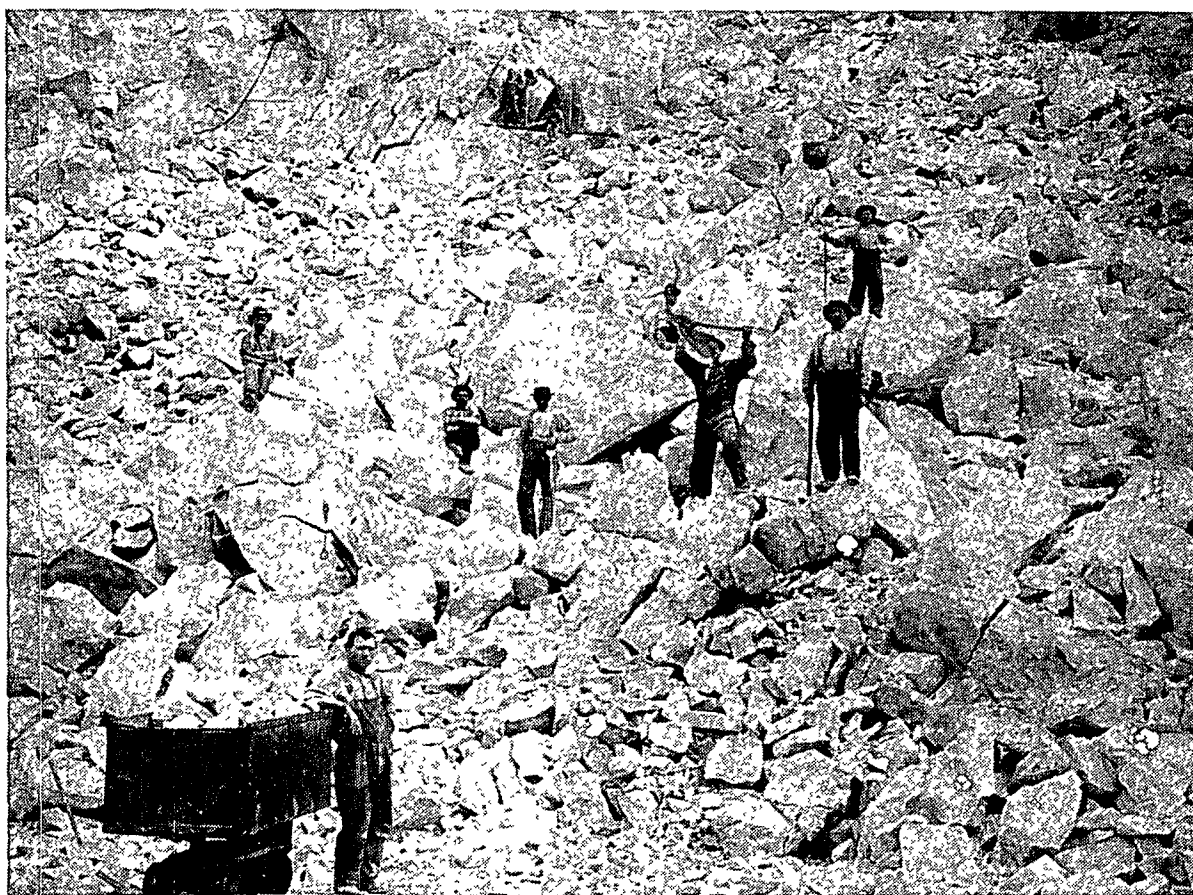
mines," he said. "By the time I found out what it was about, the money was all gone."

Janni was rewarded, however, from his efforts on behalf of McKinley when he was appointed interpreter and acting inspector for the U.S. Immigration Service in 1904. He was to hold this position until 1918 and in the interim learned Spanish, French and Hindu.

The years covering World War I saw many foreigners trying to enter the United States. Some of these were from Axis countries supporting Germany. One such group was flushed from a train at Marcus in 1914, and Janni said that he and chief inspector A. M. Heins, after a gun battle, captured 20 men.

After the war, Janni resigned and became a road contractor. The first job he won was to construct the Silver Crown road from Northport. He also built the highway from Northport to Onion Creek and Leadpoint to the Electric Point mine.

He purchased the limestone quarry in 1923 and later owned a similar operation at



Early photo of Peter Janni lime quarry.

Ione, Wash.

"I had to sell the quarry at one time because it took me five days to make the trip over there," he recalled. "It took a day to go to Spokane and another day to reach Ione. After a day at the quarry, I'd spend another two days coming back by railroad."

Janni was also buying and selling stock in mining ventures. One of his better investments was the purchase of 63,000 shares of Electric Point stock at 32 cents, later selling for \$1 a share.

Like all investors, there was the other side of the coin. One day Janni lost \$20,000 in a mining deal.

In the heyday of Janni's quarry, 70 men were on the payroll turning out 600 tons of limestone for the Northport smelter, all hand work.

Just before closing, the quarry turned out 20,000 tons a year with 10 employees and the operation was pretty much hand labor. The production was mostly sold to Crown Zellerbach paper mill at Camas, Wash.

A small portion was sacked in 100-pound bags and sold to stores, repackaging it for such uses as fertilizer for grassland and lawns, roofing rock, terrazzo rock and stucco, an item especially popular in Canada.

Janni was a member of the Catholic

Church, served two terms as mayor of Northport in the 1930's and was a director on the school board.

"Things were different then because the smelter had closed and the saloons and girls were long gone," he said. "We once had two dance halls and were on the vaudeville circuit."

The good old days of Northport also included such things as a nickel beer which entitled the buyer to a full meal free.

In 1906, Janni married Frances Vulcano, who died in 1966. There were five children, four alive today.

A son, Frank, is an executive for Union Oil Co. at Portland. Another son, Joe, has been teaching in Wenatchee, Wash.

Two daughters continue to live in Northport. Lenora is Mrs Alex Tyllia, whose husband had managed the quarry since 1941, and Irene, Mrs. Harold Daily. There are nine grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

While Janni's children all have formal educations he takes pride in the fact he received very little schooling. "You might say I didn't go to school at all," he said.

Asked to size up current events, Janni had this observation: "Pretty soon people won't work at all, the government will be feeding everybody."



Peter Janni quarry south of Northport. "Pete" himself second from left.

Ada Ho  
home al  
celebrate  
year.

Born in  
seventh c  
The Hofe  
coming  
Switzerla  
1880's. Be  
child, Ro  
America  
children  
there we  
Theophil,  
early ag  
Charles.

When  
moved to  
wor in  
wor It  
Before lo  
time to  
coppersn  
this time.  
children,

Ada be  
building v  
She later  
Regis M  
Falls and  
attended  
where th  
lives.

The Hof  
of the Co  
when the  
move to  
location  
lives in o  
She con  
growing-  
age of 17  
livin Sh  
Cha s

mayor of  
a director

the  
s and girls  
ce had two  
vaudeville

port also  
beer which  
free.

s Vulcano,  
e children,

for Union  
1, Joe, has  
ash.

live in  
llia, whose  
arry since  
ily. There  
eat-grand-

ive formal  
re fact he  
You might  
' b said.  
, J had  
eople won't  
be feeding



Northport.  
ft.

# ADA HOFER LAIRD

Ada Hofer Laird has called Northport her home almost all of her life. She will celebrate her 85th birthday Oct. 5 of this year.

Born in 1895 in Athena, Ore., Ada was the seventh child of Theophil and Bertha Hofer. The Hofers had settled in Oregon soon after coming to the United States from Switzerland on a German boat in the late 1880's. Bertha Hofer gave birth to her first child, Rosa, while on the boat enroute to America. As the years passed, more children were added to the family, until there were nine, including Rosa, Bertha, Theophil, Emily, (who passed away at an early age,) Jake, Lillian, Ada, Ed and Charles.

When Ada was very small, the family moved to Trail, B.C. where father Theophil worked in the smelter; the main source of work at that time. Here Ed was born. Before long another move was made, this time to Northport for work in the coppersmelter. Ada was two years old at this time. Charles, the youngest of the Hofer children, was born in Northport.

Ada began her schooling in the old brick building which is still standing in Northport. She later spent a year and a half at the St. Regis Mission at Ward, between Kettle Falls and Colville. Some of her older sisters attended the school at Bishop's Eddy, near where the Alton Kaste family presently lives.

The Hofer family lived down on the banks of the Columbia, and Ada remembers that when the river waters rose, they had to move to a house higher up, in the same location as the house Ed Markhardt now lives in on Northport's present Main Street. She continued living there during her growing-up years, until she left home at the age of 17 and began working for her own living. She recalls working in the home of Charles Pittelko, who was the father of

Gailene Graham.

She moved into the home of her sister, Lillian, who was married and had four small children. Lillian's husband was in the military service. Ada worked in a rooming house which is the building now owned by the Masonic Lodge. She also worked where Kuk's Tavern is presently located, in Cook's Hotel and Restaurant, where she waited on tables and made beds.

Ada's sister Lillian was working in the telephone office, and there she met a man named Charles Meyers, who was a partner in the Gorden and Meyers Pool Hall. She introduced Charles to her younger sister, and before long a romance began to develop. On Sept. 17, 1918, when Ada was almost 23 years old, she and Meyers were married and moved into rooms above the pool hall, which was located next to the Northport Grange Building. Gorden had left the town of Northport and Meyers was the sole owner of the pool hall by this time. On Sept. 21, 1919, the couple's first child was born, a daughter named Betty. Charles





Meyers contracted pneumonia in the winter of 1920-21, and somewhere in the early months of 1921, he passed away from the illness, leaving his widow with one small child and expecting another. She gave birth to her second daughter, Pat, June 29, 1921, in Spokane where she had gone to live with her mother-in-law. The pool hall had been sold and sometime later it caught fire and burned down. Charles was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Meyers who was believed to be the first white baby to be born in the town of Meyers Falls. His brother, Dode Meyers, still lives in Northport.

After a year and a half in Spokane, Ada moved her little family back to Northport, into a house next to the Doug Haigh house; the house she lived in has since been torn down. The attractive young widow soon caught the eye of Raymond Laird, who delivered milk in Northport from his brother Jim's dairy. The dairy was located where Gerald Smith now lives about two miles from Northport. Raymond began courting Ada, and they were married in October of 1923, a marriage that lasted 34 years until Raymond's death in October, 1957.

After living in several houses around Northport, in 1928 the couple purchased the house above the town where Ada still lives. Raymond's parents, Edward and Rose Laird, lived in a large house near the present location of the high school. Raymond logged and worked in construction jobs to make a living for his growing family. On May 28, 1925, the Lairds' first son, Harry, was born in the home of Raymond's brother and sister-in-law, Joe and Celia Laird. Two more sons followed in 1927 and 1929, two years and two days apart, and they were named Charles and Richard. Both of these boys were born in the Ledgerwood Nursing Home in Colville. All three of Ada's sons were very large babies, weighing over 12 pounds each. "When I was carrying the boys, Grandma Laird kept wanting me to eat," Ada said.

All five of Ada's children attended school in Northport. Betty married Louis Pierce and has lived in Northport ever since. Pat is married to George Fisher, Harry married

Dolores Semtner, and both couples live in the Northport area. Richard and his wife Jeanne and family live in Spokane, and Charles and his wife Helen and family live in Republic. Ada's descendants number 27 grandchildren, 32 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren.

Recalling her early years in Northport, Ada commented, "I went to dances quite a bit with Charles at the Adams Dance Hall, near where the Legion Hall is. There was a livery stable where Ansotigues live. Claude Busby played his banjo for some of the dances. I liked the waltz best," she stated. "We also did the two-step. Both my husbands loved to dance and were good partners. When Charles and I went to dances and Betty was little, we took her right along. We put her in the cloakroom in her buggy, and I would go and check on her often. Charley Adams was a very nice man, and encouraged us to bring the baby."

Ada also participated in the "mothers' club", a group of women who got together



Ada Hofer and Charles Meyers wedding picture.

at each o  
activities

A num  
remembe  
play  
of the Pu  
as a func  
second  
Northpor  
sponsor  
before. T  
Theater,  
located. C  
part in  
Professor  
parts, oth  
were not  
helped ou  
Touchme

Some o  
and the  
Paparich  
Anna F  
Biggersta  
Jane Gre  
Betsey I  
included C  
War  
Jose, and  
Bockmue  
Bushnell,  
publicity

at each others' homes for visiting and social activities.

A number of people in Northport will remember the "Old Maids' Convention," a play which was put on by the Altar Society of the Pure Heart of Mary Catholic Church as a fund raiser Aug. 18, 1934. It was the second performance of the play in Northport, but with a different cast and sponsor than the earlier one a few years before. The event was held at the old Iris Theater, where Tony's Market is presently located. Only one man, Arthur Rowe, had a part in the play, and he was cast as Professor Makeover. In order to fill all the parts, other women of the community who were not members of the Altar Society helped out. Ada played the part of Francis Touchmenot.

Some of the "stars" of this performance and the parts they played were Anna Paparich, who played Charity Longface, Anna Hyatt as Hannah Susannah Biggerstaff, Elfrieda Ames as Josephine Jane Green, and Lucile Rowe who played Betsey Bobbett. Other cast members included Celia Laird, Rose (Laird) Artman, Wanda Tyllia, Mrs Joe (Celia) Laird, Josephine Tyllia, Maybelle (Ames) Bockmuehl, Anna Busby, Elizabeth Rowe Bushnell, and Margaret Rowe. In charge of publicity was Elizabeth Rowe, with tickets

sold by Lenora Janni. Mae Cummings took care of stage properties and music was provided by Alda Beard. According to Ada and some of the other ladies who took part, it was a lot of fun.

Ada is a member of the Legion Auxiliary, Altar Society and Northport Grange. She enjoys participating in all of these activities and visiting with her friends.

She is the sole surviving member of the Hofer family, as her last remaining brother, Jake Hofer, passed away in Colville in 1979 at the age of 88.



Ada and Raymond Laird in approximately 1955.



The Old Laird Home.

# LEADEN

About one mile from the Canadian border toward Northport, John and Bertha Leaden bought "squatters rights" and homesteaded 160 acres in 1901. John and Bertha were the parents of Howard Leaden, and Howard and his wife, Dorothy, still live in the house Howard's parents had built in 1917 on that land.

The Leaden ancestry goes back to the country of Ireland. When Howard's paternal grandmother, Mary, emigrated to the U.S. as a child, the Irish ship she was on shipwrecked somewhere near Bermuda. Two of her older brothers had already emigrated and were living in Springfield, Illinois. They later heard that an Irish shipwrecked vessel had reached New Orleans, and when they went to see if any of their family was on the ship and had survived, their little sister Mary was found.

Howard's paternal grandfather, Pat

Leaden, who had also come from Ireland, met Mary and they were married. They lived next door to Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Ill. During the first two weeks of his administration, Pat Leaden was bodyguard to President Lincoln, but he wanted to get into the Civil War action.

Leaden was given a captaincy by Lincoln. He was involved in the battle at Gettysburg in Pickett's Charge, where he received a gunshot wound through the lung. The wound did not prove fatal.

John Leaden was born to Pat and Mary in 1866 in Springfield. He left home at an early age and began following mining, principally coal. He first went to Wyoming, then New Mexico, eventually going to Texas where he joined the Texas Rangers. He served under the famous Captain Hughes, who was the brother of W. P. (Billy Hughes; Billy was also in the Texas Rangers at that time).

W. P. Hughes later brought a printing press into the fledgling town of Northport and founded the Northport News.



Howard and Dorothy Leaden

After  
prospe  
discov  
E 1.

looking  
years  
Rossla  
there a  
Mask

It w  
future  
been b  
Germa  
Minnes  
Spokar  
during  
take ca  
steaml

John  
they ca  
1901.

Dore  
saying  
going  
would  
Leader  
just a  
u 0  
near tl  
The

After leaving Texas, Leaden went prospecting. He and John McGonagill discovered the first ledge of coal at Cle Elum. They sold their property, then went looking for gold, spending two or three years in the Pend Oreille area. When the Rossland mines were discovered, they went there and Leaden was in charge of the Iron Mask and OK mines, in 1896, '97 and '98.

It was in Rossland that John met his future wife, Bertha Russell. Bertha had been born in 1884 in Fergus Falls, Minn. of German parents. Her family came from Minnesota to Spokane Falls (later called Spokane) about 1890. Bertha was in Spokane during the big fire. She went to Rossland to take care of a sister who was ill, going by steamboat from the Dalles up into Canada.

John and Mary were married in 1900; they came to their ranch near the border in 1901.

Dorothy remembers her mother-in-law saying, "if anybody had told me that I was going to land in this Godforsaken place, I would have shot them." At the time the Leadens arrived on the ranch, there was just a small cabin with growing timber right up to it. The coyotes would venture very near the house.

The railroad between Northport and

Rossland ran through the Leaden land, and gold and copper was loaded at a siding on the place to be shipped to the Tacoma smelter. The siding became known as Velvet Siding, and a little community grew around the spot.

Soon there was a post office, a little store, a depot, a Grange Hall, and a school. The school started out as a log building, then a frame building of lumber was constructed. "One of the features of the school was that on the sunny side it was all windows, which could be tilted to let the air in at the bottom and at the top," remembered Howard.

The school even had a swimming pool, the only grade school in Washington with one. The district, rich with revenue from the West Kootenai Power and Light Company and the Northern Railroad, had a domestic science and manual training department. Teachers were paid \$150 a month in 1917, and "they got good teachers," Leaden exclaimed.

The Leadens had three sons, Russell, Warren, and Howard. Russell carried his mother's maiden name, as was the custom in many families at that time. Howard was born Aug. 25, 1913.

In 1919 Howard started school at Velvet with Miss Berg as his first teacher. The



Howard and his father, John Leaden - 1925.



**Leaden Home - 1926. There were 5 acres of garden around the house.**



**BUDDIES - Left to right: Clarence Rowe, Russell Leaden, Val Harworth and Frank Janni.**





Velvet School - 1920



Velvet School - 1920



Howard Leaden - 1932



Howard, Warren and Russell Leaden - 1915.

school had about 32 kids attending when it first began. Another teacher Howard remembers having was Zita Rowe. He recalls that Carrie Trombetta was a teacher there one year, but because both his older brothers were attending high school in Northport, he also went there during his fifth grade year.

Howard went to Northport for his 8th year of school as the school at Velvet had closed for lack of pupils after the railroad was no longer running.

"I always studied hard on anything I was supposed to do," recalled Howard. "I was assigned the subject of the woodtick in Biology, and boy, did I go into it. I know more about the woodtick than you can imagine. I was about the only one prepared for the lesson that day; I talked 45 minutes on the woodtick," he laughed. This earned him the nickname "Woodtick", which was shortened later to just "Tick."

Howard's father bought much land through the years, owning as much as 5,000 acres between their home and Big Sheep. "There was a time when we were 'property poor'," said Howard. His father would buy the land for the poles on it and then sell it.

The Leadens once owned the house in Northport where the Joe Maxfields now live. The house was built by Frank Shea, who also built all the sidewalks in Northport.

Russell Leaden graduated from Northport High School and went to Washington State University, where he was a roommate of Harvey Broderius. He passed away during his first year at WSU.

"My brother Warren was a kind of mental genius," commented Howard. "I was always in awe of him. He attended the University of Washington and graduated with the highest grades of anybody who had ever graduated from there. He was a Phi Beta Kappa. He earned a Master's degree at Stanford in California, and a Doctorate at Princeton University. He was superintendent of schools at Federal Way, and is now retired and lives at Bellevue."

Howard graduated from Northport High in 1933, losing a year of school when his older brother died. He attended Eastern

Washington State College. After graduating he worked for the Bureau of Plant Pathology and the Bureau of Economics.

When asked how she and Howard met, Dorothy replied, "My sister and brother used to come down shooting squirrels with Howard long before I met him. One Sunday afternoon he was in Rossland, and my sister drug him up to the parlor, where I had to play the piano for him. That is how we met."

Dorothy, who was born in Rossland, B. C. Sept. 23, 1917 to Sam and Minnie Irvin, grew up in the Irvin Hotel, also known as the White Wolf Inn. Her parents bought the hotel in 1913 when it was called the Central Hotel.

After graduating from Rossland High School in 1936, she worked in the office of Hunter Bros. Mercantile in Rossland until her marriage to Howard in 1940.

"In 1928 the Trail Smelter elevated their stacks and sent poisonous fumes down here," recalled Howard. "The people organized to do something about it and called their organization of the Citizens' Protection Association, of which my father was chairman."



Mr. and Mrs. John Leaden - 1937.

The group tried to bring suit against the smelter, unsuccessfully because of it being an international proposition. Through the actions of the senate and congress, \$40,000 a year was allocated to fight the case. A number of chemists, plant pathologists, etc. from each country came to study the situation.

After about ten years of negotiations and research, an award of \$315,000 was handed down to the area people. John T. Raftis of Colville was the attorney who worked with the group. "They probably destroyed \$50,000,000 worth of timber at our present prices," commented Howard. "There was no reproduction in this country for ten years."

The stress of the fight proved too much for Howard's father, and he suffered a severe stroke. He died in April, 1939 shortly after the decision on the case was made.

Howard taught Vocational Agriculture at Northport High for five years, from 1947 to 1951. He was elected as chairman of the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Committee, and about the same time was supervisor of the Kettle-Stevens Soil Conservation District. For about 25 years he was the Grange Insurance Agent. He served on the School Board for a number of years.

"I had about seven jobs at the same

time," he remembered.

Howard is the only remaining charter member of the Northport Grange No. 928, organized in 1930. He and Dorothy, who joined in 1942, have been very active in the Grange, holding many of the offices through the years. They have both taken their Seventh Degrees and are members of the National Grange.

Dorothy and Howard have two sons. John born in November, 1942 is married to Maria, and they have one son, Michael. Larry, their second son, was born May 16, 1948.

Dorothy began work in the school lunchroom in the old Northport gym in 1956. When it burned in 1963, she finished out the year in the old Parrot Room, then for at least two years the cooking was done in Alex Francis' home back of the old grade school until the new facility of gym, cafeteria and multipurpose room was completed.

Dorothy continued as head cook in the school until her retirement in 1978. She now stays busy at her home, doing handwork, gardening, crafts, and many other jobs. She is well known in the area and Canada for her cake decorating.

Howard's mother passed away in 1972 at the age of 89 after living in a mobile home next to her son for many years.

## LOTZE

Onion Creek is a special area in the history of the Northport community, since the residents there had the choice of going south to Colville or as they more favored north down the grade to Northport.

It was to this area in 1890 that Earnest and Marie York Lotze came to raise a family of 12. Earnest and Marie were married in Germany and immigrated to the United States in the late 1870's.

Wilfred Lotze, a grandson, who still lives a bachelor's life up Onion Creek near the old homestead, tells the story of the Lotze family.

"My father was Rudolph Lotze. Most

people knew him by the name of "Shorty." He was born in Spokane in 1889 and came with his parents at the age of one to Onion Creek. They came to Onion Creek looking for water power to operate a sawmill. Northport was booming at the time and my grandfather felt he could sell lumber there. They did build a mill, but it never produced much.

"Lumber was selling then for \$16 a thousand board feet.

"About 1900 my grandfather took up a homestead, which was to remain in the Lotze family. My father's brother, Earnest, was the last one to live on the homestead."

Children of Earnest and Marie Lotze were Charlie, Harry, Art, Rudolph, Earnest, Kelly, Lidia (Zema), Anne (Ogden),

Martha (VanHorn), Rose (Gaynes), Bob and Walter.

"It was on this homestead that all the children were raised. They made their living on what was available. They farmed, cut cordwood, selling some to the Northport smelter and hewed ties. They paid 45 cents each for ties delivered to the track, the Onion Creek spur, in the 1930's.

"We all went to the then called 'Lotze' school. It was about a mile away. First it was a log building, which is still standing. Later they built a frame, one-room school house. They later called it the 'Laurel' school. There were 13 kids in school.

"Every area had a one-room school. If there were enough kids in the area, they just had a school. In the Onion Creek general area was the George school, Huntington school and the Wall school that became the Bodie Mountain school.

"Matilda Raisio was my first teacher. Grades were one through eight.

"Few people know it, but in 1935 and 1936 they gave certificates at the school here for high school. They had enough kids then. But then they joined with Northport and the kids went there for high school.

"There were quite a few families here then. People came to homestead. Cost only \$5 to file a form and then all you had to do was prove up your land.

"Some of the families nearby were the Zema's, Walters and Snyders. I remember the Zema's had a big orchard.

"Mining has always been popular in this area, though only the Van Stone property has ever turned out to be worth anything. They came here prospecting for gold and silver first. They dug holes all over these hills. There is some copper here and the Van Stone is mainly zinc, with lead secondary.

"My dad had some claims up Mingo Mountain. There was once a small town there. Charlie Hofer had some claims near where I live now. He'd come up on weekends with a pack on his back and work his claim.

"When they had the uranium boom in the 1950's they had people all over these hills with Geiger counters. They never did find anything.

"I forgot to add, a family named Matz were our closest neighbors.

"I remember when they logged the Marble flat to make way for the orchard. It was covered with yellow pine. They brought a big 'steam donkey' for the job. The pine was taken to the Williams mill.

"Us kids use to make our extra money picking huckleberries. We'd get 50 cents a gallon. We'd go up on the mountain and stay there. One year they were as big as cherries.

"One year we picked 600 gallons. There was four of us picking. Louis Davenport of



**BODIE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL - 1926-27 -**  
**Front row, left to right: (First Graders)**  
 Helen Snyder, Pat Busby, Rosie Domitrovich and Josie Matz. **Middle row:** Rosie Snyder, Josie Domitrovich and Cecil Lotze. **Back row:** Donna Domitrovich, Frances Domitrovich, Laura McCall, Doris M. z, Vince Domitrovich, Annie Domitrovich. The teacher was Lucile Munroe.

the Da  
 some.  
 m...ey  
 ne  
 ice cre  
 we'd g  
 1930's a  
 picked  
 ice cre  
 "Ye  
 Onion  
 They'  
 came  
 them,  
 They  
 weren

Gra  
 Cork,  
 this c  
 y  
 Two  
 moth  
 daugh  
 Butte  
 He  
 cars.  
 the ra

On  
 area  
 Gus,  
 came  
 Coule  
 arriv  
 Gu  
 befor  
 home  
 ttle  
 tie

I Matz  
d the  
ar  
roug  
e pine  
money  
ents a  
d stay  
ig as  
There  
ort of

the Davenport Hotel in Spokane bought some. We'd buy our school clothes with the money we got from picking huckleberries.

"One of the best things was home made ice cream. The Busby's had put up ice and we'd get a block from them. Then in the 1930's a creamery truck came through and picked up the cream cans. You could buy an ice cream cone from them for five cents.

"Years ago the Indians used to come up Onion Creek and go up Rogers Mountain. They'd be gone for a month and they always came back with gold. Nobody would follow them, cause they knew what would happen. They wouldn't come back. The Indians weren't really interested in gold, but they

## MCDONALD

### Zita McDonald

Grandfather Maloney was born in County Cork, Ireland. He and grandmother came to this country and settled in St. Paul, Minn. They raised two sons and two daughters. Two children passed away as babies. My mother, Mrs. Margaret Rowe, was one daughter. She and grandfather moved to Butte, Mont.

He worked in the railroad in the cook cars. Also as watchman on the bridge over the railroad at Northport. While in that area

knew what they could trade for with it. These Indians came from across the river (Columbia) off the reservation. I know they never found any gold around here."

Wilfred Lotze brothers and sisters included Ruby (Brown), Milton, Millie (Snyder), Grace (Kanitz), Warren, Jerry and David.

In the name "Onion Creek", the only reason behind the name, states Wilfred, comes from "Onion Creek" Jack that lived at the mouth of the creek and raised onions. This was on the Columbia River.

"They told me he sold them in Northport. And that's how this area got its name."

he homesteaded a piece of land between Boundary and Northport above the Columbia River.

He informed my parents of the land around Northport and they came from Butte. We settled on the land where we all grew up.

My dad was born in Cornwall, England, he came to Butte when he was 21 as he had brothers and sisters there. That is where he and my mother met and were married. Also sister Annie was born there.

There were nine children in our family, six boys and three girls. When dad came to this country he worked as a smelterman. He even worked for a time in the Northport Smelter. Then he took up farming.

## MAKI

One of the first settlers in the Deep Creek area was Gus Maki, father of Roy Maki. Gus, who was born in Finland in 1867, and came to Deep Creek in 1895 from San Coulee, Mont. where he had settled after arriving in the U.S.

Gus worked in the mines in Montana before coming to Washington, where he homesteaded 160 acres. As more families settled in the Deep Creek region, he met Katie Glad, who was also Finnish, and the

two were married in Northport in 1909. Katie was born in 1872; she came from Finland to New York and then migrated west.

Gus and Katie had three children: Roy, Ina and Elsie. Ina Lund is now deceased, and Elsie, who is married to William Lof, lives in Spokane. The Lof family used to own the place where Helen Makynen now lives.

Roy was born May 13, 1910 in the house his father had built on his homestead, the same house Roy and his wife, Aune, have lived in since 1941.

Aune, who was the second child of Alma



and Eli Raisio, came to Northport from Spokane where she was born Sept. 7, 1907. The Raisios bought land in 1909 from the Erickson family, who had homesteaded it; Isaac Isaacson shared in the purchase, and they later divided the land. Mrs. Isaacson was the mother of Helen Fredrickson.

Aune estimates that at least 20 families had settled in an area covering six or seven miles, from the South Fork Grange to the Doyle School and back in the area behind the school. Some of the families, all of Finnish descent, had come from Rossland, B.C. where the men worked in the mines.

Both Roy and Aune remember Finn Hall as being a place where the young people would gather, a place where parties and dances were held and where school was held for a short time.

Roy attended Doyle School through the eighth grade and then had a year and a half of high school in Northport. After getting out of school, he helped on his father's farm and worked "here and there." As he got older he worked in the mines, woods and sawmills.

Roy's father discovered a lead and zinc mine, which he called the Black Rock Mine, in 1920 across the road from his home. Soon

after its discovery, he sold it to John Gorrien with about ten acres of land. It is presently owned by Cliff Crandall.

There wasn't always much cash available in the early days, and Aune commented, "In those days you milked cows and made butter and you kept chickens and sold eggs, and you traded butter and eggs for groceries at Kendrick's Mercantile."

Aune, who has an older sister, Matilda and a younger brother Vaino, attended school at Doyle School for a couple of years. Her home was located where Marshal Estes now lives. She recalls going to school on a horse-drawn wagon which had a cover over it for shelter. The "school bus" carried about ten children.

About 1915, Upper Deep Creek School was built nearer to the Raisio home. The first teacher in the new school was Nora Pero; she had taught school part of a year in Finn Hall prior to the opening of the Upper Deep Creek School. Nora was the daughter of Riley Davis, the sister of Art and Guy Davis.

Aune attended and graduated from Northport High School. The bus she rode to town was driven by Sam Johnson of Leadpoint. After graduating in 1927 she



**Roy and Aune Maki**

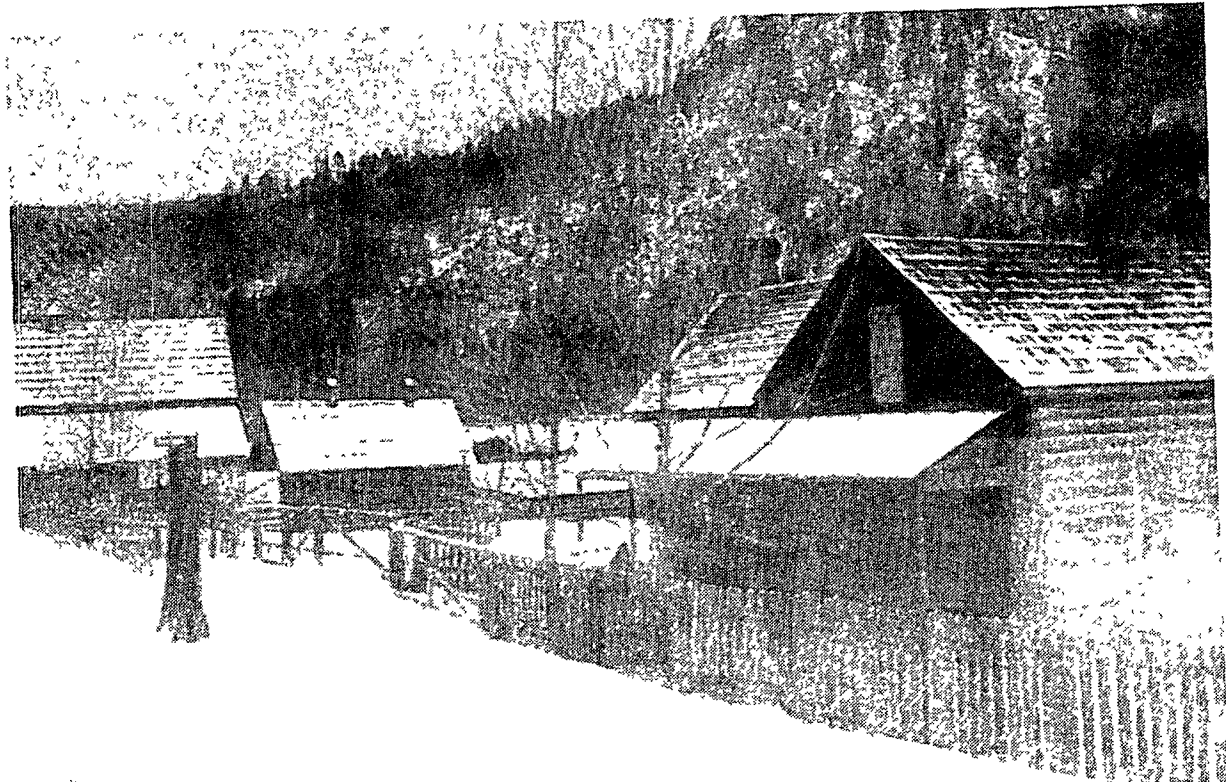
l it to John  
of land. It is  
adall.  
as available  
mented, "In  
s and made  
and sold eggs,  
d eggs for  
antile."  
ster, Matilda  
no, attended  
ple of years.  
arshal Estes  
o school on a  
a cover over  
ous" carried

k School was  
re. The first  
Nora Pero;  
year in Finn  
Upper Deep  
daughter of  
rt and Guy

uated from  
s she rode to  
Jo on of  
in 1927 she



**PROUD CUTTER - Mr. and Mrs. Gust Maki about 1909.**



**Gust Maki homestead - 1916. Note all log construction.**

spent two years at Cheney Normal School, working part of the time in the apple harvest at Cashmere to earn money to continue her education.

After finishing at Cheney, Aune began teaching at the school on Bodie Mountain in 1931. Prior to this her sister Matilda taught at Bodie in 1928 and '29, and then Elsie Sauvola taught there for two years.

"The school was in a little opening in the woods, and the children all walked to school, some of them two or three miles!," she remembered. "The closest house was about a mile away." The Claude Busby's lived near the school the first year she taught there, but they moved to Northport after that.

Some of the families with children in the Bodie School at that time were the Snyders, Domitroviches, Claytons, Millers, Norris's and Lotzes. There were at least 15 to 20 children each year while she taught.

After teaching at Bodie for two years, Aune married Roy. They had been dating "off and on" for about three years. The ceremony was held in Colville June 6, 1933, and the couple lived with Aune's parents for the rest of the summer until they moved into the school cottage connected with the Bodie school building.

Even though a ruling had been made that married women couldn't teach at Bodie

because of her two previous years Aune was allowed to teach there after her marriage. She remained one more year, then began teaching at the Doyle School.

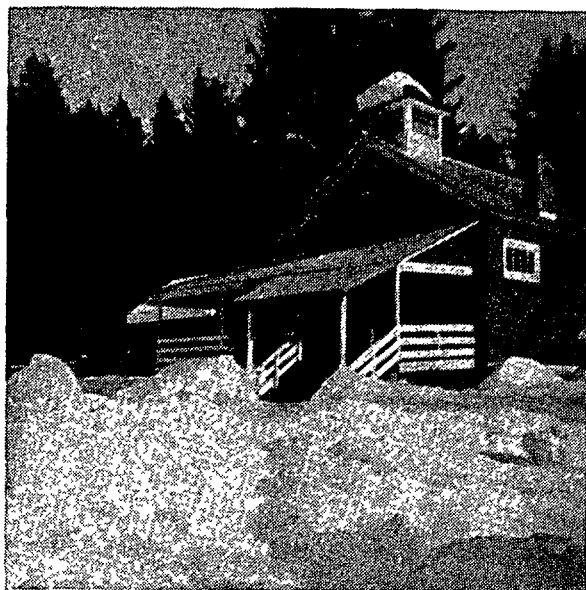
Wages in those days were out of this world - \$50 per month at Doyle the first year I taught there," laughed Aune. She was better paid at Bodie, where she received \$115 a month the first year. Of course, this included the janitor work and \$2 for carrying the water up a steep hill. One year during the depression she received only \$20 per month.

When school began in 1934, Aune started teaching at the Doyle School and she and Roy lived in the Doyle School cottage. She taught there for two years at that time; between the years of 1934 and 1966, she taught at the Doyle School three different times for a total of fourteen years.

Aune was a substitute teacher for Northport for three years in the old brick school building.

In 1941 the Makis rented Roy's old home from his mother. His father had passed away in 1936 at the age of 69. Mrs. Maki lived with them for about two years, then moved to Spokane and lived there with her daughter Elsie. She passed away at the age of 94 in 1966. Roy and Aune purchased their home in 1947.

The Makis raised two sons, Jack and



Doyle school house after heavy snow.



Upper Deep Creek school - 1920 - Left to right: Leslie Martella, Werner Sauvola, Johnny Johnson, Aune (Ralsio) Maki and Ina (Koski) McKern.

Melvin  
Northp  
m of  
th. vi  
Betty  
with th  
two c  
grandc  
A 50t  
1927 No

The  
settling  
those i  
who be  
their f.  
living i  
a hous

John  
1890. A  
arrived  
somet  
in the  
Lapua  
and aft  
for hi  
Helen.  
forema  
so her  
memo  
of sev

It wa  
Helen  
taking  
Northp  
always  
hopes  
mines  
Mine,  
Palm  
spendi  
how r  
Salmo  
bride  
marri

on i  
no

Aune was marriage. hen began

the world st year I She was received nurse, this d \$2 for . One year d only \$20

ne started d she and ttage. She hat time; 1966, she : different rs. cher for old brick

old home ad passed Mrs. Maki ears, then e with her at age ased their

Jack and



Left to Sauvola, Maki and

Melvin. They both graduated from Northport High School. Jack lives in Alaska most of the year, coming back to Spokane in the winter months. Melvin and his wife, Betty Lou (Pierce), also live in Spokane with their two children. Jack is the father of two children, giving the Makis four grandchildren.

A 50th year reunion was held in 1977 of the 1927 Northport High School graduates, and

## MAKYNEN

The early 1900's found many Finlanders settling in the Deep Creek area. Among those included John and Helen Makynen, who began their married life here, raised their family and today we still find Helen living in the same house she first lived in as a house guest in 1917.

John was born in Kauhava, Finland, in 1890. At the age of 20 he left Finland and arrived in Salmon Arm, B. C., Canada; the same town that Helen Mack's family settled in after leaving Finland. Helen was born in Lapua in 1897. Her father left Finland alone and after finding work and housing, he sent for his wife and two-year-old daughter Helen. Her father worked as a section foreman on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, so her childhood was filled with happy memories of train rides. She was the oldest of seven children.

It was 1913 in Salmon Arm when John and Helen first met. The courtship was still taking place in 1916 when John left for Northport to look for work. Mining had always held an interest for him and he had hopes of finding employment in the local mines. He found work at the Great Western Mine, Electric Point Mine and also at the Palm sawmill, located on Deep Creek. After spending a year in this area and discovering how much he liked it, he went back to Salmon Arm with hopes of bringing his bride back with him. John and Helen were married on St. Patrick's Day, 1917.

An incident took place at that time which did not come to light until recent years when

Aune was in charge of arrangements for the event. Eighteen students graduated that year; six of them are deceased, but all except two of the remaining twelve attended the reunion.

Aune belongs to the Deep Creek Home Economics Club, a group she has been a part of for about fifty years. During that time she has served in various offices.

old friends were reminiscing. It seems these same friends had decided to surprise them with a comforter for a wedding gift and slipped it into their hotel room. Unfortunately it was the wrong hotel room and John and Helen never laid eyes on the comforter.

Returning to Northport shortly after their marriage, they stayed with Jack and Alma Lof and sons Bill and Orville, for four months. This was the beginning of a lasting friendship. The Makynen children grew up feeling so close to Mrs. Lof they referred to her always as "Tati (auntie) Lof."

After leaving the Lof household they moved to Northport where they had bought a house on Silver Crown Avenue. John was working in the smelter at this time. Their first child Eugene was born in this house in November, 1919. A year later another important event took place when John became a naturalized citizen. Helen then automatically became naturalized also.

Misfortune hit in 1921 when their little house in Northport burned to the ground. Everything was lost in the fire except a Singer sewing machine, which is the only sewing machine Helen has ever owned and she still puts it to good use.

A short time passed since the fire and they found themselves back on Deep Creek, since John was now employed at the Last Chance Mine. This time they moved into the Lof's homestead cabin. John fixed it up comfortably and this is where their second child Eunice was born in June, 1922. Three years later they had the opportunity renting the Doyle farm with a house that seemed very spacious after living in the

and Victor Hagen and their children Arne, Sulo, Gonald, Erma, Allen, Emil and Ellen. Ellen and Joanne's friendship began when they were still pre-schoolers and it kept growing as they went through all eight grades at Doyle school together and began high school together. Joanne genuinely felt like she had lost a best friend when Ellen moved to Spokane.

Finn was mostly spoken in the Makynen home before Gene and Eunice went to school. Eunice started school at an early age, tagging along with Gene when he went. She was soon enrolled as a regular pupil. One of the teachers all the Makynen children had while attending Doyle school was Aune Maki, who was and still is their devoted friend and neighbor. Another well remembered teacher, particularly to Evelyn and Joanne was Carl Lumberg, who with his wife Ruth and small daughters Nancy and Doris, lived in the little cottage by the school.

At different times two young girls stayed at the Makynen home while attending school. They were Anna Sandolin (Ronka) and Sylvia Savella (Leuschel).

Walking to school was an expected thing, especially when you lived only half a mile from the school, but bus driver Eric Norberg or his son Bushy, who also drove bus really knew how to put a smile on Evelyn and Joanne's faces when they'd stop to pick them up, especially on a cold, winter morning.

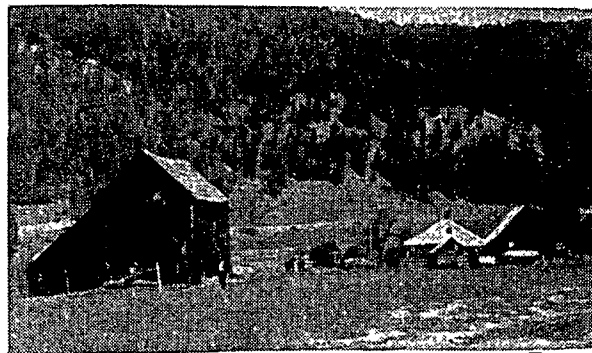
In 1939 Eunice and Gene graduated from Northport high school, Eunice being valedictorian of their class. She then moved to Spokane where she found employment and Gene stayed in this area and worked locally. In January 1942 after Pearl Harbor, Gene left for the army. After basic training he was shipped overseas, stationed in New Guinea. He spent some time in Australia and then went to the Philippines where he was a civilian employee after his discharge from the army. He remained in the Philippines until 1948.

In 1944 Evelyn graduated from Northport high school and also left for Spokane to work. Joanne graduated in 1946 with her only classmate, Kenneth Hydorn. Not

following the usual pattern, she stayed home to help with the farm work and spent part of the following year back in Northport high school taking a post-graduate course.

In the meantime John and Helen had purchased the Lof farm and also the Peterson farm on Black Canyon. Maria and Isaac Isaacson (known to their friends as Ikie and Maiju) remained in the little two room house on the Peterson place where they had been living for many years. They were an unforgettable and memorable couple. He was a great visitor and could spend many hours at a time visiting his neighbors. On Saturday nights you could find them walking to one of the neighbors for a sauna, since they did not have one of their own. Ike had a memory that could settle almost any argument or discussion. "Just ask Ike" was a statement heard over and over again. They lived in the little cabin until his death in 1954, and Maiju passed away the following year in a nursing home in Colville. As long as the cabin was standing, it was easy to imagine Ike standing at the window as he always did when someone drove by on the Black Canyon road.

A little creek ran by their cabin, which was their only source of water, packing buckets daily by hand. This little creek did not have a name, although the neighbors always referred to it as "Ike's Creek." Recently when Ray Liebman was acquiring a water right this un-named creek was discussed. Ray told them what its common name was and when he received his water right, it clearly defined this little creek as "Ike Creek."



Ike Koski original homestead on Deep Creek.

John w  
working  
and later  
diff  
time for  
remodeli  
left at ho  
tractor th  
while wo  
she thoug  
two birds  
few men.  
was harr  
the gun h  
into the r  
fear, she  
wonderin  
escaping  
came to  
watchful  
wooden  
Neither o  
could ha  
moving th  
at the top

John w  
hoist  
long  
her dad to  
her bad  
been an  
employee  
loss of on  
John was  
tractor in  
thankful  
Joanne,  
tractor ti

Another  
Creek are  
Ray Lie  
Battlegro  
after serv  
an early  
been w  
Vancouve  
mother,  
Carl's lo  
Ray cam  
indefinite  
Creek m  
with oh



John was kept busy in the 1940's and 1950's working at the Portland Cement Company and later at the Deep Creek mine. Working different shifts at the mine gave him extra time for farming, land clearing and remodeling a house. Joanne, the only child left at home now was more at ease on the tractor than she was in the kitchen. One day while working in the field with the tractor she thought it would be a good idea to kill two birds with one stone and eliminate a few menacing ground squirrels while she was harrowing. Getting back on the tractor the gun hit the seat and discharged directly into the rear tractor tire. Almost numb with fear, she was still standing by the tractor wondering what to do about the fluid escaping from the tire when Ike Isaacson came to her rescue (he always had a watchful eye from his house) and put a wooden match stick in the puncture. Neither one realized that the same purpose could have been achieved by merely moving the tractor so the puncture would be at the top of the tire!

John was working swing shift that day as hoistman at the Deep Creek mine. It was the longest shift Joanne ever put in, waiting for her dad to come home so she could give him her bad news. On this very day there had been an explosion in the mine, injuring an employee, Jack Eliuk, which resulted in the loss of one eye and also the loss of one hand. John was so upset by that accident that the tractor incident hardly phased him. He was thankful it wasn't a tragic accident, telling Joanne, "We can always replace a new tractor tire, but we couldn't replace you."

Another newcomer that came to the Deep Creek area and ended up settling here was Ray Liebman. Born and raised in Battleground, he came to this area in 1946 after serving in the U.S. Navy. Carl Miller, an early settler in the Spirit district had been working in the shipyards in Vancouver, and met and married Ray's mother, Clara Liebman. They returned to Carl's log home to live, and this is where Ray came for a visit that turned into an indefinite stay. He got a job in the Deep Creek mine and became well acquainted with John. A short time later they had

something in common other than mining...Joanne! On Oct. 16, 1947 Ray and Joanne were married in Colville and settled down to married life in one of Gezelius's cabins, being neighbors to Richard and Ella Gezelius and their little girls Ruthie and Ellen.

John was busy these days remodeling the Lof house and in 1948 they moved into it, leaving the Doyle house vacant. Once again this house seemed spacious to the new occupants when Ray and Joanne moved in, expecting their first baby at this time. This was to be John and Helen's third grandchild.

Gene and Angela Makynen blessed them with their first grandchild when their daughter Victoria Jean was born in the Philippines in May, 1948. Their second grandchild John Michael was born to Evelyn and Sam Lappano in Sept. 1948 in Spokane. Randy Eugene was born to Ray and Joanne on Oct. 1, 1948 in Colville.

Early in 1949 John and Helen had the exciting news that Gene, Angie and baby Vicki would be coming home. A family and neighborhood get together was held at the Makynen home on their arrival to celebrate this homecoming.

In the winter of '49-50 Ray, Joanne and Randy moved to Ephrata after the mine closed and jobs here were scarce. Eunice and John Hinkle lived in Ephrata and they took this little family under their wing and helped Ray find work and housing.

Five years were spent in Ephrata, during which time a daughter Patricia Rae was born April 18, 1951, and a son, Ricky Dean, on August 22, 1952. Ray was employed with Consolidated Freightways, transferring to Spokane in the spring of 1955. Shortly after that Consolidated Freightways went on strike and Ray found himself back on Deep Creek, working in the Deep Creek mine which had reopened. His original plan was to work temporarily and return to Spokane, but the old attraction to this country was still there and he soon had his family moved back with him.

For the third time the Doyle house provided a home for members of the Makynen family. After Ray and Joanne

moved out and left for Ephrata, Gene and his family moved in. While living there, they added two more children to their family, Georgiana and Billy. In September 1952 tragedy struck when Gene fell ill with polio and passed away at Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. Angie and the children then left to be with her family in another state.

A long time dream of John's was to someday return to Finland for a visit. A sister was still living there, plus numerous nieces and nephews. After retiring, he fulfilled his dream and he and Helen left for Finland in May, 1957.

It was a memorable trip, seeing his old homeland and celebrating "Midsummer's Day" with his sister and families in June. Before returning home he became very ill and his only wish then was to get back to his own home again. They arrived home the last of August, but good health never returned to him. In September he was hospitalized in Colville and passed away there from a heart attack.

Home is where the heart is, and perhaps that is why Helen has remained living in the home that holds so many memories for her. Ray and Joanne are close neighbors and have operated the farm since John's retirement. Hoping that the last move they made would truly be their last move, they began building their home in the fall of 1955. This was a slow process and they felt like pioneers themselves until the modern facilities were in. They remember one of the healthiest winters when on one occasion water was left in the wash basin one night and the next morning it was frozen. After the house had been well started they talked and wished a split level could be made from it. It was "talk" for quite some time and Ray would discuss this with his neighbors...his plan to cut the house in half. Their usual response was "You'll never do it" which seemed to be the incentive Ray needed, because soon after with chain saw in hand, he sawed the house in half, raised one half and completed his split level project.

The Liebman children all attended Doyle School. Aune Maki found herself teaching

Makynen grandchildren after teaching their mother a generation ago. As before, all eight grades were in one large room, yet anyone could approach the school room and never hear unruly noises or loud talking. Elections were often held in the school, with no interference from the classroom. Christmas programs were well planned, bringing the entire community together. Halloween time was usually carnival time and the attendance at these carnivals was proof how much fun they were. The number of nominations Aune received as "Stevens County Teacher of the Year" in 1962 was fantastic. The honor she received was truly deserved.

After graduating from Northport High School in 1966 Randy joined the Navy, serving three years. He attended Spokane Community College after his discharge. He presently lives in Kettle Falls with his wife Joanne (Bourgeau) and daughter Sheri Lynn, age 9, and son Chad Richard, age 5. He is employed with Lynn Motors in Colville.

Little did Nadine Koster (niece of Toivo Rosendahl and daughter of the late Ily Rosendahl Koster) and Joanne know when they were childhood friends that they would someday be sharing grandchildren! In the late 1930s and early 40's Nadine would come to Deep Creek to visit her aunt and uncle, Toivo and Alice Rosendahl. A generation later her son Greg Mathews followed her footsteps, coming from California to visit Alice and Toivo, and getting acquainted with the Liebman children. As years followed, correspondence, visits and romance blossomed, and on Nov. 18, 1972 Patty and Greg were married in Colville. They lived in Milpitas, Calif., where Greg worked for the Pacific North West Bell Company. Two sons were born while living there, Bradley Trevor in February 1975 and Raymond Timothy in August 1976. They now make their home in Spokane after being transferred in 1978.

The summer of 1969 found Rick Liebman and his good friend Jim Paparich on their way to Denver, Colo., to attend automotive and diesel college, after their graduation from Northport high school. Rick graduated

from the area in 1971 and returned to the area until the fall of 1972. He then came back to Colville, working for the immediate family. He later became Suzanne R. in 1979. In September 1979, he was with the Colville, with Suzi's little Helen M. with nostalgic many ways years". K. grandchild now is 16. She is hoping her birthday is

Very few seek their town where find every path through you went to was sixty

The city growing so landmarks growing so boy. I was mother so Edward, boy, and E the Northp My folks w to the tele today, in fa side of the

My father hotel and located just next to the calle

from the automotive college in September 1971 and returned to work in the Spokane area until he joined the Air Force in the fall of 1972. After four years in the Air Force, he came back to Deep Creek and began working for McNamee Logging, his immediate boss being Delbert Rieckers who later became his father-in-law. Rick and Suzanne Rieckers were married April 28, 1979. In September 1978 Rick began work with the state highway department in Colville, where they are now residing with Suzi's little daughter Tommie Ann.

Helen Makynen looks back on the years with nostalgia. Times have changed in so many ways, and she calls her years "good years". Keeping track of all her great grandchildren isn't easy. The count right now is 16 with two more to arrive in 1980. She is hoping one will arrive on her 83 birthday in February. She has been an

## MATESA

Very few people can go out into the world, seek their fortune and move back to the town where they were born and be able to find every fishing hole, swimming hole, paths through the woods, and yes, friends you went to school with, still the same as it was sixty years before.

The cities and towns in the world are growing so large, they are destroying all landmarks, but dear old Northport is growing smaller than it was when I was a boy. I was born Edward R. Matesa. My mother said I was named after King Edward, but I was nicknamed Eddie as a boy, and Ed as I grew older. I was born in the Northport hospital down by the Smelter. My folks were living in the little house next to the telephone office. It's still standing today, in fact, it's the only house now on that side of the block.

My father, Matt Matesa, owned a saloon, hotel and cafe all in one building. It was located just south of the post office building next to the City Hall. The old bank was called Miners and Smelters Bank. It was

independent woman, caring for her own household and most of her chores. Occasionally she will heat up her sauna and has family and friends over who thoroughly enjoy it. In the winter she keeps her paths shoveled and her woodbox full of wood that she chops herself for her trashburner. She has always enjoyed flowers and in the summertime her yard is edged with flowers. Her vegetable garden might get a bit smaller every year but she can't resist a few carrots, lettuce and especially strawberries.

John and Helen found "home" when they arrived at Lof's in 1917, but they did not realize it would someday be their own home. Now 62 years later this warm house has welcomed a multitude of friends, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Memories of it and its beloved occupants will last forever.

one of the few buildings saved in the fire and was later turned into the City Hall.

One of the first memories in this world was of me dancing kind of a jig up on the bar in my father's saloon. I remember I had on



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Matesa at the Northport Park.

a dress and little shoes and everyone was clapping, so I must of been pretty young.

Soon my dad sold out and we took up a homestead about four and one-half miles out of town, a way up on a mountain over looking the beautiful Columbia River. Winters were rough, most of the time we had to walk to school through deep snow. My sister, Anna, brothers, Matt and Frank, all helped each other through the snow storms. I was usually wet clear up to my knees and cold. The wood stoves in school never seemed to keep up a steady heat, they kept going out, so I usually didn't dry out good before starting home again. I vowed to myself then that when I got old, I'd never be cold, wet or hungry. For this goal, I left town at age 19 to seek my fortune and prepare for my senior years.

I remember my oldest brother, Matt and I would walk down to the Dalles to fish. We would have pins and thread, or string. One day on our way home with our catch, we were so hungry we couldn't stand it, so we stopped at the mouth of Onion Creek under the railroad trestle and cooked a fish, with no salt. It turned black, but it was the best stamped fish we ever ate.

I remember when the river went down, we used to see great big dead salmon near the creeks that entered the river. They must of come up to spawn. The dams were not on the Columbia in those days, and the fish could come clear up here from the ocean. My brothers and I would go each year and gather hazelnuts. Mother always wanted a 50 pound bag full, and of course, cleaned. The hulls were removed by drying well first, then giving them a cold water bath. They soon released the stickery husk. She made such delicious things with them each year, in cake, candy, cookies and all special dishes. All the paths leading to these hazelnut bushes are still here today, even more hazelnuts, free for all.

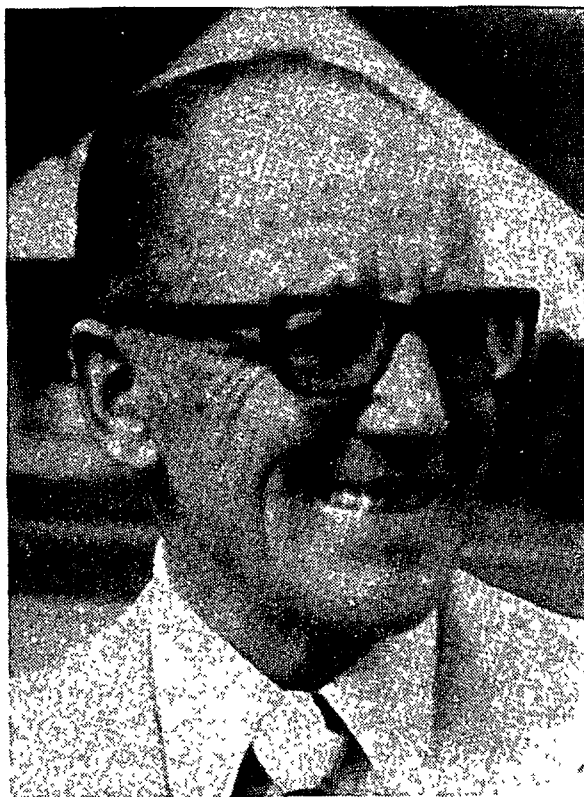
After a fire and a good rain, we always went searching for morel mushrooms. They were so good, Shaggy Manes are real good, too. We took them home.

Once I can remember seeing the hills across the river from Northport were on fire. We were all so afraid it would jump the

river, but it didn't. We felt so sorry for the animals and things being destroyed.

When we moved out on the homestead above the Weiche place, my dad worked at the Northport Smelter, then when it closed for a while, he worked at the Gladstone Mine. Wherever he worked, he walked and carried a palousa to see his way. In case you are not familiar with a lantern of this type here is how it is made. You take a can that's shiny inside like a three-pound coffee can, lay it on its side and in the center, make a couple cuts, push in a candle, make a handle with wire, as the candle burns down, push it up. It will keep a good flame and good light way ahead in any kind of weather. I keep one for emergencies now in my Scout always. For a handle, I use a coat hanger. Our well looked like it might run dry at times, so we were told to water the garden at night only and give each plant one dipper full, on the root. We always had wonderful gardens.

As I was a pretty good shot when I was very young, my dad gave me a .22. I used to delight in bringing home grouse and game



Edward R. Matesa

for the  
We al  
The v  
e  
and sp  
grew i  
the da  
Whe  
back  
school  
lived i  
over  
dark a  
to bu  
feelin  
man  
nearly  
that!  
I al  
musk  
get m  
even  
I sen  
stamp  
skins  
Silver  
winte  
d  
for we  
hairc  
cents  
wante  
hand  
stove  
lady l  
North  
paper  
was j  
solid  
launc  
ing p  
He ex  
Cente  
Liver  
overr  
many  
one  
start  
live  
The  
Trav  
m

try for the  
yed.  
homestead  
wed at  
n closed  
Gladstone  
alked and  
n case you  
f this type  
can that's  
offee can,  
r, make a  
e a handle  
vn, push it  
good light  
er. I keep  
my Scout  
at hanger.  
n dry at  
he garden  
one dipper  
wonderful  
hen I was  
I used to  
and game

for the table. My mother was a great cook. We always had dark whole wheat bread. The well-to-do people always had lovely white bread. We only had that on holidays and special occasions. I didn't realize until I grew up, we were the lucky ones to be using the dark whole wheat bread.

When I was nine years old, we moved back into the gulley from the old grade school with the high school upstairs. We lived right near a high thin bridge that went over the gulley and Northport was pitch dark at night. One night my mother sent me to buy something. I returned and I was feeling for the bridge. I touched a drunk man that was doing the same thing. It nearly scared me to death. I'll never forget that!

I always did like to trap. I used to catch muskrats and skunks. Sometimes I would get more than usual 14-16 cents per skin. I even got 46 cents in stamps once in the mail. I sent them by mail and always received stamps in my payments. I stretched the skins over a shingle. Snaring rabbits on Silver Crown brought in good meals, too, in winter they turned white and were plentiful.

I'd always look around town after school for work, so I could buy hooks, 22 shells or a haircut. Philo Gallo always gave me 25 cents for a fish or a haircut, whether he wanted the fish or not. Bo Bo, the second hand store man would hire me to polish his stoves. Mrs. Winters, the ice cream parlor lady let me stack her wood. Mr. Hughes, the Northport newspaper man let me peddle papers. We had lots of good talks. The town was just full of stores. All the streets were solid with stores, doctors, lawyers, Chinese laundry. Charlie Adams had his undertaking parlor. He even made his own caskets. He even owned a hall for rent upon what is Center street. There were stables called Livery stables where horses could be kept overnight while folks stayed in one of the many hotels in town. I understand it was in one of these stables where the big fire started and in the same block where we now live in Northport.

There was a drugstore. I remember Dr. Travis real well. He didn't live very far from us. Had to see him one time and he had

me speak into an ear trumpet. It was wired up to his ear. He was hard of hearing.

I can still see rows and rows of men coming from the smelter with lunch pails. They worked around the clock in three shifts, 7-days-a-week, 3-11, 11-7, and 7-3. Whenever pipe had to be layed, you could see rows of men with picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows of dirt being pushed by men in long rows. It was a very busy town. Each day at train time was a very special occasion for us kids. Especially when we were out of school. About a mile away, you could hear it and see the smoke. Huffing and puffing and chugging in with bells clanging and steam hissing from both sides like a big monster. We ran and ran from wherever we were to arrive as it did. It came in about 2 p.m. The step was put down and all the fancy dressed people from a world apart from ours were helped down by a well uniformed assistant. There were salesman with celluloid collars and gentlemen well dressed with their ladies dressed in grand style. They had high button shoes, bustles and parasols. They all headed for the hotels and cafes or Kendricks or some other



Evelyn Matesa



destination. I could hardly wait to see the world that they had come from.

Mr. Mike Michaels was my Godfather. When I was about 11 years old, he came to our house with a child size violin and said, "I want Eddie to learn to play the violin and I will give him the lessons." I practiced very faithfully and loved it. I didn't realize till 10 years later in Tacoma, Wa., as I was continuing on in music what a fine musician he really was.

Mr. and Mrs. Michaels were very busy people. He was one of Northport's finest tailors. Also, they worked together and made the building on the same block as Kendricks where the Masons are now. Mr. Michaels was up on top the building and she carried up all the bricks to him to lay.

One day, I went with my friend, Harry Davis, down to ride the ferry across the Columbia. His father, Smokey Davis, I understand was the first owner. The road turned in across from Kendricks. On the trip that day were several people, Indian Mary and her daughter, Gloria, also Scarface, an Indian that would go up and down the river in a canoe catching large salmon and selling them for 25 cents each around town. They all had their horses and buggies and I looked the ferry over well. It was quite a contraption. Sides to keep the buggies on a small house on it to keep the weather off Smokey Davis, I imagined. It amazed me to see how it moved across the river, big wheels and cables to the other side. The water pushed him across by heading up stream into the side currents, then pushed into currents to go down on the other side. I can still hear Art Fetherkile coming into town with his horse and wagon loaded with farm produce. We could hear his voice blocks away, yelling, "Watermelons, cantaloupes, tomatoes." We all ran to meet him. Live melons grew across the river. He also buzzed up wood for folks at \$1 a cord. They bought four-foot wood. He cut it with a buzz saw and gas engine on his wagon. He'd throw everyone's wood through a hole in the wood shed from the alley.

We had lots of fights and murders in town with so many saloons, men, and things happening. Every minute was a new

excitement.

There was a man named Mr. Vestlick. He was a pretty good bandleader. He formed bands in several small surrounding communities. He said, "Anyone with an instrument, come to practice." My dad brought his saxophone, I brought a French horn. We had a great band. We played for all special occasions. In the bandstand down at the depot, it was lots of fun and I wanted to have a band of my own someday, which I did for years. The depot grounds were always well groomed with lawn, flowers and benches. It was a real thrill to me to



EDWARD MATESA— With Deep Lake catch at age 11.

play train

Fourth.  
A flag w  
Mour  
who  
Harry Dav  
Horses we  
where the  
school at t  
as well as  
seemed to  
races. We  
in now an  
away from

At age  
so I entere  
the big city  
my violin,  
own band  
ocean line  
many port

In the la  
machine  
repairing  
time, I had

play trains in on occasions also.

Fourth of July was always a special day. A flag was placed up on Silver Crown Mountain. Everyone raced up the hill to see who could reach it first. My good friend, Harry Davis always seemed to get to it first. Horses were raced down the dirt street from where the Diamond Horseshoe Grill is to the school at the end of town. The dust just flew as well as the thundering hooves. I always seemed to win the sack races and bicycle races. We raced around the very block I live in now and we live only a stone's throw away from where my dad's saloon was.

At age 19, my folks moved to Tacoma, so I entered into the music world and I loved the big city. I played in bands for years with my violin, sax and clarinet. Then began my own band and traveled many years on big ocean liners to Japan, China, Manila and many ports in between.

In the late 1940's, I began my own sewing machine shop, selling new machines and repairing old ones for customers. About this time, I had an offer to join Lawrence Welk's

band. But, I made more than he would pay, so I turned it down. I was so busy I didn't touch my musical instruments again until I married in 1967.

One day an insurance agent came into my store to sell me the "Mutual of Omaha" insurance. The next year, I married her and we both retired three years later after 24 years in each of our businesses.

I had been coming to the Northport area hunting and fishing for 20 years before I met Evelyn. After we married we kept coming over for 2 weeks in our camper, then back to our Tacoma work. Two weeks after 3 years of this, we decided to buy a hunting and fishing second home in Northport and retire from our regular work. I still am buying and selling land, though.

We spend summer and falls in our Northport residence and winter and spring in our Tacoma home. We love doing it this way. A note from my wife follows: "I loved this little town before I ever saw it. Ed told me all about it and I just couldn't wait to see it all and meet the people. Yes, it is even



**EDWARD R. MATESA BAND**— Picture taken in Manila in 1932, when the band was ashore from the ship President McKinley to play on the then world's largest radio station. Matesa, who played violin, sax and clarinet is second from the right. Matesa made many trips to the Orient on cruise ships.

more beautiful here than his description." Ed's teacher told them once in his classroom, "Children, you don't know it, but you are living in the most beautiful spot in the world." He knows it's true now.

Not only does it have beauty, but the people are all very special. They seem to have a pioneer spirit that's lacking in other areas of our state. A braver, hardier people who dare to live so far from doctors, hospitals and drug stores may be more self sufficient. Here, there is fresh clean air, peace and quiet, beauty and tranquility. We were always so excited each year as we return to Northport.

As I come home sometimes, I can hear Ed playing his violin. He is such a grand

## MOORE

Homer Moore knows Flat Creek. He's lived there since 1917, except for a few years on the coast in the Civilian Conservation Corps and logging there.

Born in Portland, Ore., in 1912, he was an only child. His father was a "lather." He traded their home in Portland, for one on Flat Creek.

"I believe there was a salesman that came to Portland and made the deal. I was five-years-old and it was just before World War I when we moved there," stated Homer.

Their home was the Moore homestead, which wasn't far from the present house, which was built in 1940.

Homer first attended the school at the Lane & Bronson sawmill.

"It was a small school and only lasted a few years. Then they moved the mill and it closed. Mr. Waterstreet was our teacher. The Millers went to school there and so did Arden and Lucille Davis.

"Then I went to Flat Creek school. It was the same building then as it is now, but it has been improved. Some of the teachers were Mr. Lowe, Miss Jackins, Mrs. Workman and Mrs. Johnson. Going to

musician. The music just seems to float through the air thrilling me as usual. His new sax doesn't sit still too long. He can still blow good true notes and very professional.

He has been asked to teach all these instruments again as he did for a while at the University of Washington. He may, again, but it will be in Stevens county.

I go with Ed hunting and fishing. It's such great fun going with him to the places he went to as a boy. Also, I enjoy meeting his school classmates.

Being in Northport after living in a bustling city all winter and driving on 5 lane freeways, makes us feel we're in another world, another time.

school was Joe and Billy Barr, the Aldrichs, Pence, Owens and Millers.

"I lived five miles from the school and rode 'Old Buck' to school. They paid me \$5 a



Homer Moore and parents Harry & Mary Moore - 1935.

month to buy canteens of below in the fire. The wa

Hom profession a Trail, Dave home in Nor worked on. Orchard, ma

"When at clearing and of which onl we came fro horses and a cows but l. explained M

There wer at the time, ferry at the there they . Smokey Dav

"The ferry cross. Many railroad brid added.

Like most sold but e Bronson. w the Munroe Creek.

Homer re owned a ra Julius, who h first belongin got their ma

Later there Downing's. there.

"The old co area, then ra

There were One at Brons of Flat Cree

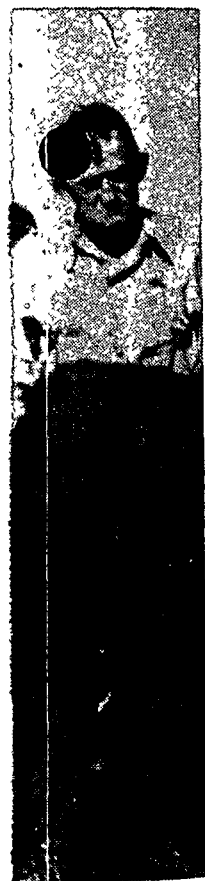
People livi included the Roscoes, Mc Aldrichs a Beusans, Ru Francis. Ble

"I remem and the Alc school. ch

seems to float  
as usual. His  
ng. He can still  
y professional.  
ea all these  
for a while at  
ton. He may,  
ens county.  
shing. It's such  
the places he  
oy meeting his

r living in a  
iving on 5 lane  
e're in another

, the Aldrichs,  
he school and  
y paid me \$5 a



Harry & Mary

month to build the fire and bring in two canteens of water. One winter it was 20 below in the school house when I built the fire. The water didn't thaw 'til noon."

Homer's father worked out in his profession as a 'lather' finishing homes in Trail, Davenport and Spokane. The Janni home in Northport was one of the houses he worked on. He also worked at the Marble Orchard, making apple boxes.

"When at home my father did mostly clearing and farming. We first had 240 acres of which only 10 acres was cleared. When we came from Oregon we had a team of horses and a milk cow. At first we had milk cows but later turned to beef cattle," explained Moore.

There were three ferries across the river at the time, recalls Moore. Miller ran the ferry at the mouth of Flat Creek. It was there they crossed for mail. At Marble Smokey Davis ran the ferry.

"The ferry at Northport cost 75 cents to cross. Many times we walked across the railroad bridge to save the money," he added.

Like most of the people at that time they sold butter and produce at the Lane and Bronson sawmill. After it closed they sold to the Munroe mill at the mouth of Deep Creek.

Homer remembers that Julius Pohle owned a ranch along the river. It was Julius, who had a barge, that brought their first belongings across the river. They first got their mail at Pohle's.

Later there was a post office at Johnny Downing's. Also a telephone line ran to there.

"The old county road, the only road in the area, then ran along the river," he recalls.

There were two early stores in the area. One at Bronson's mill and one at the mouth of Flat Creek at the Miller house.

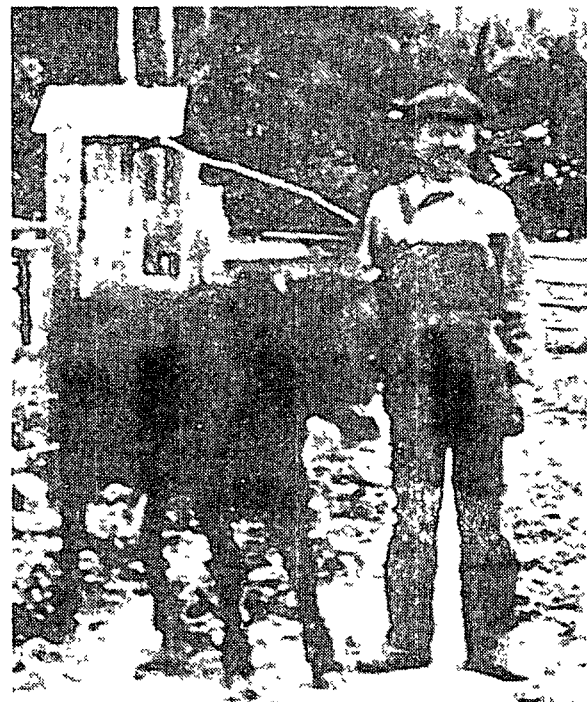
People living in the area in the early days included the Clarks, Pellisiers, Silvers, Roscoes, McBreens, Ansaldos, Bartols and Aldrichs also the Dotts, Andersons, Beusans, Rutsels, Clifford Davis, Norman Francis, Bleeckers, and Wileys.

"I remember when the flu epidemic hit and the Aldrich kids didn't show up at school for three or four days. They sent me

down to their house to find out what was going on. All of them were in bed, except Joe Aldrich and he was taking care of the whole family. And that was a good size family."

Moore remembers Ray Wiley and Johnny Beusan, both of whom we worked with.

"One time I was on a fire up Sheep Creek



Homer Moore - 1925



Harry & Homer Moore - 1926.

and walked over to Crown Creek. When I got to the Crown Creek ranger station I was tired and caught some sleep. When I woke up a rattlesnake was hanging from a string just over my head.

"Johnny Beusan had seen the rattlesnake rolled up next to me as I slept and killed it. Then he hung it over my head as a joke."

Moore recalls that Beusan and George Bartol were two early practical jokers. They were also the "life of the party" at all the dances.

Other neighbors he remembers included the Dotts, McClains, Swansons and Bleeckers.

He remembers Northport well. Specially Charley Allison the surveyor, real estate broker and notary public.

"I remember the bank and specially when it went broke in the early thirties and I lost \$300 in it. And I worked hard for that money. A guy named Workman was the banker at the time it went under. Garland Davis worked for him at the time."

Moore also recalls Ed Markhardt when he first came to the Flat Creek area about 1920 and lived first on the old White place.

In the Flat Creek area the "big house on the hill" always held interest for the neighbors. Annie Paparich worked there in 1916, soon after it was built. Homer Moore worked on the ranch in 1920.

The home was known as the Glasgow house. It was built by Davis and Thomas. Occupants were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Glasgow at first, though the money for the ranch and house came from Ed's brother, Sam Glasgow, who was a lawyer. Moore states

that there has been 13 owners of the Glasgow place since the house was built. Bob Cochran lived there the longest, he states.



**FLAT CREEK SCHOOL** - Boys in back first: Ernest Miller, Robert Begando, Robert Miller, Tom Aldridge, Bill Barr, Homer Moore, Wesley Gilliam, Joe Barr, Next two unidentified, Chic (Alleen) Miller, Kate Begando, Bob Hoffman and Lucille Davis.

Tom ar  
west side  
Northpor  
or 1905 v  
Murphy  
was born  
"I had  
newspape  
Uncle Ch  
can and  
had the N  
"I went  
became  
one-room  
school. Th  
Tom sa  
many tea  
Lilly and  
miles to sc  
horseback  
The old  
was runni  
area. He  
traininc  
The old  
unimprove  
and were r

I was b  
Wash. My  
Northport.  
travel to N  
and a lot  
Here ar  
Northport  
River year  
smelters. T  
to smelter  
Janni Lim  
ran about  
a good ma  
work fo

N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

NORTHPORT, WASH. \_\_\_\_\_ 192 \_\_\_\_\_

PAY TO THE ORDER OF \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ DOLLARS

TO: MINERS & SMELTERS BANK, )  
98-387 NORTHPORT, WASH. )

CHECK BLANK - Miners & Smelters  
Bank of Northport. Note "1920"— for year.



# MURPHY

Tom and Elizabeth Murphy know well the west side of the Columbia river across from Northport. Tom came to Northport in 1904 or 1905 with his parents James and Alice Murphy from Laramie, Wy., where Tom was born in 1898.

"I had two uncles who ran opposing newspapers in Northport at the time. My Uncle Charlie had the Northport Republican and my Uncle Hughes, by marriage, had the Northport News.

"I went to the Frontier school that later became the Velvet School. It was a one-room, one teacher, grades one-to-eight school. The teacher got paid \$50 a month."

Tom says he can only recall a few of the many teachers, the Trombetta girls, Stella Lilly and Irene Adams. He walked three miles to school and as he grew older he rode horseback.

The old Rossland to Northport railroad was running strong when Tom came to the area. He recalls they had two passenger trains and three freight trains a day.

The old county roads in the area were unimproved and hardly ever got worked on and were never plowed. In 1939 they started

work on the state highway from Northport to Rossland and Tom helped build that highway. It was finished in 1941.

Before that the old railroad bridge was the main connection between the west side of the river and the town of Northport.

"I remember 15 to 20 teams of horses tied up at the bridge. We'd feed them and then walk the bridge to town. You had to walk the ties and you could look right down between them and see the river below.

We use to carry our groceries back across the bridge. Sometimes it took many trips to get everything across, but it beat paying the price to ride the ferry."

Cordwood sold for \$2.50 to \$3 a cord in those days. And if you wanted it cut up in town it cost another dollar. Tom Joslin and his son Billy were one of the chief cordwood suppliers to Northport and the surrounding area.

"And there weren't any chainsaws. Everything was cut with a cross cut," adds Tom.

Tom also recalls Patterson, B.C., just across the line, in the early days.

"It had a hotel with a saloon on it. Also a railroad depot with a full time agent."

The Murphy's lives are typical. Raising cattle and hay to feed same. Finding work, whenever work was available in the area.

# NIGRO

I was born January 9, 1911 in Orient, Wash. My brother, Roy Nigro was born at Northport. When I was young, we would travel to Northport. It was a bigger town and a lot cleaner that it is now.

Here are some of my memories of Northport: On the east side of the Columbia River years ago, there were three different smelters. They were built at different times to smelter different kinds of minerals. Pete Janni Limestone employed a lot of men. It ran about 60 years. My dad worked for him a good many years ago. One of my cousins worked for the Northport Smelter. There



were a lot of prospectors trying to find ore. A lot of mines were selling different kinds of minerals.

Northport was the biggest town in Stevens county.

There were a few hotels, a hospital and probably two or three doctors, two barber shops and maybe a half dozen stores and a post office. I heard there were two passenger trains and a freight train. There was a railroad bridge across the Columbia River. The trains made trips to Rossland, B.C. There were different Limestone quarries and probably more businesses. I heard there were 18 saloons.

I was young when I used to come to Northport on the train from Kettle Falls.

The Hudson Bay Company used to come up the Columbia River. The oldtimers cleared land for farming on both sides of the Columbia River. Sheep Creek, Deep Creek and Cedar Lake were cleared. The Leadpoint mine was discovered.

For a long time on top of a mountain north of the First Thought Mine was a wooden lookout tower. They would climb up there when the weather was hot, watching for fires. You had to go up wooden ladders. They were in different corners of the tower. There was a wide road where you would come up then when you started to go up the mountain, you had to walk up a trail. It went every different direction.

There was a big miner's house north of

the First Thought Mine. They called it the Muchitgain Cabin. They had a big crew of men working at the First Thought Mine. They were mostly Italians that came from Italy. The road went close to my dad's pasture fence. My dad's property was above the county road and my cousin, Mike Nigro and his wife and daughter were below the county road. There was another family living below the county road for a long time. They later moved to Northport.

That house is still here in Northport not too far from Art Pakonens. I had to walk close to three miles and back to Orient to go to school. I had relatives living in Orient for a long time. My brother, Roy, was born at Northport over the hill close to Alec Tyllia.



Joseph Nigro

## NORBERGS

Eric A. Norberg was born in Sweden November 2, 1878 and in his late twenties sailed to Canada, settling near Salmo, B.C. He married Anna Sofia Latinen in 1910 and that same fall decided to move to the United States. He rented a small farm directly down from the Northport cemetery known as Lee's place.

During the time they lived on this farm, a daughter, Helfred, was born to them. Shortly thereafter they purchased a farm in

the canyon a short distance from Lee's place. He pursued his wood business - cutting and hauling by team of horses to Northport. Eric, having a very enterprising mind, decided to purchase a truck large enough to haul cedar poles. Three more children were born while living on this farm, Mary, Karen and a son Bushy.

After engaging in the pole business, by purchasing tracts of timber and hauling it to Northport for shipment to the B.J. Carney Company outlets, they moved to Northport in 1921. At first they rented a home on Silver Crown Avenue, but later

purc  
he l  
He  
pp  
He c  
retir  
extr  
sudd  
his  
adm  
busin  
funer  
His  
busin  
1935,  
Bu  
inspe  
he w  
in 19  
"E  
went

ed it the  
crew of  
at Mine.  
ne m  
y dad's  
as above  
ce Nigro  
elow the  
family  
ng time.

port not  
to walk  
ent to go  
rient for  
born at  
c Tyllia.



**Bushy Norberg**

purchased a home on Lehigh Street where he lived the rest of his life.

He prospered well in his pole dealings and supplied jobs to several persons in the town. He continued with this business until his retirement in 1943. Having enjoyed extremely good health all his life, he was suddenly stricken with cancer which took his life August 19, 1944. He was much admired by his fellow citizens and all businesses in the town were closed for his funeral.

His son Bushy continued on in the pole business. Having joined B. J. Carney in 1935, Bushy knew the business well.

Bushy Norberg was hired as a pole inspector in the Kalispell Basin and in 1942 he went into the service. When he returned in 1945 times had changed.

"Everything was shipped by rail and so I went to Canada to supervise shipping. I then

became foreman of the yard in Northport," stated Norberg.

During the time that Osbourne was head of the company, Norberg was promoted to district manager. B.J. Carney was divided into three districts. Norberg's district consisted of Stevens, Ferry, Spokane counties, the east Kootenai of B.C., Priest River, Idaho and Montana.

"My duties were to bid the timber sales, purchasing of private timber, supervision of logging operations and general managing," said Norberg. "I felt tied down at that job - it just didn't suit me. I would have rather been out in the woods," he added.

"In 1946, we purchased our first peeling machine and increased our production incredibly since we peeled by hand before that. We could average 140 poles a day compared to 10 hand peeled poles," said Norberg. The Auto Meyers peeling machine which was built in Troy, Mont. also allowed the company to produce peeled logs all year long.

When Norberg was in charge of the timber sales the company gained competitive strength. "When I started, there were 15 competitors in the Inland Empire but when I retired there were three. Some were bought out and others just faded out of the picture," Norberg said.

Throughout the years B. J. Carney and Company bought numerous companies and strengthened their numbers to become one of the Northwest's most powerful post and pole companies with concentrating yards, treatment locations and pole yards throughout Washington, Idaho, Montana and California.

When Norberg retired he was Vice President and Purchasing Manager.

Today, he and his wife Jennie enjoy retirement on their lakeside home on Deep Lake. Added to his memories are many years as Northport's mayor.

n Lee's  
siness -  
orses to  
rprising  
ck large  
ee more  
on this  
hy.  
ness, by  
auling it  
he B.J.  
oved to  
er a  
ut later

# NILS PALM FAMILY

Nils Palm and his family came to Northport on the train in 1902. They settled on a homestead about four or five miles from Northport (about a mile off the Deep Creek road, toward Gold Star Mountain).

Nils Palm was born on July 22, 1847, in Sweden. He married Matilda Jansdotter on August 5, 1878. She died in 1879. Nils came to America, with his brother, Andrew, in April of 1880, and married Johanna Johnson Skarp near the last of the year, in Cokato, Minnesota. Johanna was born in Sweden February 20, 1860. Their older children were born in Cokato. Later Nils and his family, and his brother, Andrew, and his family, moved to Wheaton, Minn. (Their mother, Ingeborg, came from Sweden to Cokato in 1882, along with their sister, Elizabeth. One brother, Erik, stayed in Sweden. The other brother, Ole, came from Sweden and most of his days in America were spent near his mother and sister and family. Their father, Johan Erik, was a doctor in Sweden and died in 1859 when the children were young and Ingeborg raised them. Elizabeth married Olaf Lindberg in Minnesota. Ingeborg lived with her daughter and family in Buffalo, Minn., until her death at 88 years in 1906.) Nils' younger children were born in Wheaton. After Andrew passed away, Nils and Johanna and their children moved to Washington.

After coming to Northport, they lived in a cabin on their homestead while setting up a sawmill to saw lumber to build their house. They built a beautiful and gracious two-story house in 1903. The exterior of the house was decorated with lots of handwork. There was a large fireplace in the living room, and the home was even equipped with running water. A little water trough was made through the wall from the spring. The Palms and their neighbors, Gezelius' and Christensons, had telephones so they could talk to each other.

His artistic old ranch house was the scene

of many important family events. Several marriages took place here. Hannah Palm and Adolph Fredrickson were married here in 1905. John Palm and Signe Carlson were married in 1907. Also, Signe's sister, Tekla, was married in this house. John and Signe's son, Edward, was born here in 1908.

In 1909, the Palms moved their mill to Deep Creek (near the Deep Creek bridge) because they needed more water power for their mill. Now the mill was run by the power of a steam boiler. A boiler room was made for the boiler, and because there was plenty of hot water here, this room was also used for washing clothes. The steam boiler was also equipped with a steam whistle which could be blown on important occasions or when needed.

By the mill on Deep Creek another nice house was built, but smaller than the ranch house as the family was not so large now. Some of them were married. Also, other small houses were built for boarding the hired help for the mill.



John and Signe Palm's wedding picture.



OLD PALM MILL - 1910 or 1911 - Left to right: Charles Palm, Emma Palm, Hilda Palm, Grandpa (Niels) Palm and Grandma Palm, Signe Palm, John Palm holding son Einer, David Palm behind stump, Hannah Fredrickson holding daughter Helen,

Adolph Fredrickson holding daughter Florence (Fredrickson) Fackenthal. Bottom row: Alvin Palm, Alice (Palm) Martella, Carl Fredrickson, Esther Fredrickson and Alice (Fredrickson) Rosendahl.



Nils Palm operated the mill on Deep Creek with the help of sons, John and Charlie, until about 1922. Then it was moved farther up the creek (near where the Charles Walkers now live). Here they could use a flume and improve the water power for running the mill. Nils Palm passed away in 1927 after having operated the saw mill about 25 years. His wife, Johanna, had passed away in 1919 at the age of 59 years, about 10 years after they moved to Deep Creek.

After this, John and sons, Ed and Alvin and Einer, ran the mill until about 1942 when Clifford Crandall (Elsie Palm's husband) bought John's third. John had died in the Fall of 1941. Later the mill was moved to Northport (about 1952) and became the Palm Bros. Lumber Co. Later Clifford Crandall bought the other two thirds.

The names of Nils and Johanna Palm's children were: John, Charlie, Hannah, Emma, Hildan, and David. Two children died.

John Palm, born at Cokato in 1881, married Signe Carlson in 1907. Signe Carlson was born at Borlange, Dalarne, Sweden, in 1885. She came to America in 1907 at age 19 to work for Gezelius' who were neighbors of Palms at the old ranch (she had known them in Sweden before they moved here). Their children are: Edward, Alvin, Alice, Einer, and Elsie.

Edward married Louella Price who was born at Farmington, Wash. Her parents had come from Oregon and her grandparents had come to Oregon in the 1840's on the Oregon Trail in covered wagons.

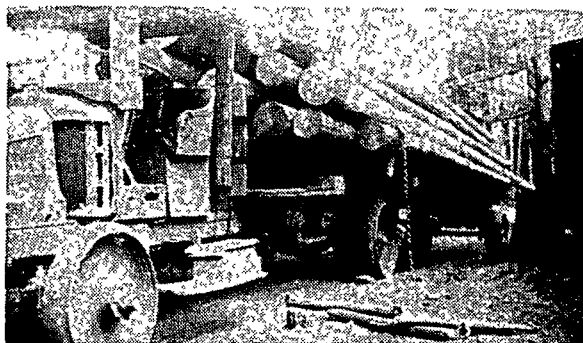
Alvin married Irene Barry who was born in Woodspur and whose parents came from Finland. Her father came in the 1890's to Northport and did surveying while living in a tent as Northport had few houses then. Her mother came in the early 1900's.

Alice Palm married Leslie Marttela, whose parents came from Finland in the early 1900's and settled on the place where the Alex Francis family now lives. There was no bridge at that place then. They had to take their furniture, etc., across the creek on a log.

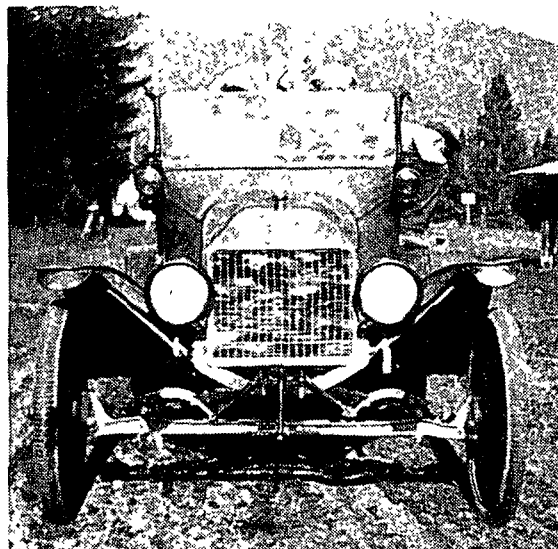
Einer married Dorothy Bramhall who was born in Spokane. Her parents came from Minnesota - first to Spokane and later lived near Northport. Her father worked on the railroad near Northport for several years.

Elsie Palm married Clifford Crandall, who came from Alberta. His mother had come from eastern Canada and his father from the eastern United States. His father passed away when he was small and his mother raised the family alone on the farm in Alberta.

Charlie Palm, born in 1882 in Cokato, Minn., married Rose Nelson who came here with her brothers, Julius and Emil, from Rockford, Illinois. They were originally from Sweden. They had one son, Robert, who married Geraldine Entwistle. Robert died in 1953.



"Kelly" rubber tired logging truck at Palm sawmill.



MODEL "A" FORD 1928 - Alice, Alvin, Einer and Elsie Palm.

mhall who  
ents came  
e and later  
w ed on  
or several

Crandall,  
mother had  
his father  
His father  
all and his  
n the farm

in Cokato,  
came here  
Emil, from  
originally  
n, Robert,  
tle. Robert



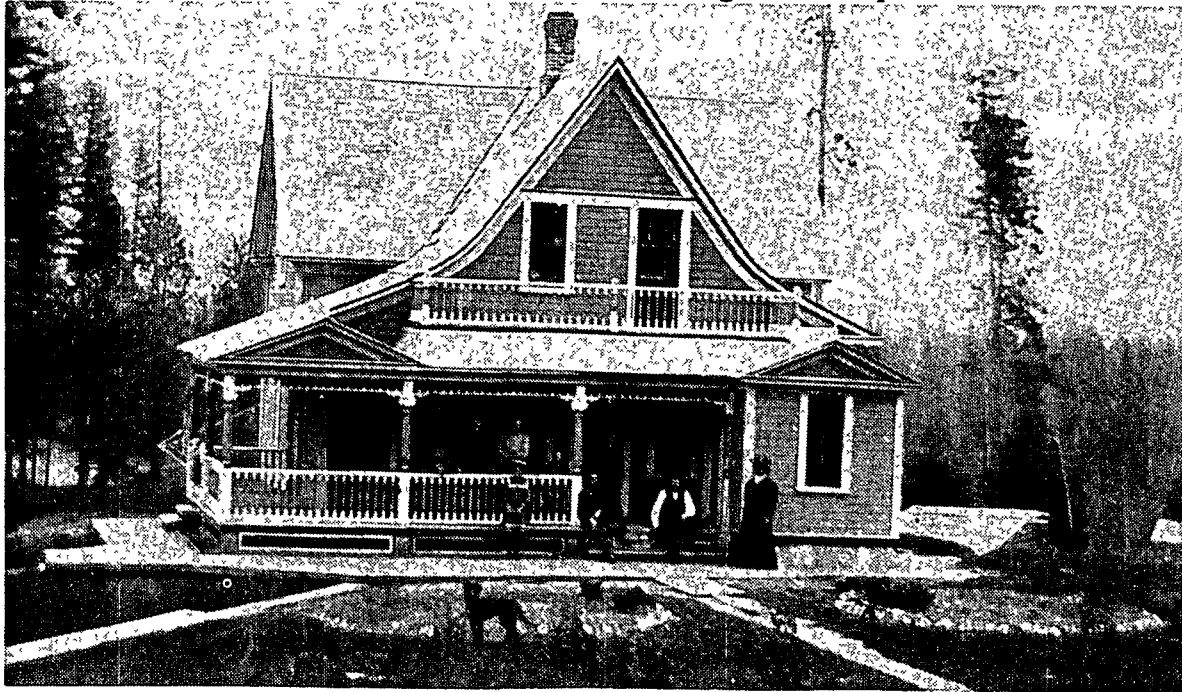
3 truck at



llee Alvin,



**PALM's MILL ON** Deep Creek east of Northport. This mill was later moved to the south edge of Northport.



**NILS PALM HOME—** Hannah and Adolph Fredrickson are in the foreground on their wedding day, April 26, 1905, at the home of her parents Nels Palm. House was built by Nels Palm and brothers John and Charlie Palm in about 1903.

Hannah Palm was born in Cokato, Minn., in 1885. She married Adolph Fredrickson in 1905. Adolph was born in 1871 in Sweden and came to Minnesota, when he and his brother were 11 and 12 years old, and then on to Washington in 1896. His father, Ander Wilhelm Fredrickson, had come to Northport before 1900. He had bought squatter's rights on a place on the Aladdin road (or trail as it was then), about three miles south of the Spirit School. He bought these squatter's rights from Mr. Harrier who lived on this place before 1900. About 1895 the so-called Harriet Creek, the other side of this place, was named for Mr. Harrier. Mrs. Harrier was buried just across the road from the house. Later Anders Fredrickson homesteaded on this place. This is where the Art Arringtons now live.

About this time Inga Anderson's parents, the Lovens, moved on a homestead just this side of Fredricksons. They brought their belongings which consisted of a trunk and sewing machine on a small homemade cart called a go-devil. The next day Ander Fredrickson drove his team of horses, pulling a light wagon loaded with all kinds of vegetables to their place. He also was leading a cow and calf for them behind the wagon. This was a big help for Lovens who later returned the same favor to other new settlers.

Later Adolph homesteaded on a place near the road between Rosendahl's place and Broderius' (there is an accessible road to this place which is called the Fredrickson road). Adolph and Hannah lived in Northport several years after they were married. He operated a livery stable which he purchased from Albert Loiselle (Alva's father) in 1907. Then came Northport's big fire of 1914 which was started by some boys smoking behind the livery stable. Along with many other buildings, it was burned to the ground. Later they moved to the homestead which Adolph's father had homesteaded, located on the Aladdin Road. Later Adolph and Hannah moved to Colville. Adolph passed away in 1951 and Hannah in 1968. Their children are Alice, Carl, Florence, Ernest, Bert, and Don.

Alice, who was born in Northport, married Toivo Rosendahl whose father, Victor Rosendahl, came from Finland in the early 1900's. He homesteaded about four miles east of Woodspur at the head of Servier Creek in 1908. Later he moved to Woodspur and Northport. In 1918 he moved to a small farm east of Northport where Alice and Toivo now live. Toivo has lived on this place for over 60 years.

Carl married Helen Maki, whose parents came from Finland in the late 1890's or early 1900. They settled on a homestead on Deep Creek where Helen was born. Helen and Carl now live on the other side of the forks on the Deep creek road.

Florence married Bob Fackenthall who had a homestead on Smack-out Mountain. His was about the last homestead grant issued in Washington. They now live in Colville.

Ernest married Geraldine (Entwistle) Palm who was the widow of Robert Palm. They lived several years on Deep Creek and now live in Colville.

Bert married Emma Lou Kaber who came from Montana. They lived in Montana until he was killed in a construction accident in 1971.

Don married Thelma (Teddy) Davis. They live near Kettle Falls at Barstow.

Emma Palm, born in 1893, married Charles Hoglund who was born in Finland in 1892. They had three sons: George, Lewis (Bud), and Clark. Charles passed away in 1971 and Emma in 1978.

George Hoglund married Flora (Neff) Pelissier, and lives in Colville. Lewis (Bud) married Mamie Vradenburg. They lived in



Palm sawmill workers. Arvid Hellenburg and Charlie Hoglund.

Entiat. B.  
Wenatche  
Virginia  
Hi  
Minnesot  
they had  
married  
David

One of N  
Barry, fat  
He worked  
near Olyr  
saddle fro  
walking a  
down the  
the area w  
a tent in l  
out the to  
Later a  
Columbia  
The Down  
and G  
hotel nam



Northport, father, and in the Northport area of moved to where lived on

Entiat. Bud died in 1970. Mamie now lives in Wenatchee. Clark Hoglund married Virginia Budd and they live in Spokane.

Hilda Palm, born in 1895 in Cokato, Minnesota, married Jack Swatman and they had one daughter, Joanne, who married Wayne Reiper.

David Palm, born in 1901 in Wheaton,

Minn., married Cecile Conkle in 1926 and they had a daughter, Isabell, and a son, David. He lived in the Deep Creek area over 30 years and then moved to California a few years after marriage. David passed away in 1962. Their daughter, Isabell, teaches school and David married Sue Nelle Shibley and they live near Cecile.

## PALM

One of Northport's first citizens was John Barry, father of Irene Palm and Ted Barry. He worked in the Black Diamond Coal Mine near Olympia. He bought a horse and a saddle from some Indians and traveled east walking across the Okanogan river, then on down the Columbia river until he came to the area we call Northport. There he put up a tent in 1886 and with other men surveyed out the townsite of Northport.

Later a steamboat came down the Columbia River from Canada with supplies. The Down brothers started a trading store and the Great Northern Railroad built a hotel named the Columbia Hotel. Then

came the Northport News and later years the Northport Smelter.

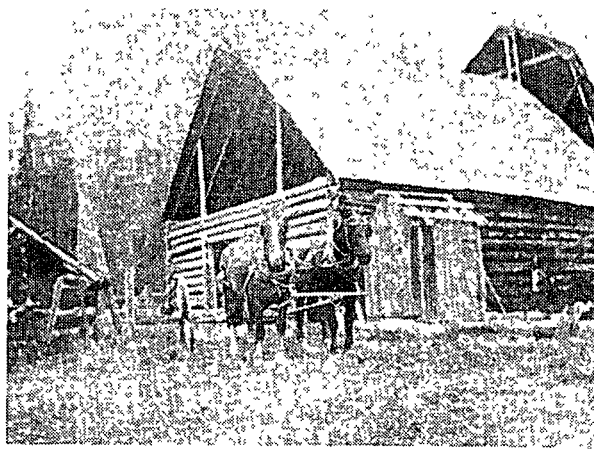
The Palm family moved to Northport from Wheaton, Minn., in 1902. They lived on a homestead outside of Northport and later built a beautiful home there. In 1902 they set up a sawmill and lime kiln, one of the first. Marls Mill was also one of the first sawmills; it was at the Northport water reservoir at the Art Davis dam. Then Westman, Christiansen and Gezelius had a mill together. In 1909 Palms moved their mill to Deep Creek where they ran it on steam until 1922. Next they moved it up the creek about a quarter of a mile where they ran it on waterpower and electricity until 1952.



Get together at Tolvo Rosendahls.



Students at Finn School House about 1915.



Martella Homestead - 1923



Finn School House - 1920.



DOYLE SCHOOL 1913 - Miss Kelly is teacher. Children in picture include: Leonard Skoog, Art Davidson, Albert Skoog, Margaret Davidson, Alfred Skoog, Margaret Doyle, Ed Palm, Alvin Palm, and Elma Skoog.

They move where it was Brothers you with har ab in the county

In 1922 the Black Rock M discovered by 1920. It was 1935. This also Deep Creek.

The Doyle : woods. Later it still stands and 30 schoo called childre over. The sch driven by Em In 1917 the I Each teacher of the term t examinations witness.

"In the wir had frozen o' amounts of ic would b th house. A ce full of sawdus as we would chunk or so f and also plac chest. This ic of hardwood v it would drip under it. The o to keep coo beginning of

"Once in traveling pre have two or th the school ho They really p those days bu kids any. The at each other.

"Candy wa year the fam Model 'T' and We never ma catch o ve

"The enter



They moved it to Northport that year where it was more central for logs. Palm Brothers bought a 1917 GMC logging truck with hard rubber tires. It was the first GMC in the county.

In 1922 the first electricity went to the Black Rock Mine on Deep Creek, which was discovered by Gus Maki and Tom Martin in 1920. It was mostly zinc. It closed about 1935. This also brought the first telephone to Deep Creek.

The Doyle School first started out in the woods. Later a school house was built where it still stands today. They had between 25 and 30 school children. Some couldn't be called children because they were 18 and over. The school bus was a horse and buggy driven by Emma (Palm) Houghland in 1915. In 1917 the Finn School house was built. Each teacher had eight grades. At the end of the term the seventh and eighth grade examinations were given at school with a witness.

"In the winter after the creek and lake had frozen over, we would saw out large amounts of ice about two feet square. We would bury them in what was called the ice house. An ice house was built just for that, full of sawdust, which to bury the ice. Then as we would need it we would take out a chunk or so for our homemade ice cream and also place a chunk or two in our ice chest. This ice chest was a two door model of hardwood with one door for the ice where it would drip down on to a pan on the floor under it. The other for whatever you wanted to keep cool. I guess it was just the beginning of the modern refrigerator.

"Once in a while there would be a traveling preacher that would come and have two or three meetings in the evening at the school house or Grandpa Nils Palm's. They really preached fire and brimstone in those days but it didn't seem to squelch the kids any. They would just sit there looking at each other giggling and at last fall asleep.

"Candy was truly a gift. Once or twice a year the family would climb into the old Model 'T' and start for town to see a show. We never made it, the old lizzy would either catch on fire or get balky.

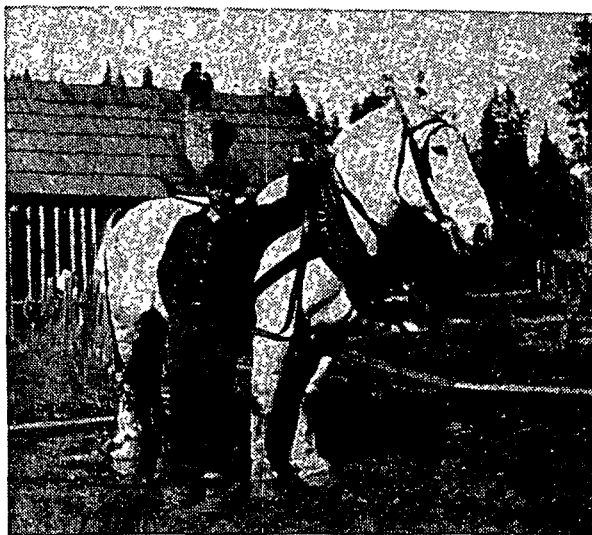
"The entertainment that we had was in

visiting the neighbors in the evening and going on picnics. Some families had a phonograph. There were two men from Sweden who stayed with us, Axel Palm and Arvid Hellenberg. Axel Palm played an accordian and the way he played it he could almost make a stump do the polka. Arvid danced the polka like no one I've ever seen.

"Some of the Finlanders and others on the creek had homesteaded up in the mountains. After a few years they moved down on the creek. Each family had their own bath house where they would come out steaming clean every Saturday night. It is now called a sauna. It would take at least half the day to heat the rocks that were stacked around the stove. The rocks had to get sizzling hot so that when they bathed and threw water on the rocks they would come out sweating.



Les Martella and Model "T".



Les Martella with large draft work horse about 1926.

"The first mail was delivered by a man from Smackout. Next Bill Qualey was the mailman with a horse and later a car. Each family had their own home-made mail sack with their name on it. The mail came three times a week, holidays or not. There was a store, post office, dance hall and school house at Leadpoint. At Boundary a post office, store and an eating place. About four miles up the mountain from Leadpoint was the Electric Point and Gladstone Mines. They had a tram line that brought the ore down and hauled timbers back up. They were lead mines. The ore was hauled down to Boundary by wagons at first where it was loaded on boxcars. These mines hired a lot of men. They had bunkhouses and a cook house and two very nice homes built there.

"It was closed to about 1930 and later leased to different ones. J. D. Yoder, Young and another man were the founders of the Electric Point mine. You can see Yoder's tomb stone at the Forest Home Cemetery. He was clubbed to death with a

butt end of a gun over his farm. He had a very nice farm at the upper end of Deep Lake. The house later burned.

"There was an old bachelor 'Hot Cake Thompson' at the upper end of Deep Lake. He lived in an old cabin and rented out boats and swimsuits for 10 cents. He was the first one to have a resort. Then at the lower end of Deep Lake there was a big dance pavillion. It was open on four sides. Lots of folks camped there.

"In 1921 LaSota had a sawmill at the forks of the road where one goes to Colville, one to Deep Lake and one to Northport. There were many houses built there, also a store. There are still a couple of the old houses standing.

"When you stop to think of the years of work and love, and yes some bitterness, that went into making this our own special land, then I think we should try hard to keep it."

**This story was written By Alice Palm Martella.**

## PAPARICH

"Anna is one of the rare old-timers who seems to have perpetual youth. Her sparkling personality, dancing eyes, and laughing mouth make a person feel that it's really a happy world we live in."

I was born Anna Beusan in October 28, 1899, in Watsonville, Calif. My father worked there in orchards. Apples, peaches, prunes, oranges and what have you. He pruned trees and grafted and whatever needed to be done.

Then, later, Orientals were shipped in and they worked for just pennies a day, just enough to buy a little rice. They lived in straw huts. A white man with a family could not earn a living there. In 1901 my dad and mother packed up and came north. First to Roslyn, Wash., to the coal mines. He worked there a while, then moved to Rossland, B.C., where he worked in the mines.



My bro  
1904. The  
Flat C  
hon  
land

It was  
Creek. W  
trains he  
train to F  
China B  
stock pil  
post offi  
the river  
were dis  
that site  
company  
by a M

father. I  
bank ac  
A Mr.  
with hor  
little cal

We liv  
six years  
house a  
have to

The fin  
wh  
1 1/2 mile  
three ter  
Link and  
go to sc

The sc  
containi  
for all e

My fin  
next two  
man. H  
were liv  
years a

In tho  
months.  
until the  
teacher  
patience  
to be so  
the out  
drinking  
one-qua

Later  
sta  
co

My brother John was born in Rossland in 1904. Then the spring of 1905 we moved to Flat Creek, where my dad had homesteaded. His ambition was to have land to raise food.

It was April when we moved to Flat Creek. We came by train. We had to change trains here in Northport. Then we went by train to Ryan, Wash., now, that was down at China Bend, about where all those gravel stock piles are. There was a little store and post office there, and a ferry for crossing the river. (Later when the store and P.O. were discontinued there was a sawmill on that site. The Lane and Bronson Lumber company Sawmill.) The ferry was operated by a Mr. Miller, who was Chic Phillips' father. Their home was there on the river bank across the river from Ryan.

A Mr. John Dawning met us at the train with horses and a wagon. We went on to our little cabin at the homestead.

We lived in this little two room cabin for six years. By then my dad had built a larger house and closer to the creek. We didn't have to carry water so far.

The first school that I went to was about where the Butorac home now stands, about 1½ miles from home. I went there two or three terms. Mabel Clark, who is now Mabel Link and I were the first two white girls to go to school there.

The school house was a little log building containing one room. There was one teacher for all eight grades.

My first teacher was a Mr. Rowe. The next two years was Mr. Hoffer, an older man. He was related to the Brink's who were living in Kettle Falls, not too many years ago.

In those days the school term was only six months. The little kids did not start to school until they were seven or eight because the teachers just didn't have the time or the patience to bother with little kids. There had to be some older kid to take the little ones to the outdoor "John." We had to carry drinking water from the creek about one-quarter mile.

Later a new school house was built. It still stands. At first it was just put together. We could see out through the cracks most

anywhere. A cold old place in the winter. We would have to crowd near the stove or we would freeze. The drinking water was frozen most of the time.

At this new school we still had to carry drinking water-this time from a rancher, who lived nearby, about one-quarter mile. We usually had man teachers. The teacher had to board about two miles from the school so horse back or walking was the only transportation. The teacher had to do their own janitor work, so a man teacher was the best suited.

The place where the teachers boarded was at the Featherkile place, Art and Allie Featherkile. The old timers will remember them. There were also two other girls, a Ruth who married a Ben Phillips and Georgia who married Smokey Davis.

My brother John and I went to school two miles. Some times by horseback and sometimes we walked. A school bus was never heard of. We carried a sack lunch and carried a sack of hay for the horse. A little



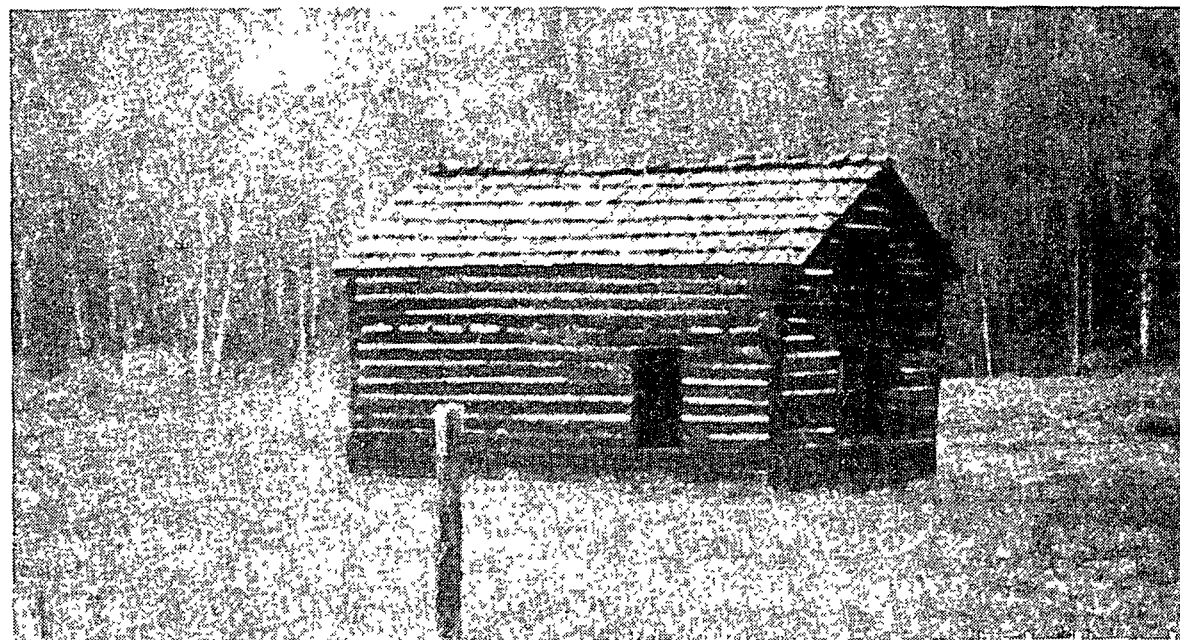
Frank and Anna celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1968.

shed was built at the school ground for the horses that the kids had to ride. Spring and fall was nice riding horseback. But so much of the time in the winter it was just too cold to ride horseback. We would have to get off and lead the horse. Walking we would keep warmer. Then again, there were many times the snow that had fallen through the night was just too deep to walk in. We would get so wet and so cold, it wasn't easy getting an education in those days. There were many days we couldn't get to school on account of deep snow or 15 or 20 degrees below zero.

To go back to the old hotel in Marble. I worked in the old hotel in 1914, my first job away from home. I got \$3 a week. I helped with cooking like peeling vegetables, and washing dishes and waiting tables. I also baked bread. The lady that had charge of the place was gone for a while, so her married daughter took over. But the daughter couldn't bake bread, so that was my job. A kid of 14 to bake bread for a crew of workers was quite a job, but they told me my bread was good so that's all that mattered.

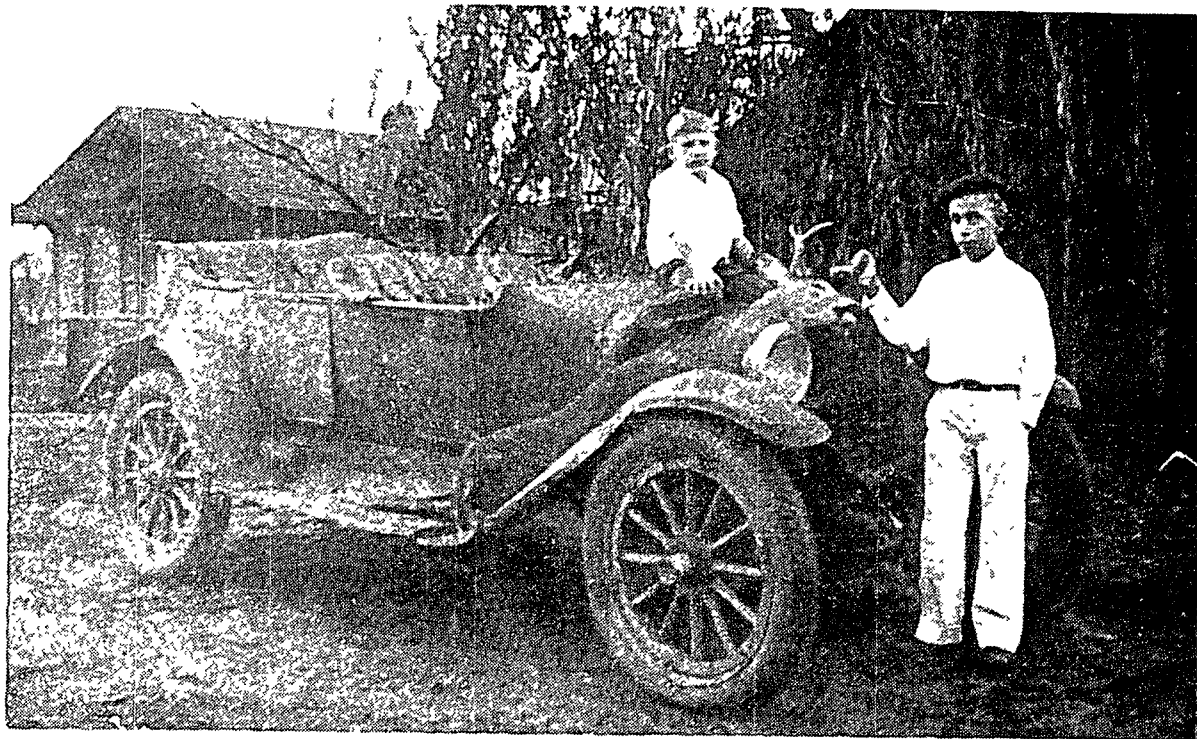
Then later in 1916 I worked in Marble again, this time for a family and went to school. That time there was a family, the Tom Anderson's, that lived at Marble and had a pair of twins. The first twins I had ever seen. In fact, the first twins I had ever heard of. I didn't know that such a thing could happen. They were named Katherine and Jim. She is now Katherine Carlisle and lives here in Northport. When Katherine was about 14 she worked for me in the Marble Hotel, her first job away from home. At this time, I was working in the hotel cooking for apple harvesters.

We always grew our own vegetables, and some fruits. In those days no one knew anything of canning vegetables. So what ever could be dried was dried. We dried beans, peas and corn. The corn we would grind and made our corn meal. For corn bread and cereal ("mush" we called it). The root vegetables like potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips all went into the root cellar. As well as apples. We canned fruit like cherries, strawberries, loganberries, currants, goose berries, rhubarb and even wild berries.

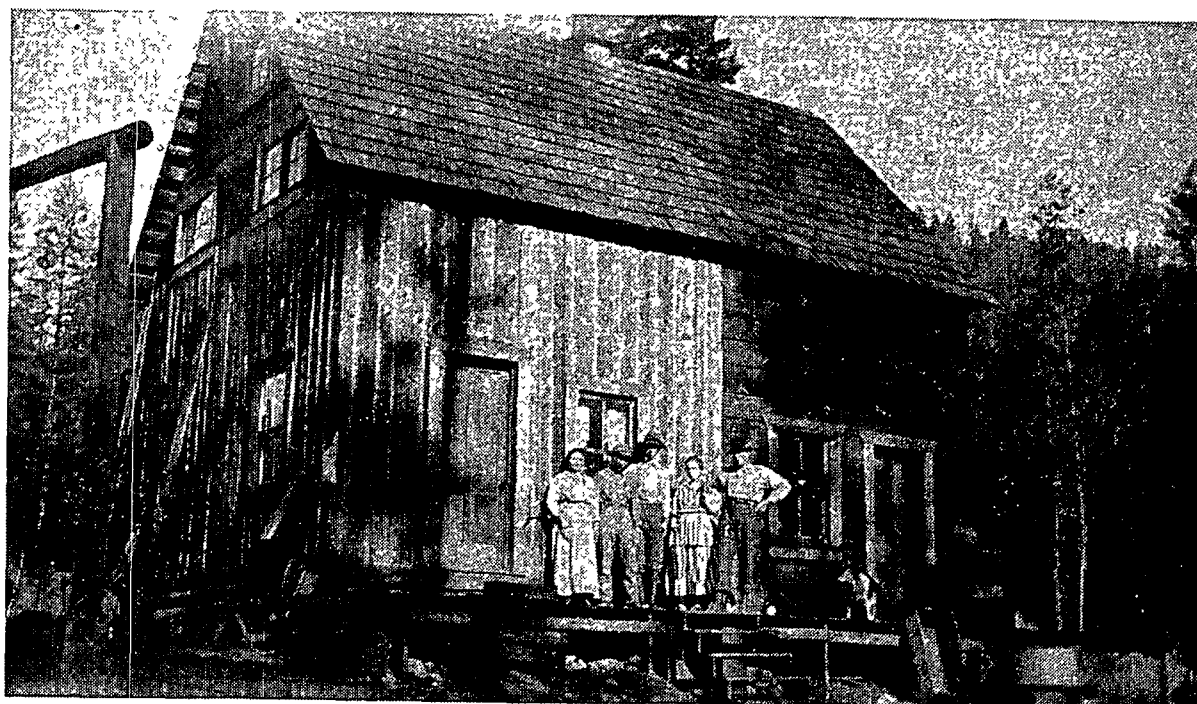


Cabin still standing along the Boundary road. Frank Paparich boarded there in about 1917 while logging in that area. This cabin was built by Micahel Matoney, about 1898.





**Frank and Louie Papparich on Beusan's old Dodge with Barney Beusan's buck. John Svetlich's home in background. Taken about 1930.**



**BEUSAN HOMESTEAD - about 1918. On porch, left to right: Mary and Stephen Beusan, John Beusan, Anna and Frank Papparich. Taken shortly after Anna and Frank were married.**



In the summer when the garden came on good, we would gather a wagon load of carrots, string beans, green onions, tomatoes, cabbage, lettuce, water melons, cantaloupes and sweet corn. My dad would bring them to town to sell. We would peddle from door to door. Those were smelter days and lots of people in town. My brother and I looked forward to these days. It meant a trip to town.

My mother would churn butter and save up eggs for these trips. We would take the butter and eggs to the store in exchange for groceries.

We would have to leave home really early in the morning. It would get so hot in the day and the butter would melt. So it meant 4. a.m. when we would hit the road. It would take about three hours to come to town the 12 miles. We would peddle all the vegetables, then buy what groceries we needed, like flour, sugar, salt, coffee and such. We raised everything else. In the fall we would butcher a hog or two and make hams and bacon and sausage and lard.

We didn't have much fresh meat in the summer. No way to keep it. We would butcher a chicken now and then and wild birds, like grouse and rabbits, a bear if we were lucky enough. In those days there was no season on bears, but no way to keep meat if we did get a bear.

When we came to town with our produce we crossed the river on the ferry. The fee was 75 cents for team and wagon and family. Any extra passengers were 10 cents each. The ferry was owned and operated by Mr. F. Davis. He was called Smokey Davis. Why the "Smokey" I don't know.

The 75 cents wasn't easy to come by. So whenever we didn't have much to come across the river, we walked the bridge. It was a railroad bridge, no floor on the bridge just the ties. We had to step from tie to tie, and the river running down below us wasn't too pleasant. Quite scary. My dad made many trips across that bridge with a sack of flour on his shoulder and other things under his arm.

Speaking of flour, we bought flour for 95 cents for a 50 lb. bag. The flour came in cloth bags. We washed and used those bags

for much clothing, dish towels, curtains and six bags would make one sheet. Coffee was something like 20 cents or 25 cents a lb. Whole bean coffee, we ground our own. Butter sold for 20 or 25 cents a lb. Eggs 10 or 12 cents dozen. We usually bought a loaf of white bread when ever we came to town at 10 cents a loaf. White bread was such a treat, especially baker's bread. It was just like angel food cake to us kids. Our home bread was always dark bread, mixed with white flour. It was good healthy bread, but kids did like change.

One day my father was in Northport and he met a young man, Frank Paparich, 29 years old, working at the smelter. He liked him so much he brought the young man home with him. It wasn't love at first sight, but after a while, I knew he was the guy for me.

I went to work in Northport about this time at the New Zealand Hotel waiting tables and I sure did enjoy it. It was a big fancy hotel down where the train came in each day. When the train came in, a band was playing--they had a big bandstand and played at the least excuse and for every occasion. The fancy dressed ladies and business people came to our hotel and I waited on them. I can still see their high button shoes, bustles, and large hats and parasols. The men wore celluloid collars. It was all so very impressive and exciting.

The Fourth of July was a really big event for Northport. They had a big blowout! It even featured horse races right down the main city street. Boy, it sure stirred up the dust. The street wasn't paved then like it is now. They also had sack races, games, fireworks, bike races, baseball--even races up Silver Crown Mountain to see who could retrieve a planted American flag first and bring it back to town.

In August, 1918, I married Frank Paparich. He worked in the smelter. Our first home was the house where the George LeCaire's now live. We lived there about a year, then we moved to this house where I still live.

We moved to this house in August, 1919. then our first baby, Frank Jr., was born in October. Then the fall of 1920, we moved to

the Munroe was up on 1 five miles b Frank was cook a got \$60 a r books for th way out in

I cooked, washed d vegetables. from 10 to board for th big job. W cookhouse. or 50 gallon with coils dishwashin made woo Frank and the "Bull C the cookho water. The evening aft wood for th 1½ years. V bought the bough small an and by that

Our livin in those d washed on my marrie

We got e the house. wash lamp day. Our fi held blocks ice in the w dust in a s

The bloc had to brin a couple depended kept butter meat and thing as a had a bat very com office." Ol

Th w

s, curtains and  
et. Coffee was  
25 cents a lb.  
and our own.  
lb. eggs 10 or  
ought a loaf of  
me to town at  
I was such a  
id. It was just  
ds. Our home  
d, mixed with  
hy bread, but

Northport and  
Paparich, 29  
alter. He liked  
e young man  
at first sight,  
as the guy for

ort about this  
hotel waiting  
. It was a big  
rain came in  
ne in, a band  
andstand and  
nd for every  
d. es and  
hotel and I  
ee their high  
rge hats and  
oid collars. It  
nd exciting.

ally big event  
g blowout! It  
ght down the  
stirred up the  
then like it is  
aces, games,  
l—even races  
ee who could  
lag first and

ried Frank  
smelter. Our  
e the George  
there about a  
ouse where I

August, 1919.  
was born in  
we moved to

the Munroe Brothers Logging Camp. That was up on Mitchell Mountain about four or five miles beyond the Glenn Phillips ranch. Frank was the foreman of the camp. I was cook and Frank got \$5 a day and his board. I got \$60 a month for cooking and keeping books for the logging crew. There we were way out in camp with a year old baby.

I cooked, baked all the bread, pies, cakes, washed dishes and prepared all the vegetables. I cooked the three meals for from 10 to 14 men. I had to wash on the board for the three of us, which alone was a big job. We had to carry water for the cookhouse. There was a big barrel about 40 or 50 gallons, hooked to the big camp range with coils which heated water for dishwashing, etc. We had a huge home made wooden sink for washing dishes. Frank and a man, who usually was called the "Bull Cook," helped with chores around the cookhouse, like getting in wood and water. They would fill this barrel each evening after work and bring in a big pile of wood for the big range. I cooked there about 1½ years. When we moved back to town and bought the house that I am still living in, we bought it for \$400. It was a good deal smaller. In 1924 Frank remodeled the house and by that time we had our three children.

Our living conditions were a lot different in those days. Very few conveniences. I washed on the board the first ten years of my married life.

We got electricity shortly after we bought the house. Sure was great not to have to wash lamp chimneys and fill lamps each day. Our first ice box was a wooden box that held blocks of ice. Frank would cut blocks of ice in the winter and store the blocks in saw dust in a shed we called the "ice house."

The blocks were heavy so Frank always had to bring in the ice. The block would last a couple of days in the ice box. It all depended how warm the weather was. We kept butter and milk and small amounts of meat and such in the ice box. No such a thing as a frig or a freezer. Very few people had a bathroom. An outside "John" was very common. Ours was called, "the office." Office hours opened at all times.

Those were called the good old days, but

there are many of those good old days I could very well pass by.

The kids were always glad when swimming season came, and they could go



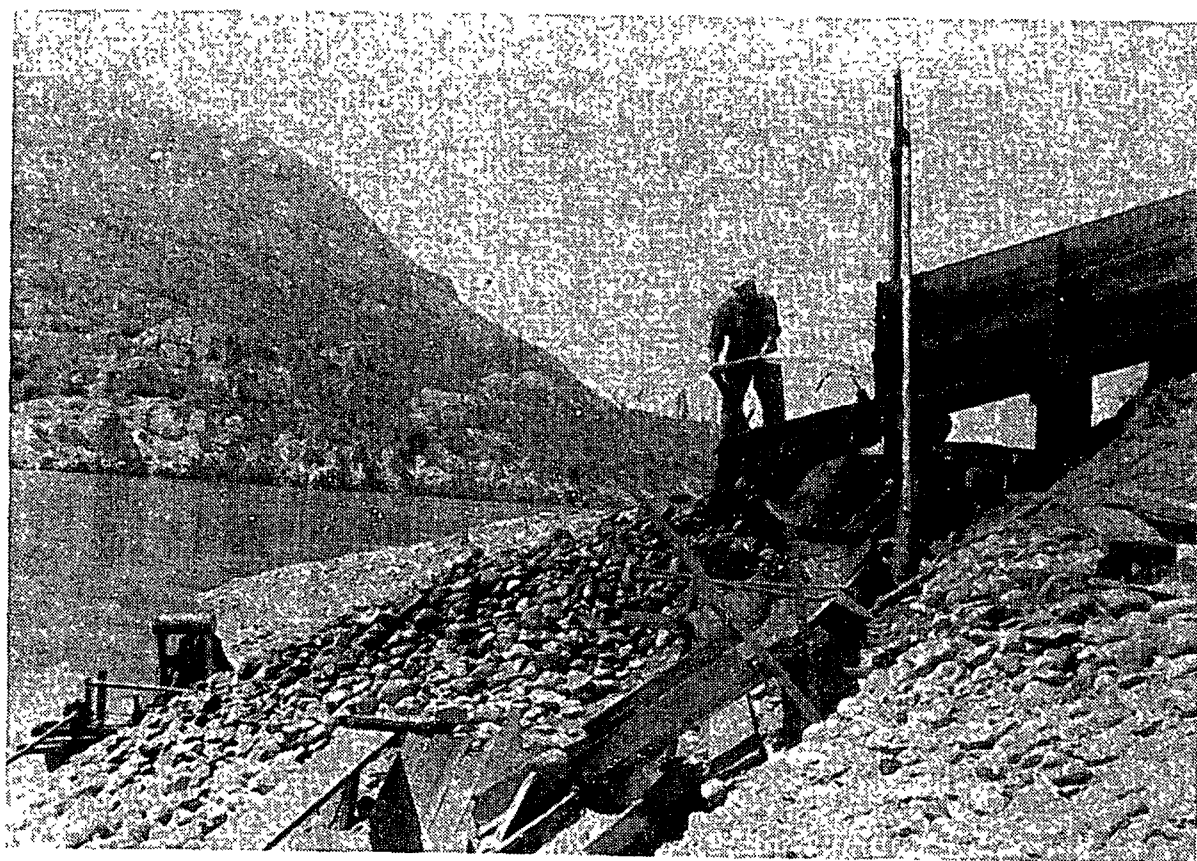
FALL OF 1918 - Anna and Frank Paparich, Anne's brother Johnny Beusan and cousin Barney Beusan.



Mary Beusan, wife of John Beusan.



Frank Paparich placering for gold in the 1950's on the banks of the Columbia River across from the mouth of Onion Creek.



swimming a  
tub in the mi  
the mothers

The of  
the big tiu e  
people died  
every day s  
hearse was

One of the  
that time  
childbirth. S  
also. They l  
baby on her

In the sm  
people in No  
like 21 saloor  
many eating  
meal for 25  
butcher sho  
clothing stor  
shop and m  
store, bank,  
manufacture  
Chinese laun  
store.

Then came  
out the town  
and so de

In those da  
snow plow c  
had to brea  
snow. The ro  
done, like w  
ranchers wo  
shovels and  
build or rebu  
when my da  
\$1.25 a day. I  
orchard in M  
about 1910 or  
morning hor  
about five m  
some trees f  
river to his  
across the ri  
and rode f  
orchards an  
famous Mar  
years ago. A  
the chimney  
Yes! That w  
\$1.25 a

swimming and not have to bathe in the wash tub in the middle of the kitchen. And so were the mothers.

The fall of 1918 and 1919 was the year of the big flu epidemic. That was bad, many people died. There was a funeral about every day sometimes two in one day. The hearse was a horse drawn wagon.

One of the saddest things I had seen of that time was a mother who died in childbirth. She had the flu. The baby died also. They laid her in her casket with her baby on her arm.

In the smelter days there were lots of people in Northport. There was something like 21 saloons, three or four grocery stores, many eating places. You could get a good meal for 25 cents. There was a bakery, a butcher shop, two barber shops, a men's clothing store, shoe store, a women's dress shop and millinery combined, a furniture store, bank, a hospital, a key hole saw manufacturer, a second hand store, a Chinese laundry, two dance halls and a drug store.

Then came the big fire and about cleaned out the town. Some of the town was rebuilt and some deteriorated.

In those days there was no such thing as a snow plow or road equipment. Everyone had to break their own way through the snow. The roads, if any repair needed to be done, like wash out by rain or such, the ranchers would get together with picks and shovels and a team of horses and plow and build or rebuild the road. I can remember when my dad worked ten hours a day for \$1.25 a day. He helped to plant the big apple orchard in Marble. That must have been in about 1910 or 1912. He would go early in the morning horseback to the river, which was about five miles, tie his horse there under some trees for shade then row across the river to his job. Work all day, cross back across the river in the evening, got his horse and rode home. He helped plant the orchards and also helped build the big famous Marble Hotel, which burned a few years ago. All that remains of the hotel is the chimney, still standing in old Marble. Yes! That was working ten hours a day for \$1.25 a day. Money was hard to come by in

those days.

To go back away in about 1913-14-15, the ranchers had organized a Grange-the Flat Creek Grange. The Grange gave dances once every two weeks. The young people really looked forward to those Saturday nights. The whole family would load up into a wagon drawn by horses or sleigh and horses in winter. The mother, father, all kids, big and little, would go. There was no pairing off, no dating. We all met there and danced and had a great time. The older men would gather in the ante room and play cards. The older women would set on benches and visit and watch the dancers. They would bed down the little kids in a corner on blankets and coats. The women all brought cakes and sandwiches, etc. Then about midnight they would make coffee and serve lunch. Then back to dancing again. We would dance until two or three a.m. Sometimes until day break. Then we would load up all the family and each family go their own way home.

The music was voluntary. Whoever could play a fiddle or guitar or piano would provide the music. Johnny Francis, Ida Hofer's first husband, played for us many

## CITY COUNCIL

Northport, Wash.

PETER JANNI, Mayor  
OAKIE ALLEN, Clerk  
LENORA JANNI, Treasurer  
JAKE HOFER, City Marshal

## COMMITTEE CARD

### WAYS AND MEANS

W. J. Laird R. J. Evans E. C. Stevens

### ORDINANCES

W. J. Laird  
Frank Paparich Fred Skroblian

### ACCOUNTS & EXPENSES

E. C. Stevens W. J. Laird

### STREETS AND SIDEWALKS

Frank Paparich E. O. Stevens W. J. Laird

### LICENSES AND FRANCHISES

Fred Skroblian R. J. Evans Frank Paparich

### FIRE, LIGHT AND WATER

W. J. Laird Fred Skroblian E. C. Stevens

### HEALTH AND POLICE

E. O. Stevens Frank Paparich Fred Skroblian

### PUROHASING

Fred Skroblian Frank Paparich R. J. Evans

From the Northport News, January 18, 1935.

an hour. He was a real good fiddler. I never hear old time fiddling, but I think of Johnny Francis.

These Grange meetings and dances were held in the school house. The desks were all stacked along one end of the room then away we would go.

There was no admission fee. About midnight someone would pass a hat, whoever wanted to drop in a dime or a quarter, or nothing. The musicians didn't make any big money.

#### To Go Back Aways

My dad had sunk a 12 gallon keg into the creek, and my mother would put fresh meat in clean flour sacks and sink it into this keg also milk, cream, and butter in covered jars. But water soaked meat was never very good. Of course if anyone got a bear, all the neighbors got a nice big roast. When deer season was on in the fall and cooler weather came, that meant we could handle it better. We also butchered a steer every fall. We would sell part of it and the rest we would let hang when the weather got cold so it would keep. My dad would put part of it down in brine and make corn beef.

The peddling of the vegetables. When we finished with vegetables we would buy what

groceries we needed, what money was left was saved for such things as taxes and a few clothes. We kids usually got a new pair of shoes for school and material for a new dress for me. One dress! I was lucky to get that. My brother got a new pair of overalls. I would wash my dress at night, then iron it in the morning to wear to school. One pair of



Helen Pakonen



Sam and Ed Glasgow place - Flat Creek's early, popular home. Anna Beusan worked here in 1916.

shoes for school and an old pair for the chores.

Crossing the river was before the river was the river was

I had several the old river. were in Marble ferry with some wagon on the day, but Mr. D the river. We g wind blew the ropes and cable ferry was tugged. We thought so loose and good ferry were Alameda river from Marble pulled and tugged until they finally we got across.

I got aboard was Smokey at Northport. once a week, Marble. So any with team and

Another small old river was Clark, now Marble one day few groceries. which we kids going through young man near the train. He was and asked us if We were glad for young man. With boat, some one were stranded.

That winter the ice was so thick on horseback a Thomas that a team of horses. Well, in



was left  
and a few  
w pair of  
r new  
ky get  
veralls. I  
iron it in  
e pair of



t Creek's  
n worked

shoes for school, Sunday and all. If we had an old pair that was to be used for doing the chores.

Crossing the river wasn't always a picnic either. In those days the river was very swift, strong currents and whirlpools. That was before the Coulee Dam went in. When the river was backed up by the Coulee Dam the river was slowed down.

I had several frightening experiences on the old river. One time my brother and I were in Marble. Going home we were on the ferry with some people who had a team and wagon on the ferry. It was a very windy day, but Mr. Davis took the chance to cross the river. We got out a ways from shore and wind blew the ferry completely around. The ropes and cables were all twisted, and the ferry was tugging on the over head cable. We thought sure we were going to break loose and go downstream. The people on the ferry were Aldridge's, who lived across the river from Marble. They and Mr. Davis pulled and tugged on the ropes and cables until they finally got the ferry untwisted and we got across safely.

I got ahead of my story. The ferry man was Smokey Davis who had the ferry here at Northport. He ran the ferry at Marble once a week, Friday was ferry day for Marble. So any one that had to go to Marble with team and wagon made it on Friday.

Another scary experience I had on that old river was in about 1914. A girl friend Clark, now Mabel Link, and I went to Marble one day for the mail and maybe a few groceries. We went over in a rowboat, which we kids often did. There was a train going through Marble in those days. A young man named Ivan Babcock came in on the train. He wanted to go across the river and asked us if he could go across with us. We were glad for the company, especially a young man. We got down to the river, no boat, some one took our boat across, we were stranded.

That winter the river had frozen over. The ice was so thick that people were crossing on horseback and walking. There was a Mr. Thomas that drove across the ice with a team of horses and a load of hay on a sleigh.

Well, in the spring the ice started to slush

up so it wasn't safe to walk across anymore. A friend, a brother of Mabel's, Arlie Clark, built a sort of a raft thing. It had two runners like a sleigh, only wider and he rigged up a seat on it. He would ride across the slushy ice on that, pushing himself along with a paddle. Well, after the ice had all gone out and it was summer, Arlie anchored it on shore. He named the thing "Katamoran." This thing was the only thing on the river where we were stranded, Ivan said he would take the Katamoran across if we girls wanted to ride with him. Of course being foolish kids we said, "sure we would go." So we all got on it. The thing was narrow, just enough room for the three of us to sit on the seat. When we got in, the weight of us sank the thing down so we were in the water up to our knees. Ivan faced one way and we faced the other. He paddled the thing way up stream then started across. The current took us way down stream, but we landed before we got to the rapids, which were a ways down the river. We got across safely, but I'd never want such an experience again.

The train that crossed the bridge was used chiefly to haul ore from the Rossland mines here to be smelted. We would have to



The Papparich family. Left to right (back row) sons Louis and Frank Jr., daughter Lucille and Anna and Frank Sr.

know when the train was due, so we wouldn't get caught on the bridge when the train was coming.

Later when the smelter went down, the Day Brothers moved the smelter to Kellogg, Idaho. I don't know whether it was due to a price drop in the metals or what. At this time the train was discontinued from Rossland. Then the bridge was turned into a wagon bridge. The tracks were taken off and floor covered. It was used that way for quite a number of years. Then later the bridge was condemned for all traffic. People did walk across and go on horseback. Then one night a section of the bridge fell off and into the river. It was said that the Henry Fowler's were the last to cross that bridge. It was lucky no one was on there when it fell down.

Then a ferry was put on the river again, until the new bridge was built.

Lucille was born in Northport in 1922 and Louis arrived in 1924 in Valley Hospital near Chewelah. At this time I stopped working.

We returned to Northport where Frank Sr. began working for the Janni Quarry. He also logged, helped build and supervise the new bridge over the Columbia River and helped build the road up Silver Crown Mountain.

Louis Papparich now drives for Wallace Colville Auto Freight in Colville, Kettle Falls, Republic, and Northport areas. He is father of six children, including twin daughters Theresa and Rosemarie, who became nationally famous when they made some home-made flying saucers.

Frank Jr. and his wife Cam live in Rossland, B.C., where he is one of the principal instructors in a British Columbia mining school operating out of Rossland.

Lucille is now Mrs. Robert Alameda living in Salinas, Calif. They have four children.

In 1968, our son Frank Jr. and wife Cam took Frank Sr. and I on a 50th wedding anniversary trip to Europe. We drove to Calgary, Alberta, and flew on to Frankfurt, Germany, rented a car and drove into Austria. We went to Jablaca and boarded a ferry to the Isle of Rab. My husband hadn't been back to Yugoslavia to see his four

sisters and one brother in 63 years. It was so thrilling! We retraced our trip a ways to Rica, Italy, where we visited Father Stefani in Pardon, where he was expecting us. He had been the pastor at the Pure Heart of Mary Church in Northport for many years. He took us to Venice and on into Switzerland. Some of the scenery between Northport and Kettle Falls reminds me of that beautiful cliff scenery in Switzerland.

We came back home and celebrated our anniversary again. We felt so fortunate to have had such a wonderful trip. Frank passed away just two years later.

Anna has been president of the Catholic Ladies Altar Society for several years, a member of the Deep Creek Home Economic Club and chaplain of the American Legion Auxiliary.

She is also an active church member, always doing her share of the handmade articles and baking. Her specialties seem to be chocolate cake, pies and bread.



Frank Papparich and Anna Beusan were married in 1918.

"I love to c  
lived with the  
to want more  
Anna  
ago, but she's

PC

For fifteen  
Pelissier wor  
Washington a  
to live in Fran  
"They said v  
Okanogan," r

Frank was b  
Lavina Pelissi  
homesteaded  
about six or  
moved across

"My dad log  
time," remen  
come across t  
feed every wi  
over the or  
bobsled. We  
we used to get  
has been a lo  
like that."

Frank also  
dad gathering  
fire and weine  
the whole fam  
the early m  
together.

Frank's scho  
The family lat  
then moved to  
built two new  
located at the  
by Margaret E  
houses have  
living at Gold  
school up on tr  
being taught by  
Dotts.

"I never wou  
school if it hac  
said Fra

"I love to collect vases and antiques. I've lived with them all my life, but I'm starting to want more modern things now!"

Anna only learned to drive a few years ago, but she's good—even drives to the top of

Flagstaff Mountain. You might see her on any day, driving about with her little white poodle dog in her Volkswagon, regardless of the weather, making others happy!

## PELISSIER

For fifteen years Frank and Caroline Pelissier worked in the fruit orchards of Washington and California before retiring to live in Frank's home state of Washington. "They said we were the best thinners in Okanogan," recalled Mrs. Pelissier.

Frank was born on Kelly Hill to Miles and Lavina Pelissier March 17, 1914 on the place homesteaded by his folks. When he was about six or seven years old, the family moved across the river to Nigger Creek.

"My dad logged and took out poles all the time," remembered Frank. "He used to come across the river on a bobsled to get feed every winter. He went back and forth over the river with a team of horses and a bobsled. The winters were different then; we used to get five and six feet of snow. It has been a long time since the river froze like that."

Frank also remembers his mother and dad gathering wood in the daytime for a big fire and weiner roast that night; sometimes the whole family would sleigh ride up into the early morning hours, having fun together.

Frank's schooling began at Nigger Creek. The family later lived on the Poole place, then moved to Gold Creek where his dad built two new log cabins. The cabins were located at the same place the cabin owned by Margaret Evans is now, but the Pelissier houses have since burned down. While living at Gold Creek, Frank attended the school up on the hill, where he remembers being taught by Celia Laird and later Vivian Dotts.

"I never would have gotten anywhere in school if it hadn't been for Vivian Dotts," said Frank. "She taught me more than

anybody. I was in the third grade for two years and I never would have gotten out of it if it hadn't been for her. When she would come in, it was so quiet you could hear a pin drop; we behaved because we thought so much of her. She was really a good teacher."

Frank remembers attending school with Ida Hofer's children and with Joe Barr. He and Tony Gallo were also good friends and enjoyed boxing and wrestling together. "We went to Boy Scouts together for a while, too."

Frank's mother developed cancer, and the family lived in Kellogg, Idaho while she was "doctoring" in Spokane, Frank recalls Kellogg as being a very tough town. "I ran around with the toughest kids there was," he said. He attended classes in karate and judo at the YMCA and although not large in



stature, he developed a reputation for being very tough himself. When he found he was losing all his friends for fighting so much, he settled down.

There were nine children in the Pelissier family, including a set of twins who died at birth and are buried on Kelly Hill. The others were: Marvin, who still lives in Colville; Roy, who was killed several years ago in a mine explosion at Evans; Frank; Chet, who is retired from the state highway department and lives at Valley; Gerald, who died when he was small from pneumonia; and two sisters, Erma and Oral. Oral died from multiple sclerosis when she was around 40.

During his mother's illness, Frank had to quit school to help take care of his two younger sisters. His mother passed away in Spokane when he was fourteen. He spent two years on his step-grandfather's farm between Meyers Falls and Colville, his step-grandfather, Frank Feather, was married to Frank's father's mother and owned a great deal of property between the two towns. At the time Meyers Falls and Kettle Falls merged just before the dam was put in, Frank helped haul gravel and build the streets for the new town; the gravel came from the Feather land.

At one time Frank's family had lived in Northport next to Ada Laird on the hill above town; after his mother's death Frank's father moved into a house on the property now owned by Vic Falsetto, where he lived until his death.

When Frank was around seven, his mother ran a post office at Velvet when the train was running. He was playing around an old wagon box and a wire sticking out from it cut the pupil on his left eye, making him completely blind in that eye.

In 1978 Frank and his wife, Caroline, went to a doctor in Exeter, California, about Frank's eyes, for he had developed cataracts on his right eye and was having a lot of trouble seeing anything at all. He was referred to Dr. Bryan Rigle in Visalia, Calif.

After examining Pelissier's eyes, Dr. Rigle wanted to work on the blind eye; he implanted a plastic contact lens in it, and Frank experienced, what he calls, a miracle

after more than 50 years of blindness, he could see well from his left eye.

In the early 1940's Frank was married, but there were marital problems. A daughter, Thelma, was born in the marriage, and when she was two years old Frank took Thelma and lived on Kelly Hill. For several years he raised his daughter, sometimes with the help of friends and relatives, whom she stayed with during the times that Frank was working away from the area and when he began following the fruit harvests.

It was while Frank was working in the fruit that he met Caroline Birdsall in Medford, Ore. Caroline too had had a bad marriage experience and she had a son the same age as Frank's daughter.

After Frank and Caroline were married, they worked at apple farms in Washington and in California working with lemons, tangerines and grapefruit. They helped thin the fruit, prop the trees, and of course there was the harvest. "We would make from \$75 to \$100 a day for the two of us, and that was when prices were down," recalled Frank. "In 37 minutes we picked a bin of apples; that is 32 boxes of apples."



Frank had three-month periods where he would have to fish, because "So we just stay more." In 1973, Caroline moved to Creek, which they retired to. They retired and both still like it.

Caroline also has a son. She was born in 1905. Joe Silva, who lives in Hawaii. They retired to San Francisco; Joe is now age of 105. V

**PH**

If two families tell the history of the area, that of Mike "Chic" Miller is the most interesting.

Though Mike Miller lived in the area before Chic's, he was an early his area.

Her father worked in the area for a mining run. He lived in the Country in California. Later he worked in Mineral Mountain Creek.

It was while working in the area into partnership with a store, postoffice and a house below China Bay.

"Though my education he had a beautiful handwriting.

Her mother, Mary, was born in Minnesota. She moved to Spokane and stayed at the Whitehouse. She came to work for Ryan, where she married in 1905. She was 32.

Frank had five heart attacks in a three-month period, and the doctor told him he would have to slow down. "We just love to fish, both of us," commented Caroline. "So we just started going fishing more and more." In 1973 they bought a place on Deep Creek, which they sold to Ed Bell in 1976. They retired at that time, although they both still like to work in the fruit.

Caroline also came from a large family. She was born August 5, 1912 to Virginia and Joe Silva, who were both born and raised in Hawaii. They met and were married in San Francisco; Joe passed away in 1973 at the age of 105. Virginia, who will be 90 in

December, makes her home with her eldest daughter, Anna, who formerly lived in Northport with her husband, Ted Dollison, and now lives in Oakville.

The Silva children, who number ten, are all still living; they include Anna, Ida, Caroline, Katherine, Fred, Virginia, Emily, Jack, George and Florence.

Frank's daughter, Thelma Murrah, has five children and lives in Okanogan. Caroline's son, Ralph Silva, lives at Baldwin Park, Calif. His former wife, Lyn Bishop, lives in Colville and has six children. The Pelissiers also have two great-grandchildren.

## PHILLIPS

If two families paralleled each other in the history of the Northport area it would be that of Mike F.H. Phillips and Aileen "Chic" Miller Phillips.

Though Mike's parents came to the area before Chic's, she is the first to relate the early history of both her family and the area.

Her father was E. Smith Miller. He came to the area from Illinois following the mining run. He prospected in the Slocan Country in Canada and around Colville. Later he cooked in the mining camps at Mineral Mountain, 15 Mile Creek and Flat Creek.

It was while he was in that area he went into partnership with R.E. Lee running the store, postoffice and ferry at Ryan, just below China Bend.

"Though my father had only a 5th grade education he kept the books. He also had beautiful handwriting," recalls his daughter.

Her mother, Lillian Sargent, came from Minnesota. Some of her family had come to Spokane and she joined them. She clerked at the Whitehouse Store there. She later came to work at the Lee & Miller Store at Ryan, where she met Miller. They were married in 1903. At the time he was 42 and she 32.

To this union was born six children, Dorothy, Aileen, Bob, Harry and Ernest. The sixth child, the oldest boy, died at the age of three in an early tragedy.

"There was a girl working for us and she had boiled some water. She took the tub of water off the stove and for some reason, no one could explain, set it in the middle of the floor. My brother was pushing a buggy. It hit the tub. He pushed harder and somehow



Chic & Mike Phillips



fell into the scalding water.

"My mother grabbed some cotton batting and oil from the store and wrapped it around him. They had a telephone and sent for help. Meanwhile, my dad was across the river. The doctor came from Northport on a railroad car, but he couldn't save him. He was buried near Ryan. A few years later while rock mining someone destroyed the site."

It was not long after Miller filed a homestead at the mouth of Flat Creek, a location he was to live at until his death March 16, 1943. During this time he worked at the smelter in Northport, ran the ferry and raised a dairy herd and large garden. Milk and cream were sold.

"When us kids got to be old enough for school, we rented a house in Northport and moved there. We also went to school in Spokane one year.

"It was a busy area then. Lane and Bronson had a sawmill about six miles up from the mouth of Flat Creek on the

Van Horn place, where Skip Lael lived. They hauled lumber down to the ferry and across the river to the railroad. Lane and Bronson later built a planer mill just north of Ryan. A piece of the cement foundation can still be seen next to the gravel pit off Highway 25. There is also over the hill a piece of the old deadman that held the ferry line that operated across the river."

Mrs. Phillips remembers Miss Mullins as one of her early Northport teachers.

Later she attended the Mill School at Ryan, which was for the children of those who lived near the Lane and Bronson Sawmill. Her dad built a new ferry there at that time.

"I remember Mr. Bronson well. He was the father of Bill Bronson, Sr. of Colville. He used to give me a bad time, because I couldn't pronounce 'coal oil.' I had to go to the mill regularly to get some and he loved to hear me try and pronounce those words."

At that time she remembers Archie Wiley and Sarah Pence. She had a teacher, M. B.

Cameron.

"It was epidemic being real of us going to school for a school clerk."

She also post office. Also at Ch tower. It w lived. Also Brewington the sawmill Merrills do

Her 7th g school when family. Pe street, she

But her f school year pictures, sh as:

Teachers Mrs. Spei Thistlewaite

Students : Johnson, L Elizab Sauvola, E Val Harwor Vaino Rai Secrest, Fr Trombetta.

Florence Howard Ma Esther Tron Pakonen, Fi and Chance

Mike Phill bit earlier. born in Sep mother, Mar July 4, 1864 1881 in Iowa

The youn Chewelah a where Fred clerk for a Northport a stands corn house. It is



Bringing logs to the Orr Mill at Nigger Creek across the river from Northport in 1916.

Cameron.

"It was in 1918-1919 when the big flu epidemic hit. I remember Mr. Cameron being real sick. Our family was lucky. None of us caught the flu. But we were out of school for a long time. Pete Ansaldo was the school clerk, I remember."

She also recalls that there was a post office at China Bend called "Saddle." Also at China Bend was a railroad water tower. It was here that Cameron's family lived. Also living in the area were the Brewingtons, Ogdens, Bartols, Harpers at the sawmill, Barnes at the sawmill and Merrills down the road at Bossburg.

Her 7th grade was spent at the Kelly Hill school where she lived with the Pearl Dahl family. Pearl later married Ed Waterstreet, she recalls.

But her fondest memories were her high school years at Northport. Looking at old pictures, she can recall many names, such as:

Teachers Miss Knopp, Miss Rennick, and Mrs. Speirs. The principal was Mr. Thistlewaite.

Students included: Garland Davis, Anna Johnson, Lillie Sarki, Mamie Martella, Elizabeth Rowe, Audrey Travis, Eva Sauvola, Elsie Boucher, Clarence Rowe, Val Harworth, Leona Turner, Aune Maki, Vaino Raisio, Arden Davis, Florence Secrest, Frank Janni, Vic Gezelius, John Trombetta.

Florence Tweeton, Harvey Broderius, Howard Martin, Amy King, Roxie King, Esther Trombetta, Ruby Hannaford, Elsie Pakonen, Frances Perkins, Millie Johnson and Chanceford Mounce, being just a few.

Mike Phillip's family came to Northport a bit earlier. His father Fred S. Phillips was born in September 1859 in Michigan. His mother, Mary Elizabeth Whealan, was born July 4, 1864 in Iowa. They were married in 1881 in Iowa.

The young couple first came west to Chewelah and later moved to Colville, where Fred S. Phillips served as county clerk for a while. They then moved to Northport and built a house, which still stands commonly called the "Travis" house. It is now the home of Cliff Day.

## MARRIED 1917

### CHRISTEN-ON-PHILLIPS

At 1 30 Tuesday the wedding of Miss Fay E. Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Phillips, and J. A. Christenson took place at the country home of the bride's parents near this city. The bride and groom were both tastefully attired and each wore a happy smile as the Rev. E. F. Spicer stepped forth and in brief but eloquent words pronounced the young couple man and wife. Following the marriage ceremony a dainty luncheon was served after which Mr. and Mrs. Christenson drove to Northport arriving in time to catch the afternoon train for a honeymoon trip through British Columbia.

Aside from the immediate relatives of the contracting parties there were present Miss Mary Dingwall, Miss Mary Brown, Mr. Lynn Mills and R. C. Sheedy. Miss Dingwall and Miss Florence Phillips acted as bridesmaids and Mr. Forrest Phillips best man.

The house was decorated throughout with ferns, evergreens and flowers and beneath an evergreen arch in the parlor the wedding ceremony was performed.

Mr. and Mrs. Christenson were the recipients of many pretty and useful gifts from a host of friends who have known them in Northport since their school days, and the hearty congratulations extended from every side denotes the high esteem in which they are held by all in the community.



Fay and Florence Phillips

In the early 1900's, they homesteaded across the river from Northport.

"That was during Teddy Roosevelt's time," they recall.

Mike was born in 1905 at Northport.

He was one of eight children of Fred and Mary Phillips. They included Forrest P. Phillips, Florence Sheedy, Faye Christian-son, Floyd Phillips, Fern Mills, Freida Organ, Freeman Phillips and Mike F. H. Phillips.

Their father passed away on the ranch across the river on Feb. 19, 1937. Their mother died on March 15, 1948.

Mike and Chic Phillips still live on that same ranch.

Their son Glenn joins them in operation of the ranch.

Another son, Fred, lives at Northport and works for Northport Limestone.

A daughter, Pat, lives in John Day, Ore.



**SHEEP CREEK - Near Mern's school at Stonespur across the river from Northport.**

## GIRLS FIGHT A LYNX

1903

**Rescue Pet Dog at Great Peril of Their Lives.**

### BULLET GIVES BEAST QUIETUS

**Talented Young Daughters of Washington Rancher Are as Familiar With a Rifle as With a Piano.**

NORTHPORT, Wash., Jan. 14 (Special)—While a maddened lynx was worrying their pet dog the Phillips sisters attacked the wild beast. One literally wrestled the dog from the jaws of the lynx, the other killed it with a shot through the head.

Faye and Florence Phillips, aged 17 and 19, respectively, live on the homestead of their father Fred S. Phillips on the reservation side of the Columbia, near the mouth of Big Sheep Creek, two miles from Northport. Yesterday afternoon the hired man ran home to tell that the dog had treed a large lynx. The girls seized rifles from the wall and followed up the bark of the dog. He had the beast treed on one of the higher limbs. But the girls fired at the same time. The wounded animal bounded into the air and landed on the ground a few feet from the girls, who were coolly reloading their weapons.

The moment the beast struck the ground it was attacked by the dog. The animals rolled over and over in a savage struggle, but the lynx was too much for the dog. So rapid were the movements of the animals that the girls feared to shoot, because they might kill their dog. Finally the dog emitted a shriek of mortal agony.

The girls rushed to the rescue. One grasped the dog's limp hind legs and literally pulled the combatants apart, while the other went a bullet through the head of the lynx. They shouldered the animal between them and returned home accompanied by the limp, torn and bleeding dog. They hung the lynx in the woodshed, and he proved to be an unusually large beast, with long tassels on his ears.

Miss Faye last week returned from Portland, where she had been taking a course in advanced music.

Julius  
Jan. 28, 18  
homestead  
across from  
years-of-age

"At first  
stated Julius  
Williams S.

His paren  
this backgr  
worker.

He remem  
They were s  
was started  
a flume was  
from Onion

"There wa  
irrigate and  
stayed the y  
nine houses  
building to s  
stable at the  
with horses.

"Tom d



# POHLE

Julius F. Pohle was born in Colville on Jan. 28, 1893. He moved to his father's homestead on the west side of the Columbia across from Marble when he was seven years-of-age.

"At first it was too far to go to school," stated Julius, "But later I attended the old Williams Siding school."

His parents were from Austria and from this background he learned to be a good worker.

He remembers well the Marble orchards. They were started in 1910. The hotel there was started in 1912. To irrigate the orchard a flume was built bringing water to Marble from Onion Creek.

"There was a large crew to prune, thin, irrigate and pick apples," he recalls. "Some stayed the year around. There were about nine houses and the store, a packing shed, a building to store boxes, a bunkhouse and a stable at the time. All the work was done with horses.

"Tom Anderson took care of the stables.

The blacksmith was George Harworth. A man named Reed was in control of the orchard. When he left the orchard went down hill because no one knew how to take care of it. The smelter later bought Marble.

"Besides the orchard, there was about 90 acres in cultivation at Marble. They raised seed there. Mostly turnip seeds."

Julius recalls that the railroad came to Northport in 1895. Before that it ran only to Marcus.

Before the railroad freight and passengers were brought north up the Columbia by boat to the Little Dalles. Freight and passengers were then transferred above the Little Dalles to another boat that carried them further north into Canada. He recalls that they had a tramway like cable that transferred the load.

"I used to haul a quarter of beef every week to the hotel at Marble all year round. We'd hitch up the horses, cross the ferry, deliver the beef to the hotel and then go to the Munroe Mill. They took half-a-beef. Then back across the river and home. It was a long day."



Mr. and Mrs. Julius Pohle on 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Julius also recalled that when he first came to Northport there were six skeletons of Indians. He understood that they were killed by the Chinamen.

"Life is harder now than it was back then," Julius states. "There is so much to worry about now. All the high prices and taxes are a constant worry now. The people had more time to do things back then than they do now. We were more satisfied."

In 1939 Julius and his wife Janie and their two children Leslie and Helen moved from the west side of the Columbia to the east side, where they farmed just south of Marble along the highway. He also worked in area sawmills and in the dolomite quarry.

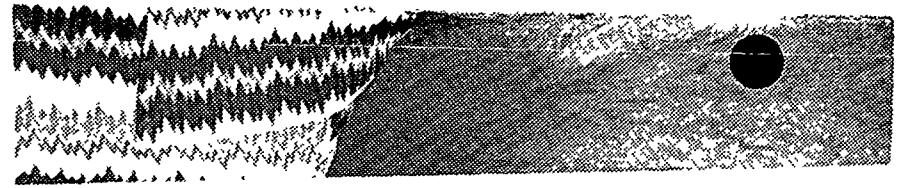
Julius Pohle passed away August 18, 1980 at the age of 87 just prior to the completion of this book.



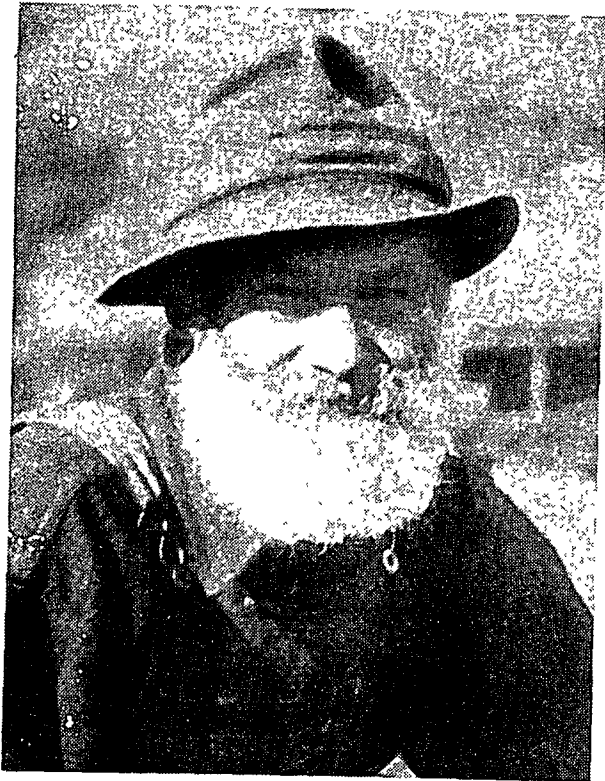
**GET TOGETHER** - Left to right: Ruth (Almstrom) Latty, Esther (Almstrom) Covey, Sam Samuelson, Julius Pohle and Joe Luft.



to right: Ruth  
r (Almstrom)  
lius Pohle and



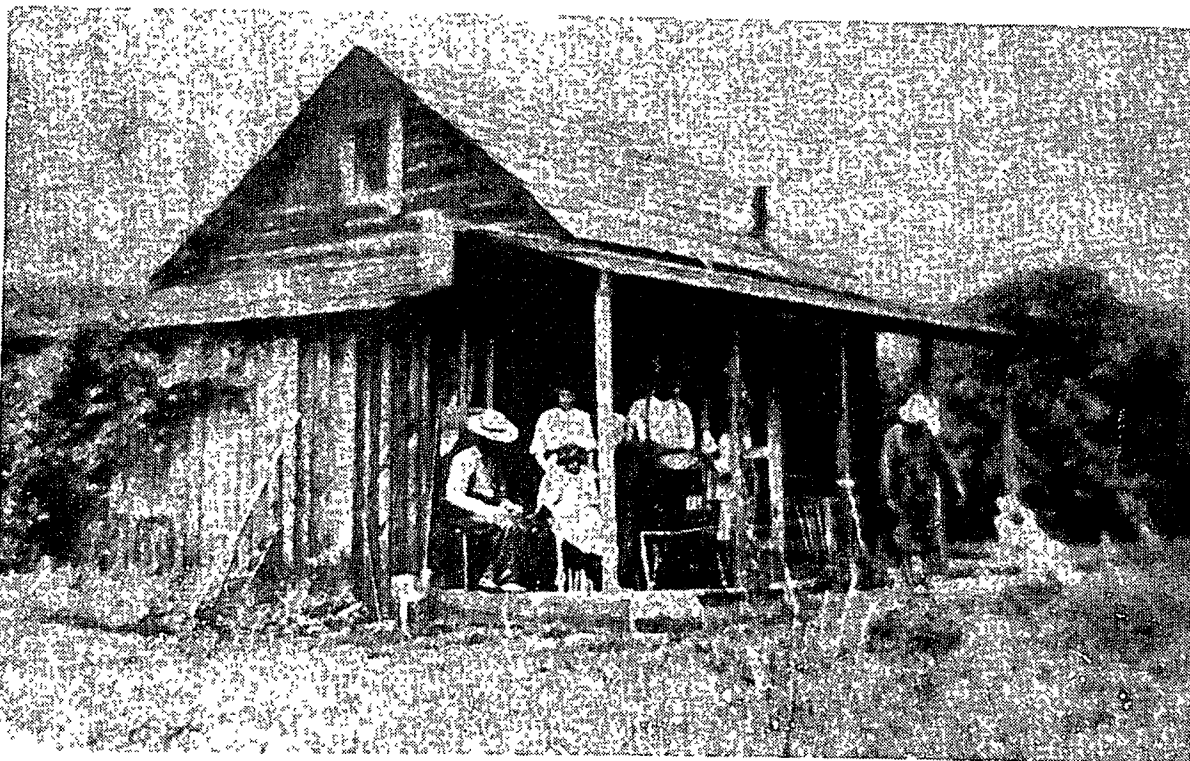
**WILLIAMS SAWMILL LOGS**— This picture was taken in 1910 on the west side of the Columbia River across from present North Gorge campgrounds. Logs were cut for Williams Sawmill by Axel Pearson and Bob Downing. The barge type tug cost Williams Sawmill \$60,000. Julius Pohle's father, Julius Sr., was engineer and Downing was Captain.



**Julius Pohle's father, Julius Sr.**



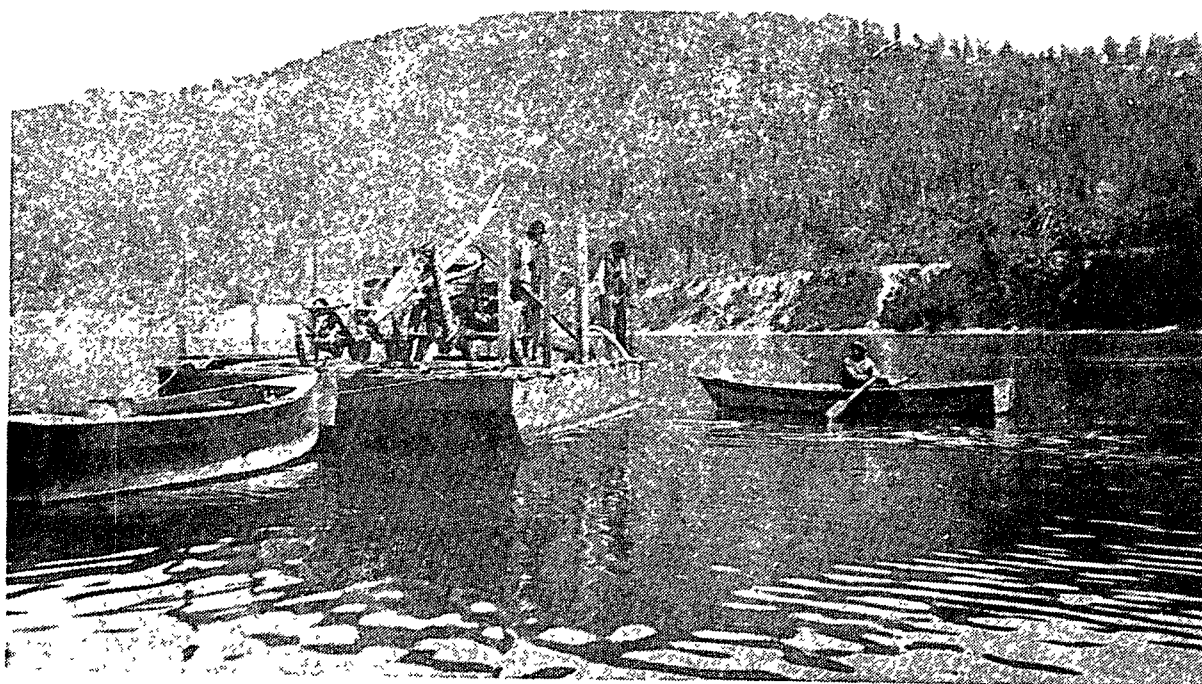
**Gus Callander**



**Pohle's homestead on the west side of the  
Columbia River.**



**Artifacts found on Julius Pohle Ranch  
above China Bend.**



**COLUMBIA RIVER BARGE - Carrying  
farm machinery at China Bend. Boat  
powered.**





**MINING FOR GOLD - on the Columbia.**  
**Left to right: Janie Pohle, son Leslie, Julius**  
**Pohle's sister, Elsie Downing, Carl Luft and**  
**Julius Pohle Sr.**

## RAISIO

Vaino and Marie Raisio were both born and raised in Washington and have lived in Stevens County all their lives. The son of Eli and Alma Raisio, Vaino was born in Spokane on November 5, 1909. Marie was born in Colville to Walter and Mary Artman.

When their son was just a few weeks old, the Raisio family, including Vaino's older sisters Matilda and Aune, moved to a ranch they had purchased on Deep Creek. The house they lived in is presently owned by Marshal Estes.

Vaino's parents had both come to America from Finland; his mother had a brother living in Spokane and she came there. His father worked in mines in Minnesota, then made his home in Spokane where he met Alma and they were married. Alma, Vaino's mother, was a sister to the mother of Carl Sauvola, another longtime resident of the Deep Creek-Northport area.

Most of the families who settled in the

Deep Creek region were of Finnish nationality, and a building called Finn Hall played a large part in their social activities. The old structure, which was located about the Striker place next to the Raisio ranch, has been torn down in past years.

Vaino and his two sisters attended grade school at the Doyle School, for a while in Finn Hall, and then at Upper Deep Creek School which was built about a mile south of their home around 1915. Vaino graduated from the 8th grade at Upper Deep Creek in 1923 and from the Northport High School in 1927.

"When my oldest sister first started to high school, she lived in Northport because there wasn't any bus," he remembered. Although the bus service had its faults and problems, there was a route established when Vaino was in high school.

Basketball has always been one of Vaino's interests, and he played in high school as well as on the town team later. The high school games were played at the old Smelter Hall; there were no bleachers, just one bench along the side of the room.

"People  
 he recall  
 The tea  
 Colv  
 Chewelah  
 was done  
 overnight  
 They pla  
 during th  
 train.

After  
 Kinman B  
 or seven  
 when he  
 worked fo  
 Model-T  
 delivery  
 delivering  
 the train  
 groceries  
 also serve  
 arose.

Charlie  
 he also ov  
 The under



"People mostly just stood along the wall," he recalled.

The team was in the same league with Colville, Marcus, Kettle Falls and Chewelah. Traveling to and from games was done by train and the team had to stay overnight in hotels at their own expense. They played one game with each team during the year, making four trips on the train.

After graduating, Vaino attended Kinman Business College in Spokane for six or seven months until the depression hit, when he came back to Northport and worked for Jack Lilly. Lilly owned an old Model-T Ford truck which he used as a delivery dray, and Raisio helped with delivering. They hauled all the mail from the train depot to the post office, delivered groceries from Kendrick's Mercantile, and also served as a hearse when the necessity arose.

Charlie Adams was the town undertaker, he also owned and operated a dance hall. The undertaking parlor was located on the

site where the Cook Pot now stands. When Adams was killed in a car wreck as he was returning from Spokane, the duty of undertaker fell to the Town Marshal. When a family was not financially able or did not wish to have burial services in Colville, the marshal served as undertaker and bodies were taken to the Forest Homes Cemetery on Deep Creek. The dray which Vaino drove was used to transport the bodies. He recalled that a fellow named Harry Bass, who lived in the present Ralph Pierce home, dug the graves.

About 1935 Raisio went to work as a clerk in Kendrick's Mercantile. He had also been in charge of the Cash and Carry store where the fire hall is now. Both stores were owned by Charles Slawson, then upon his death by Newton Henton, his son-in-law. Kendrick's Mercantile was later purchased by Ben Hofer. Vaino worked there until 1942.

Vaino enjoyed playing the saxophone and played in bands in town for several years along with Val Harworth and others.

Marie Artman and her family, who lived



Vaino and Marie Raisio



in Colville, had a dance band; her brother was the drummer, two sisters played piano and trumpet, her dad played the violin, and Marie could play the piano and violin to fill in their places. Marie and Vaino met at a dance at the South Fork Grange where the Artman family was playing. They were married in 1939 and Vaino also joined the band.

The Raisios' first home was purchased for \$250 from realtor Charlie Allison and was located between where Mitch Hill and Sam Burke live now. They later sold it for \$300 and bought a home from Sherman Clark near the present home of Cliff Day.

Marie and Vaino had five children: Gary, who now lives in Denver, Jimmy and Linda who both live in suburbs of Atlanta, Ga., Buddy of Federal Way, and Terry of Seattle. All of their children graduated from Northport High School, and they have eight grandchildren.

Vaino worked for a cement company, which later became Ideal Cement. In 1964 he was made foreman of the company and moved out of town to the quarry of the Cement Company at Marble. The quarry was closed down in 1968 and he began work for the County road department, remaining with them until his retirement in 1975.

Marie was Town Clerk for Northport from 1951 to 1974. She began working for Carney Pole in 1962, where she stayed until she had to take a medical retirement in 1974.

Vaino is a Charter Member of the Lions Club in Northport and has held all the offices in the club at various times, presently serving as treasurer, an office he has held for about 15 years.

He also served on the grade School Board and was clerk of the board for a number of years; he had to quit the Board when he moved out of the district in 1966, after serving since the early 1940's. At that time until Northport changed from a union high school, there were two separate school boards for the grade school and for the high school.

Raisio was very active in the town sports teams, including basketball and baseball. Members of the town basketball team included Lawrence Carley, Ivan Matteson,

Val Harworth, Mike Butorac, Alex Tyllia, Francis Tyllia, and Vaino. Games were played at the old gym which burned down. One year Northport won the County championship and played in a tournament in Spokane in amateur athletics. They played an air force team which went on to win national honors that year.

The Raisios also enjoyed the proms and other dances. "In those days everybody danced to the same music and you went with your whole family. There was no generation gap then. Our proms were just great; we went in long dresses the same as kids did," reminisced Marie.

Another part of Northport life enjoyed by the Raisios was the annual Fourth of July celebration sponsored by the American Legion. Marie recalls one year when she and Stella (Trombetta) Rainey won the log-sawing contest, working as a team on a cross-cut saw.

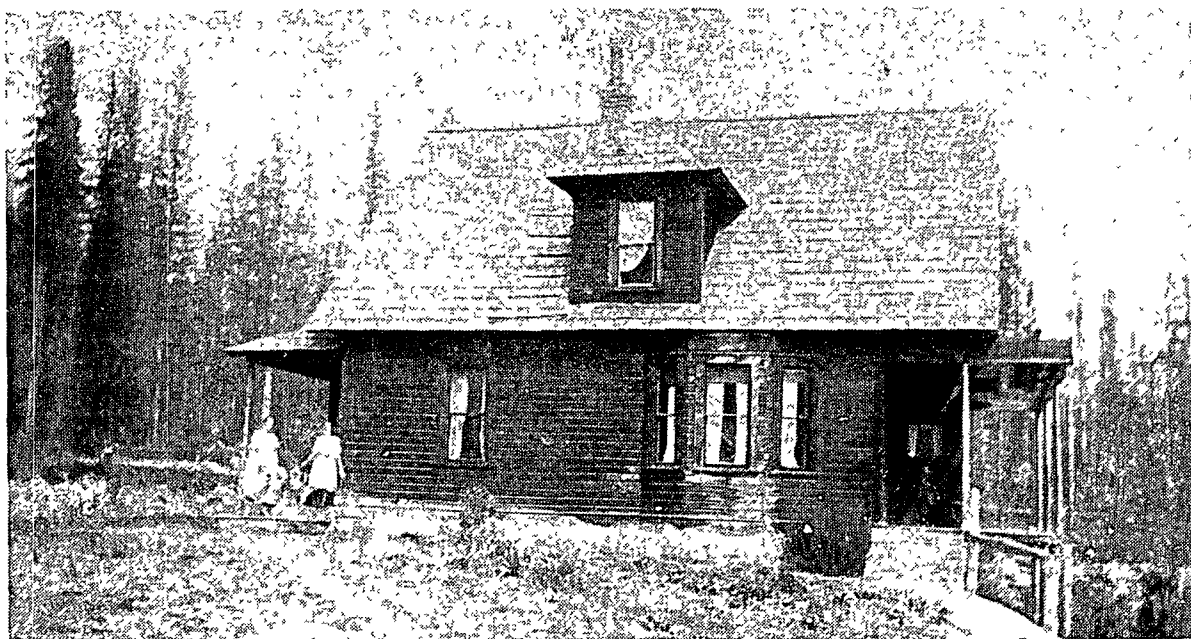
Vaino and Marie enjoy spending their summers and other spare time building and improving their cabin on Deep Lake, which they began in 1963 or 64.



Upper Deep Creek school 1920 - Front row, left to right: Lillie (Sarki) Paul and Mae (Koski) Schoeff. Second row: Matilda Raisio, Mamie (Martella) Anderson and Fanny (Johnson) Dillman.

Louisa B  
New Brun  
April, 1858  
and Marg  
father, a p  
descent;  
William M  
Montgome  
father was  
ary fame

Louisa f  
Western T  
Charles M  
brother. M  
of the lea  
of the  
receiving  
Brunswic  
country h  
as 1859. H  
store in t  
1873, he w  
Col



Ralsio farm house.

## RIVERS

### Pioneer Woman

Louisa Margaret Rivers, born at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, on the 24th of April, 1858; the daughter of Louis C. Rivers and Margaret Louisa Montgomery. Her father, a prominent business man of French descent; her mother, the daughter of William N. and Elizabeth A. (Harding) Montgomery. Elizabeth Harding's Grandfather was General Harding, of Revolutionary fame.

Louisa first became interested in the new Western Territory by her Uncle, the Hon. Charles H. Montgomery, her mother's brother. Mr. Montgomery is considered one of the leading and most influential citizens of the Washington Territory. After receiving a college education in New Brunswick, his lust for this beautiful country had carried him Westward as early as 1859. He operated a general merchandise store in the Colville Valley until 1890. In 1873, he was appointed Post Trader at Fort Colville, by the government. In 1868 and

1873 he was selected Representative in the Senate of the Territorial Legislature, his area representing what is now known as Walla Walla, Whitman, Spokane, and Stevens County. During these years he did a large business with both the Indians and the white settlers, giving special attention to stock raising with excellent success in thoroughbred and racing horses, on his estate of two hundred and eighty acres of fertile land. He married in 1879 and fathered seven children. His chief interest being the education of his children, he returned to New Brunswick in the hopes that one of his nieces would be interested in undertaking this task. Listening to his exciting episodes of the new country instilled in Louisa the same adventure lust her Uncle had experienced. Having just completed her teaching education in New Brunswick, she agreed to his offer and set about plans for the long journey West.

It was at the early age of twenty-four, in the summer of 1882, Louisa was preparing for the long journey West. Leaving a large home well staffed with servants, she sorted only a few, but her most treasured belongings, then placed them into a trunk to



Mrs. Louise M. (Rivers) Damp

begin its six-month journey around the Cape of Good Hope. She herself traveled by rail to Los Angeles, then boat to Portland, then stagecoach and horse and buggy to Fort Colville, Washington Territory.

Fort Colville; at Pinkney City, three miles Northeast of Colville; was established in June, 1859, by the United States Government.

"It was built for the protection of widely separated groups of American settlers. Some of the earliest settlers in Stevens County were ex-miners who found both soil and climate favorable and concluded to establish homes in this locality."

Louisa was the first known school teacher in the area of Fort Colville. She began teaching in the home of her Uncle, and before long, at the request of other parents, her little school began to grow. In the meantime, a school building was built at Pinkney City. One or two teachers taught in this building for a short period of time before she became its teacher. The enrollment of pupils was twelve to fifteen, at this time.

Grandma took over Colville School from a Lieutenant at the Fort who was transferred to another part. Some of her pupils were: the Montgomery children, the Hofstetter children and Pat Graham, Sr.

In 1881, an Indian named Michael, murdered a man named Shaffer, who conducted a grocery store in Pinkney City. For this crime he paid the penalty "on the gallows". It was at this time Louisa glanced out of the schoolroom window to see him swinging from the gallows of the Court House across the street from the school. She promptly fainted, but was revived when one of the bigger boys threw the water from the drinking bucket on her, and so school was dismissed early that day. This was but one of her many frightening episodes. It was not uncommon for the Indians to drink too much "fire-water", and out of curiosity wander into her classroom. On one of these such instances I can remember her telling of one Indian who proceeded to shoot himself in the head, at which time school was dismissed early again. (Not at school - in Uncle Charlie's home, Chewelah.)

The "town" of Colville was platted in 1883. In 1882, the military post at Fort Colville was abandoned, and the old town of Pinkney City faded to a melancholy landmark. The greater portion of the business of Pinkney City had been supported by the garrison at the Fort. The first man to change his location from the old town to Colville, was Louisa's Uncle Charlie. Of the new town Mr. Montgomery was the pioneer merchant. In 1889 the present town of Colville was incorporated under the territorial law.

Louisa taught at the School House at Fort Colville for about seven years, for in the spring of 1889 she met her husband to be,

Mr. Ralph to the Colville, Spokane Falls were Charlie, on the 27th of her only c Grandmoth

Silver and mines of c opened in business en the remark the border a way North Northport Engineer v Damp found new towns

"In the s; the City of wooded flat by homes; months the into a lively It was so n that I te between No between th Columbia, c be the most Spokane Fa

And so be of Northpo future min entire No Columbia h nor a more

Northpor Capitalists, completed located bec limerock ar smelting pr reduce the Rossland, a southern m At the time largest smc set ab to

Mr. Ralph Willard Damp. Mr. Damp came to the Colville Valley, in the interest of the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad. They were married in the home of her Uncle Charlie, on the 15th of November, 1889. On the 27th of October, 1891, she gave birth to her only child, Vera Hattie Damp. (My Grandmother)

Silver and gold was being discovered, and mines of considerable promise had been opened in this area, with promise of business enough to support a railroad. With the remarkable discovery of gold ore, along the border area, and the railroad pushing its way North along the Columbia River, Northport began to grow. Being a Civil Engineer with the Railroad project, Mr. Damp found himself working his way to the new townsite of Northport.

"In the spring of 1892, the present site of the City of Northport was simply a prettily wooded flat, with three log cabins occupied by homesteaders. Within a few short months the primeval woods was converted into a lively city and dedicated May 28, 1892. It was so named by the townsite company that located it because of the country between Northport and the boundary line between the United States and British Columbia, demonstrating the fact it was to be the most northern town on the line of the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway."

And so began the growth of the greaty city of Northport; originally fated to be "the future mining and smelting center of the entire Northwest". No town on the Columbia has known a more startling rise, nor a more sudden fall.

Northport Smelter, built by American Capitalists, was begun in the year 1894, and completed in the winter of 1897-98. It was so located because of the abundant supply of limerock around the town, necessary for the smelting process. Its chief purpose was to reduce the gold and silver from the Rossland, and other mines located at the southern most portion of British Columbia. At the time it was erected it boasted the largest smokestack in the world. Work was set about to lay plans for the extension of the

Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad, to cross the mighty Columbia and reach into the vast territory of British Columbia, to enable the rich ore from the mines to reach the smelter with greater expediency. The trains were conveyed across the river at this time by a railroad ferry. Although it served the purpose, the ferry was not practical, and hardships arose in the winter freezes and thaws. It was at this time a great bridge rose across the Columbia. The erection of this bridge was a feat in its time due to the many natural obstacles yet to encounter. The depth and great swiftness of the currents of the river gorge were but only two of the greatest problems encountered. Later converted to a highway bridge, it was to be another fifty years before another bridge would take its place. Condemned at an early date in 1950, this mighty structure of its time was determined to stand and support the debris; as the new bridge in the making, was thrice washed upon its piers.

Mr. Ralph W. Damp was the chief engineer on this project. The bridge was begun January 25, 1897, and completed October 12, of that same year.



Left to right: Mrs. J. J. Travis, Mrs. C. A. Pittelko and Louise (Rivers) Damp.

"This bridge is an immense fabric, having 1,200 feet of spans, three of which are 250 feet in length, each, with three others of 150 feet to the span. The trestle approaches are 500-feet in length, making an aggregate of 1,700 feet in length, besides the heavy dirt fill at the east approach, several hundred feet in length. The rail is sixty-nine feet above low water gauge. The highest pier is eighty feet. The piers are of concrete cased in heavy boiler iron."

The smelter closed in 1920, due to labor problems, and the lack of ore from the Rossland Mine, when Trail, British Columbia, built its own smelter for the never changing abundance of Rossland ore. Before it closed however, it left behind one of the biggest shadows found at that time in every booming city; a Typhoid epidemic. The city water supply came from a polluted creek; as one farm after another was settled - barns were built next to the creek for handy water supply for stock, and it was not unusual for people to build toilets over the creek, so everything could wash away. Northport's water supply became contaminated in the year of 1918, causing an epidemic of Typhoid fever. Striking two members of Louisa's immediate family, (her son-in-law, and her eldest grandson), meant day and night vigilance of nursing care. Her grandson survived, however her daughter Vera, was left with the task of raising three small children in her early twenties. Had medicine been what it is today there is no doubt the epidemic would not have left Northport with such a heavy toll.

The year of 1924 found yet another heartache for Louisa. She awoke to find her husband Ralph had apparently suffered a fatal heart attack in his sleep.

Living to the ripe old age of eighty-six, Louisa busied herself with family, friends, and church activities, being a prominent member of the Episcopalian religion. Her friends, her family, and her memories were all she had left after the busy romantic life she chose to lead.

Louisa died on Jan. 10, 1944. She is buried at the Forest Home Cemetery on Silver

Crown Mountain, which overlooks the city of Northport, Washington. To those of us who knew her and loved her she remains a living memory.

(This biography was written in 1966 by Jacqueline R. Gordon, great-granddaughter of Louisa Margaret Rivers Damp. The biography is in the hands of Mrs. C. E. Applegate of Colville, a granddaughter of Mrs. Damp and mother of Mrs. Gordon.)



Left to right: Ada Montgomery and Louise M. (Rivers) Damp.

Coming a true pioneer enough to homestead a century.

My husband Maloney, and was beauty and to his daughter (E.J.) and and join her in the first relinquish it some a little farm Northport

At that the family added, Jack Zita, Art Lawrence Th... having in Present McNinch.

E.J. went the three putting in wage of a smelter went on conditions the leader the grand evidently though fee strike broke

Several strikers at some saloons, no strike was years, a strike. The three victims to In...



# ROWE

By Lucile Munroe Rowe  
"The Rowe Family"

Coming here to live in 1922, I'm really not a true pioneer of the area, but was fortunate enough to marry into a family which had homesteaded here before the turn of the century.

My husband's grandfather, Michael Maloney, came in with the railroad in 1895, and was so impressed with the natural beauty and job opportunities here, he wrote to his daughter and son-in-law, Edwin (E.J.) and Margaret Rowe, to come out and join him. In 1896, Edwin came to work in the first smelter, and bought a homestead relinquishment from Hugo Moser, adding to it some adjacent property to make a nice little farm, about three miles north of Northport.

At that time there was only one child in the family, Mary Ann. Eight more would be added, James, Edwin (my husband), Ray, Zita, Arthur, Elizabeth, Clarence, and Lawrence.

The property still belongs to the family, having increased to about 800 acres. Present occupants are Edith (Rowe) McNinch and her husband Cecil and family.

E.J. went to work at the smelter, walking the three miles morning and evening, putting in a 12-hour day for an average wage of about \$2 a day. Conditions in the smelter were hard, and in 1903 the workers went on strike for improved working conditions and higher pay. E.J. was one of the leaders, and later had to appear before the grand jury which investigated it. He was evidently not found guilty of any crime, though feelings in the town flared high when strike breakers were brought in.

Several confrontations occurred between strikers and strike-breakers, but although some shooting took place in one of the saloons, no one was killed and at last the strike was settled. Some time during these years, a smallpox epidemic struck the town. The three older children and E.J. all fell victims to it, but recovered.

In early spring of 1922, E.J. was killed

while blasting stumps on the farm, and the boys had to take over the farm operation and the family dairy. James left to work in the smelter at Kellogg, and Ed, now the oldest at home, became the family bread winner. He was a natural farmer, loving the fertile acres, the cattle and horses, going out after work in the evenings with mattock and ax and saw to clear additional acres by hand.

The setting was one of great natural beauty, a long crescent of level land lying below a forested hillside. Along the little stream was a peat bog, and Ed remembered Grandpa Maloney, who had come from Ireland, warning E.J. never to let the peat catch fire. Unfortunately, it did catch one spring during land clearing operations, and smoldered all summer long, being impossible to put out.

Though it was excellent soil, Ed said it was never quite so fertile as before. After I came to the farm to live, we planted our potatoes, cabbages, etc. along the stream banks, where they grew enormously.



May 5 - 1922  
**The Passing of  
 Another Pioneer,  
 Edwin James Rowe**

The News went to press last week before it was able to give a full account of the sad death of Edwin James Rowe, therefore we will give it now as follows

About 2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, April 26, James Rowe, a son, rode a horse on the run into the city from the ranch and gave the horrifying intelligence that while his father was blowing out stumps a few minutes before, a stick of dynamite he had placed under a stump failed to go off promptly, so after waiting 15 or 20 minutes he became impatient and started to approach the charge to see what was wrong. Two of his largest sons, Ed and James, were near and warned him not to do it, as it might explode at any moment. But he insisted upon approaching it, and when almost over it the charge went off, a portion of the stump striking him squarely in the body, lifting him in the air and throwing him over a high fence into a pen where there was a vicious bull. His sons immediately ran to his assistance and started to climb over the fence, when he told them not to do so, as the bull might kill them. But they told him he must be taken to the house, so they took a door and opening the gate of the pen went in, put him on the door and carried him to the house. The bull, which had run to the opposite side of the pen, did not offer to molest them, but after they were out the animal went to where deceased had lain, smelt of the blood which had flowed from the wounds and loudly bellowed for a long time. Mrs. Rowe, who was naturally greatly ex-

acted when she looked upon the mangled body of her husband, was cautioned by one of the boys "to hold herself together," which she heroically did and tried her best to alleviate his suffering. James hurried to the city after Dr. Norriss who hurriedly drove to the ranch but his wife had departed before he arrived.

Deceased lived about 15 minutes after the accident and was in full control of his senses up to the last. While on the bed he told Mrs. Rowe

that he was suffering intensely and had received his death blow, as his bladder and intestines were crushed. He asked to be moved, and when she laid him in a different position with one leg out of the bed he said he was easier, but in a very short time he said "God, have mercy on me" and expired.

The stump was near the bull pen, also not far from the residence, and was not in the way, but deceased, who took great pride in having everything look neat around the ranch, determined to remove it.

Edwin James Rowe was born in Cornwall on the 30th day of May, 1862, and therefore was 59 years 10 months and 26 days old when he died. At the age of about 18 years he came to America. He informed his mother that he was going to work in Swansea, Wales. He did go there, but immediately after his arrival he enlisted as an able seaman on a sailing vessel and came to Staten Island, N. J., where he worked several years, and then went to Anaconda, Mont. While living there and working as a smelterman, in 1891 he went to Butte as a member of the city fire department to participate in a tournament. There he first met his wife, whom he married in 1894. Then in the fall of 1896 he came to Northport with his wife and daughter Annie, and in 1897 took up his present ranch as a homestead, having bought the relinquishment from Hugo Moser. Here eight more children were born, making nine altogether, all of whom being alive and well at the present time.

The writer who has been a continuous friend of deceased since his arrival here, can truthfully say that a more upright, industrious, wide-awake, citizen never trod the streets of our city. He was a good neighbor, a kind and loving husband and father, and enjoyed his home, ever striving to make the surroundings of it pleasant. While he was not a church member, he was ever considerate of the religious belief of his family and all others. We hope and believe that God will have mercy on his soul, according to his last petition just before he died. He was a member of the A. O. U. W. in which Order he carried \$2,000 insurance in favor of his wife. He was also a member of the Knights of Pythias.

Thus has passed another of our esteemed old pioneers, and the fam-



ily have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their bereavement.

### THE FUNERAL

The funeral occurred from Adam chapel Saturday afternoon at 3 30 o'clock April 29, under the auspices of the Northport Knights of Pythias. The chapel was crowded to overflowing. The beautiful black silver-mounted casket was banked with handsome floral offerings. A most exquisite bouquet, composed of delicately-tinted lillies, roses and other choice flowers, with the letters "K P" on satin in the center, was at the head of the casket. The funeral ritual of the Knights of Pythias, which is a most beautiful and impressive one, was carried through in a perfect manner by J. P. Vroom as Chancellor Com-

mander, C. E. Lane as Vice Chancellor Commander. A. B. Criss Master-at-Arms and E. H. Durstan Prelate. There were about 25 K.P.'s present in regalia.

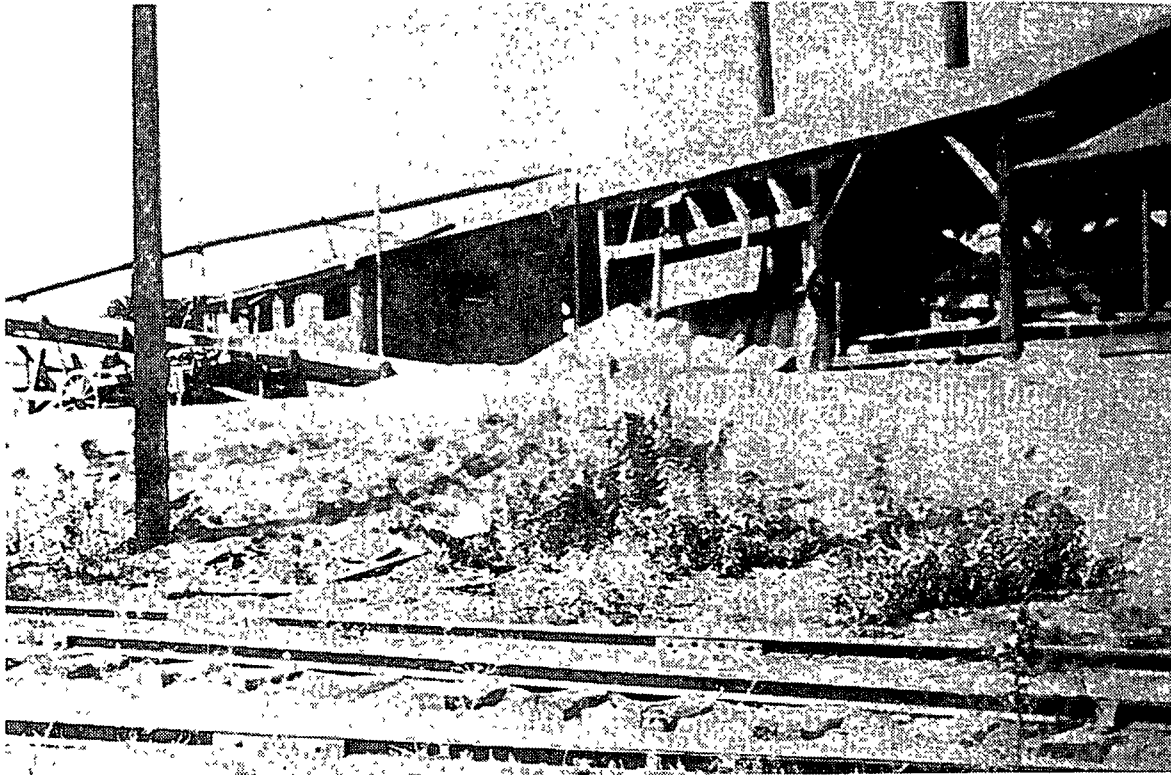
The choir, composed of Mrs. D. W. Williams at the organ, Mrs. Dr. J. J. Travis, Mrs. A. C. Burklund, Mr. A. C. Burklund and Mr. Thomas H. Martin, at appropriate intervals sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" and "Take Time to Be Holy."

The pall bearers were George Becker, W. F. Case, Magnus Wulff, Nick Meyers, Chet Hosley and Patrick Burns.

The body was followed by several auto loads of friends to Forest Home cemetery, where last sad rites were administered by his brother Knights during the interment.



**E. J. ROWE FAMILY - 1913 - Front row: Zita, Art, Ray and Elizabeth. Back row: E. J. holding Clarence, James, Ed, Annie and Mrs. Margaret Rowe.**



**Munroe Sawmill - About 1920.**



**LADIES TEA IN MID THIRTIES -** Left to right: Ada Laird, Anna Busby, Mary Beusan, Margaret Rowe, Mrs. Langdon, Helen Menegas, Mrs. Tyllia, Ellen Griesmeyer, Katherine Cummings, Anna Papparich, Auntie (Father Georgen's aunt), Lenora Tyllia. In front: Mrs. Ames, Marie Raisio, Irene Dally and baby Virginia.

Meanw  
the river  
uncles bo  
my f  
join them  
times, er  
peak seas

It was  
having ho  
year-roun  
a large co  
barn for  
in the lu  
Mack tru  
woods, ar  
kinds of  
stocked,  
with abou  
finished

Log rat  
the river  
Mountain  
while, we  
ride in the  
Arlie Cla  
children  
and man  
we s  
following  
river as

The W  
lay along  
of excell  
pears, an  
old gnai  
survive

During  
age chil  
tracks t  
rememb  
children  
trestles t  
due. We  
thrilling  
by the t  
roared t

Some  
sawmill  
Gene Cl  
was the  
Hannas,  
Jir a.

Meanwhile, a sawmill had been built on the river bank just below the farm. My uncles bought this mill in 1919, and in 1922 my father came north from Walla Walla to join them. This was a large mill for the times, employing about 40 men during the peak season.

It was like a tiny self-contained town, having homes for 13 families who worked year-round, six bunk houses for single men, a large cook house where they were fed, log barn for the teams of mules which worked in the lumber yard, also housing a huge Mack truck used to bring logs from the woods, an office and commissary where all kinds of groceries and supplies were stocked, and the mill itself and planer shed with about 20 acres of lumber yard where finished piles were stacked.

Log rafts were brought down and across the river from the landing at Mitchell Mountain, by power boat. Once in a great while, we children would catch a thrilling ride in the boat, driven by my Uncle Dave or Arlie Clark. There was a large group of children who belonged to the mill families, and many exciting things to do. In summer we swam down at the mouth of Deep Creek, following it out farther and farther into the river as the water level dropped.

The Wilbur, Sterrett and Case orchards lay along the river here, and were still full of excellent fruit, cherries, plums, peaches, pears, and apples, free for the taking. A few old gnarled apple and plum trees still survive there.

During the school terms, all the school age children walked down the railroad tracks together, about 17 of us as I remember, sometimes joined by the Rowe children from the farm. We had two open trestles to cross, scary when the freight was due. We can all recall an occasional thrilling chase across the trestle, pursued by the train, jumping off the end just as it roared by.

Some of the families who lived at the sawmill were the Bill Greens, Arlie and Gene Clarks, the Peck family (Mr. Peck was the head cook) Roy Clarks, Sam Hannas, Frank Dosa's, George Giakoumis, Jim Major's, the Hardy's, the Weston's, the

Stainer's, the four Munroe families, and way up at the end where it would be quiet, the tiny shack of the night watchman.

The logs in those days were virgin timber, and logs of four or five feet in diameter were common. "Turning down" the log was Frank Paparich's job, and Anna Paparich cooked at the logging camp on Mitchell Mountain in the earlier days.

In 1925 the sawmill closed and the families scattered to other jobs. I had been attending Cheney Normal School, and when I heard there was a vacancy at the Bodie Mountain School, my Uncle Will drove me up there to apply for it. Never have I had a more scary ride, the road was barely one car width, steep and over hanging all the way to the top. My Aunt Eva was so terrified, she never made the trip again,



Ed Rowe and his uncle James Maloney.

t 1920.

Left to  
Mary  
ngdon,  
Ellen  
Anna  
aunt),  
Marie  
nie



although I t  
years.

Life in the  
require  
boarded with  
away, and w  
school every  
und to make  
stove, splitt  
to last out th  
300 feet to  
carrying up  
day.

A busy da  
to all eight  
playground  
night, and  
woods befo  
My first  
Patricia Bu  
McNamee)  
Matz. In sp  
learned to t



CLEAN  
FARM - I  
(Rowe) J  
Guglielmi  
Wanna F  
Butc h



**Neighbors come to the aid of neighbor -**  
This group helped put up hay for ill Ed  
Rowe on his farm at the mouth of Deep  
Creek. Left to right: Jack and Georgie  
Bartol, Stanley Wiley, Forrest Davis, Dan  
Lael, Jack Wiley, Howard Leaden, John  
Leaden, Johnnie and Mike Butorac, Elmer  
Godfrey, David Godfrey, Richard LeCaire,  
Claude Busby and Don Guglielmino.

although I taught there for the next two years

Life in the one-room school of those days required plenty of fortitude and muscle. I boarded with the Busby family about a mile away, and walked through the woods to the school every morning early, hurrying around to make up a good fire in the log chunk stove, splitting and carrying in enough wood to last out the day, down the steep hill about 300 feet to the spring at the bottom and carrying up 2 pails of water to last out the day.

A busy day of teaching followed, from five to all eight grades at times, supervising the playground, sweeping out the building at night, and hurrying home through the woods before dark.

My first grade class had four pupils, Patricia Busby, Helen Snyder, (now Helen McNamee) Rose Domitrovich, and Josie Matz. In spite of my inexperience, they all learned to read easily and the days passed

quickly and pleasantly.

The Christmas program was always the high point of the year. We would begin practicing even before Thanksgiving, putting on a good show of songs, plays, recitations, and ending with treats for all the children, stockings sewed from mosquito netting and well stuffed with oranges, candy, nuts, and popcorn balls. We had some fine musicians in the locality, Claude Busby on banjo, Claude McCall on the accordian, and Ed Rowe on drums to form an orchestra that would play till three or four in the morning.

Everyone brought food for a supper at midnight, and the dancing didn't stop till the musicians grew tired. People would wrap up their sleeping children, and in sleighs or on foot, wind their way home to milk the cows and get an hour of sleep before another busy day.

There were a number of one-room schools near Northport, Onion Creek, Spirit, Doyle, Cedar Creek, Velvet, Flat Creek, Niger



**CLEAN UP DAY AT THE ED ROWE FARM** - Left to right, front row: Virginia (Rowe) Johnston holding Denise; Cassie Guglielmino holding Jeanne, Louise Bartol, Wanna Bartol holding Diane, Georgie Butorac holding Johnnie Mike. Middle row:

Lucile Rowe, Barbara Rowe, Mary Anne Bleecker, Marian Bleecker, Peggy Phillips, Back row: Ada Laird, Kate Guglielmino, Jane Pohle, Dorothy Leaden, Margaret Rowe, Janice Murphy, Lois Murphy and Elsa Godfrey.

Creek, Sheep Creek, were all operating then. We often visited other schools for dances, pie socials, and basket socials. They were truly the social centers of the community.

Practical jokes abounded among the young folks, such as trick pies with an extra layer of inner tube on the bottom.

In 1928 I left teaching to marry my fiance Ed Rowe. The Great Depression was just around the corner and it soon descended upon us, bringing hard times and out-of-work family members back to the ranch. We were lucky that we always had plenty of meat, eggs, milk, and a big garden; at least, we weren't hungry as so many people were.

We had no money, but neither did our neighbors. On Sundays, we often made up a freezer of homemade ice cream (the ice, cut down at Deep Creek the winter before and stored in sawdust in the ice house) and went to the neighbors' for the afternoon.

Often the whole community would join in a picnic at the mouth of Sheep Creek, with a big pitch-in dinner, playing horseshoes or baseball for entertainment. One picnic almost ended in a riot when Mike Phillips picked up an extra-hot ear of corn, letting go in a hurry and striking Grandma Leaden with it head-on. Grandma was a spirited little lady and didn't take to this too kindly!

Northport had a mighty ball team in those days. Each little town or community in the county had its baseball park, and a schedule would be drawn up at the beginning of the season, so that every team would play all the others during the season.

Northport's team was made up (off and on) of Val Harworth, Alex and Francis Tyllia, Art, Jim, Clarence, and Ed Rowe, Ike Harris, Jim Majors, Andy Zwan, Stanton Walker, Howard Leaden, Alex Francis, and Vaino Raisio. Ed was the catcher for this team for many years, until a badly sprained ankle just at the beginning of the busy season at the farm, caused him to retire permanently.

The wives of the players would fix a picnic lunch and everyone would eat together, spending an exciting day cheering on the home team. People depended on each

other more in those days, for company, and for help. Ed was often called out to doctor some ones' sick cow or horse.

Many were the economies practiced by the thrifty farm wives. Every flour sack was washed and bleached, to be made into sheets, pillowcases, or family garments. Once the Grange Auxiliary held a contest for the prettiest flour sack article. Chic Phillips won with a beautifully embroidered dress for her daughter Pat.

Machinery was carefully repaired as money for anything new was impossible to come by. We lent and borrowed from our neighbors as needed. Ed had converted an old Buick into a primitive tractor, which plowed many a field besides our own. When I first came to live at the farm, he gently suggested, "Always cook enough for one more. Then if someone comes by, we can ask him to eat with us."

Play-giving was another favorite way of entertaining each other and maybe raising a few dollars. One play I remember was "Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek," which drew a capacity crowd at the local theater. Another was, "The Old Maids' Convention," which turned out to be so popular we had to play a return engagement.

Gradually the depths of the depression began to ease. Rumors of war brought jobs to the family members who had been at home helping out. The whole burden of the farm work and the dairy route in Northport,



Part of Munroe sawmill crew about 1922.

fell on I suffered :

First to The pulle who had harsh day cans and Broderius route. Th open, so Barbara day. The The balk heat up, potatoes children

They w anyway, their rec business stove. B school he with the f Early tha the lunc teach ne I rec and a problem emergen

Somet smelter wood to railroad freight c father, C Northpo he haule hauled t Northpo horses. don't k opened

any, and  
o doctor

ti by  
ul sack  
ade into  
rments.  
contest  
le. Chic  
ordered

ired as  
ssible to  
rom our  
orted an  
, which  
n. When  
e gently  
for one  
we can

way of  
raising  
er was  
which  
theater.  
ention,"  
e to

pression  
ght jobs  
been at  
n of the  
rthport,



it

fell on Ed's shoulders, and in 1942 he suffered a heart attack.

First to go were the beloved dairy cows. The family could not watch as the truck pulled away, carrying the familiar friends who had kept us from starving during the harsh days just passed. Bottles and racks, cans and coolers were sold to the Clayton Broderius family, who took over the milk route. The job of school lunchroom cook was open, so I applied. Taking 4-year old Barbara with me, I went to school every day. The first day almost proved my last. The balky old wood range just would not heat up, and my main dish of scalloped potatoes was only half-done when the children came pouring in.

They were all good sports and ate them anyway, with lots of encouraging words for their red-faced cook. Soon we were in business and I learned to handle the cranky stove. Barbara would often go over to the school house to sit in Miss Janneck's room with the first graders. Another year flew by. Early that spring, Mr. Ruehlman came into the lunchroom. "How would you like to teach next year?" he inquired. "Not at all!" I replied. "I haven't taught for 15 years and have no valid certificate." "No problem," he answered. "I'll get you an emergency certificate. Otherwise, I'll have

to divide the 3rd and 4th graders among the other three teachers and they have enough to do already."

Such was my re-entry into school life. The following year Ed was still not in robust health, so I went to teach at Kelly-Hill Larson, then to Orient when they consolidated. In 1953, I returned to Northport, to teach in the old red-brick school house another 19 years.

In the spring of 1944, Ed had developed a perforated ulcer just at the beginning of the summer's work. One morning very early, our wonderful neighbors all turned up, driving or hauling their tractors, plows and harrows, and a little later, all the farm wives came bringing food for an army.

By the end of the day, every field was plowed and harrowed, the alfalfa cultivated, every fence mended, every stray stick picked up, and the whole farm left in apple pie order.

In 1963 we left the farm and moved to Northport. In 1975 Ed passed away. He was truly a pioneer of this community, serving as Grange Master for 10 years, school board member, and clerk, road master, (in those days the road master saw that the local roads were leveled spring and fall,) ever ready to be a good neighbor and friend.

## SECRET

Sometime in the 1800's there was a copper smelter where the old site is now. They used wood to smelt the ore. There was no railroad to Rossland, B. C. at that time, sq freight came to Northport for Rossland. My father, George Becker, hauled freight from Northport to Rossland. Then, the next day, he hauled ore back from the mines there. He hauled the first large safe to Rossland from Northport. He usually used about ten horses. This was before my time, so I really don't know the date the copper smelter opened in Northport.

After the copper smelter closed down for

quite a while a lead smelter was put here with Mr. Jerome Day operating it. He had the house built that the Robert Wilson family live in now. That smelter was running during World War I. They built a solid wood fence with barbed wire on top, all around the smelter grounds. There was a large building that was called the smelter hall. They had soldiers stationed there to patrol the fence.

This building was about where the road to Waneta turns off the highway. Right next to it was a hospital run by a Dr. Goss. Just beyond the hospital (east) there were about four houses the smelter owned and families lived in that worked at the smelter.

There were a lot of buildings in the block where the old New Zealand hotel was. There

was a jewelry store next to the hotel. Behind the hotel and up the alley a Mr. Richardson had a horse barn. He had horses for hire. He was also the postmaster for several years. After Richardson quit having horses there, Mr. Wiltse Jackson had hounds in there. At that time it was legal to hunt deer with hounds. Across the street east from the pool hall was a Chinese laundry. During the copper smelter days, where the pool hall is now, was a hotel and restaurant. Next to the pool hall down the street was a small ice cream parlor owned by Mrs. Winters. She later remarried Mr. Burcham and they moved to Kettle Falls. A short distance down from the ice cream parlor was the drug store owned and operated by Eugene Travis. Along the side of the drug store was a sidewalk running to the back of the drug store where Eugene's father, Mr. Travis, who was a doctor, had his office.

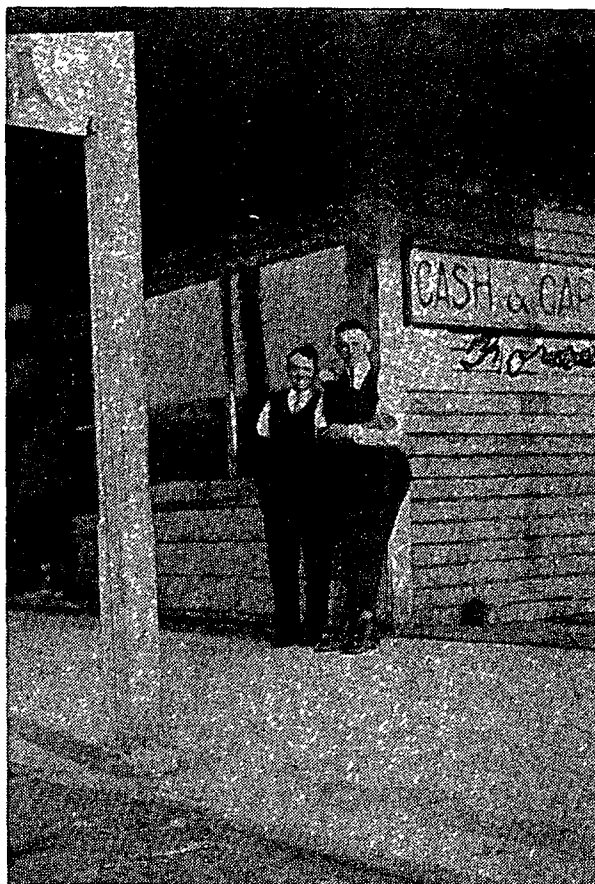
Across the street east from the drug store was the telephone office and on down the street, a saloon or two. Down the street from the drug store towards the river, was a store owned and operated by the Broderious brothers, Jake and Henry.

During the lead smelter days, Kendricks had ready to wear, dry goods and groceries. They put a door in the side of the store west to a small building and made a shoe store there. Upstairs over the hardware store Mr. Jess Hartley had a harness shop. Mr. Charly Slawson operated the Kendrick store for many years. The post office at one time was in a small building just about where it was before moving up on the highway. Then later they moved to the building that Tony Gallo owns next to city hall which at this time was a bank. The post office was in the rear of the building and Mr. Case had a sort of variety store in the front part and Mr. Sterrett worked there with Mr. Case. There was a store owned by John Beard, where the fire station is now. The Grange hall was at one time in the front part. A hat shop owned and operated by Mrs. Tower, who also owned two or three houses where Robert Graham's service station is now. Sometime after the hat shop closed there was a store that had just men's clothes called "The Men's Store" and grocery store

in the back. Later years after the building was vacated a while, there was a grocery store there.

The ferryboat was down on the river just below Kendricks store. It was run by "Smokey" Davis. I really never knew his real name. During bad smelter days, where Nick Riesen had his mechanic shop, was a hotel and about across the street, was a small hospital owned and operated by Dr. Wells and his home was next door to it. About where Ansotiques' live, there was a livery stable owned and operated by Shriner Brothers. I don't know all the dates, but this livery stable was in operation when I was a teenager which was around 1915.

Across the street from where the Shell service station is now, was a newspaper office, run by Mr. Hughes. The barber shop was operated by Floyd Smith, which was located along the street between the drug



Art Burklund, manager and clerk Leo Kintner beside the Cash and Carry Store about 1920. Henry Broderius also clerked in this store.

store at building and river. The block Mr. Bob children washing

How far came here. Nor we came smelter h don't kn here, the There wa because c back eas Well, m ahe. I came ou Sell lives in the cer this coun country coming c do. Dad on a ran good size If you king. An nothing c the ran could se head. At that was your me but your There minute. there w here, he Stroh's th



uilding  
grocery

er  
un  
ew his  
where  
was a  
was a  
by Dr.  
to it.  
was a  
hriner  
ut this  
was a

Shell  
paper  
r shop  
h was  
drug

Leo  
store  
ed in

store and Broderius store. The brick building being torn down now was a hotel and restaurant owned by Mr. Liebre. Down river from around Kendricks at the end of the block was a second hand store owned by Mr. Bobo. Next door, Mrs. Powell and two children lived where Mrs. Powell took in washing. The house across the street from

## SELL

### Leonard Sell-Reporter

How far back can you remember? Well, I came here in 1911 when I was eight-years-old. I can remember the trip out here. Northport didn't look like much when we came here, it was all dead. The copper smelter had shut down about 1900, I think, I don't know for sure. There was nothing here, there wasn't even a sawmill running. There was no work. But we came out here because of my dad's asthma. It was so bad back east, he couldn't stand it.

Well, my grandad came in 1905. He came ahead of us. He was a Civil War Veteran. He came out and homesteaded where Macy Sell lives. That was Jacob Sell. He is buried in the cemetery out here. He fell in love with this country. He thought it was the only country in the world. He talked dad into coming out here. There wasn't anything to do. Dad worked around at different places on a ranch. The Smith place was a pretty good size place at that time, for those times.

If you had 80 acres, you could live like a king. And the taxes were low and there was nothing else to pay. You lived right there on the ranch, raised your own beef. If you could sell one it would bring about \$40 a head. And if you could sell once-in-awhile, that was money in your pocket. That was your money. You had nothing to spend on, but your living and you raised most of that.

There wasn't a car going by every minute. I think when I came to Northport, there were two cars in town. Joe Stroh out here, he lived where Lotzes live. That was Stroh's orchards, he had a car, and I think the banker had a car. I can't remember his

where Mr. Pollock lived was the telephone office being moved there after a fire burned most of the building where it was at first. There was a garage west of the fire station next door, and a dance hall, owned by Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams also was a mortician and had a morgue where the post office is now.

name. He lived over there in the house Vic Falsetto tore down, you know over by Ames. If you made fifty dollars in the summer you could live on it.

There was very little as far as entertainment goes. There was nothing going on in Northport. I think it was about 1916 before I even got as far as Colville and then I walked several times from here to Colville. I remember one time that I walked, I left at 4 o'clock in the evening and just took a notion that I wanted to go somewhere. So I started walking and at midnight I was up there the other side of Williams Lake. Of course I cut up over the hill at Swedes pass road and there was a guy coming along in a Ford model T car and he gave me a ride into Colville. He told me who he was. I can't remember his name now. Anyhow, he was our judge, Tom Oakshott. Anyhow, I met him on the street in Colville about six years ago, I knew him when I saw him, although we never really got acquainted, except at that time. Anyhow, I asked him if he remembered me.

He said, "No, I don't believe I do." He said, "but I should."

I said, "Well do you remember way back in about 1918 when you picked me up by Williams Lake about midnight?"

"Why, sure," he said, "you must be Sell."

I said, "Well, yes, I'm Leonard Sell."

On holidays, of course, we would all get together down here like on the 4th of July. We had horse races right up the street here. We all had a saddle horse, you know. There was no fast horses but it was lots of fun.

Were there any dances? Oh, there were dances, yes. There were lots of dances, but my folks frowned on dancing. So I never danced until I went away from home. I

never would go against their wishes that way, but I never could see any harm in it. I always loved music, that kind of music with a rhythm. And after I got away from home, I learned dancing. I loved fun.

What was the population when you came here? It was down way less than it is now, probably about 100. It was just nothing here. There was empty houses all over. You could move in anytime you wanted to move into a house. There wasn't any very good houses, but they were liveable. And then in 1914, the smelter started. The lead smelter. And of course people moved in here from everywhere. There was just no work anyplace else you know. And you could build. You could hear them building houses all night. They worked the shift, then they built houses.

They built what we called tent houses. They were down by this side of the high school there, that was called tent town or rag town. And we built platforms with a floor and about a two foot wall, then they put a tent on it and tied it down. Then they put their furniture in there what little they had. Most of them sat on boxes. I did when I was first married. And they built houses and did this when they weren't working in the smelter. And they made good wages.

The smelter paid good wages in those days. \$3.60 for 10 hours. 36 cents an hour. Before that, you were working for a dollar a day. A day to the farmers was then from daylight to dark. After the fall that Sid was born, that was in 1933, I worked for twelve hours. I guess you don't want to hear that, but that's the way the times were here. And Northport didn't grow any, even in the 30's it was down. When did it really start growing? Well, when there got to be too many people someplace else, you see, they just had to have somewhere to go.

And a lot of the people that came in here were retired people now and bought 20 acres and just lived on it. And they couldn't make a living on it because you can't make a living on 160 now. You got to have something else to do.

They say that during the smelter days, that there was a population of 3,500. Well, I think they stretched that a little bit. Now for

the copper smelter, it might have been, because it took more men to do the work in those days. They hauled the ore down from Rossland mines on wagons. Leaden's ranch was the half-way house. That was where they changed horses. And so it could be, but I don't think so when the lead smelter was here. I think 2,500 was about the limit. Of course it took a lot of men then to do the jobs that are now probably done by machine. It takes now probably about a fourth of the men.

Even in sawmills, I can see where there is a lot of difference from when I worked in the sawmill and what it is now. Because you had men to transfer and install machinery. Like on the trimmer you had men behind the sawyer and one behind the edger. Now they have done away with this man behind the saw, and a lot of the others you see. Men transferred the lumber then and now they have chains. And they had to have men to roll the logs down, now they have a live deck. See, all this has changed.

What about law and order? Well that was the thing that there was very little of then. During the smelter days they imported Italians. Pete Janni was the head of that. He was interpreter here and had a good job.--Many were found dead. Nobody cared, they couldn't speak English. And the sheriff was in Colville and we didn't have any town cop half the time. He was just some ordinary fellow you know and he wasn't trained to find clues or anything like that.

The sheriff was in Colville and the only way he could get here was by horse and buggy or by train. So everything was covered up by the time he could get here, you see. He couldn't find out anything. So most things were hushed up. I remember lots of killings here. And they didn't think nothing of it. It was just something that had to happen. But I got acquainted with some of them Italian boys and I worked with them on the waterworks and the smelter. Real nice men. Us kids did all we could for them and they really appreciated it you know, being accepted that way.

But man, there was in them days here in smelter times, you talk about class

distinction  
you then  
wouldn't  
yet  
I  
were com  
on the st  
you. The  
sir! And t  
were pre  
Some of t  
the com  
better jo  
anymore

Well, I  
Indiana  
brought u  
here? Th  
smelter s  
and the  
Everybo  
moving,  
and thing  
of them  
over ther  
fellows I  
was lots  
staye  
was. In  
woods are  
Northport

So you  
went to t  
mother d  
seven kid  
place, I v

N

In the  
families  
smelter  
moving  
Fred de  
saved fr  
livery st  
bo  
a child

distinction, you never seen it. Man I'll tell you them higher ups in the smelter they wouldn't associate with anybody else. And yet the Day boys that owned the smelter were common people. You meet one of them on the street and he stopped and talked to you. The others were regular snobs. Yes sir! And the guys that run some of the stores were pretty nice, but some weren't too. Some of them thought they were better than the common people, because they had better jobs. You don't find that here anymore.

Well, I came from Indiana. I was born in Indiana in 1903. I guess I told you what brought us here. And what type of work was here? The smelter and well after the smelter started up in 1914 then it run till 1920 and then the town just went dead. Everybody moved out. You could hear them moving, tearing down their housing, tents and things and leave on the next train. Most of them went to Tacoma and found work over there in the smelter. That is most of the fellows I know here did. Of course, there was lots of them that didn't. Lots of them stayed around. I worked here till the 30's. I wasn't around here much. I worked in the woods around, but I wasn't running around Northport much.

So you were a logger and a farmer? Yes, I went to the woods after I was 15. See, my mother died when I was 15, and there was seven kids at home yet. I figured that in my place, I would quit school and go to work,

which I did. So I have seventh grade education. But I went to the woods. Dad worked in the woods.

What did the town look like? Were there saloons and how many? Oh, there were saloons on every corner and a dance hall in every saloon. I think there was 17 saloons or something like that. I heard the old guys tell about it. Of course I was just a kid then and I didn't pay much attention to that. But I think there was about 17 or 18 saloons, with a dance hall and everything and then across the corner from Tony's Market there, there was a big dance hall. Yes they used that mortuary just a short time after we came here, right across the street from us here. Over there where Schwabs live, was the morgue, run by Charlie Adams.

It has been torn down and a house built there now. But that was where the morgue was. The fall of seventeen, when the flu hit they were so busy, that they couldn't get around to them. My family was all in bed, but me, and I did the chores for all the neighbors out there. Matesa and Weiches and different ones out there you know. Then when they got so rushed down here, they hired me to drive the hearse. And I had a team, and so I drove the hearse for them. Man these people in Northport just died off like flies. I got the flu finally, but it didn't hurt me much. I wasn't hardly sick. I guess I was too ornery or too skinny or something like that. I was a skinny kid.

## SHRINER

Northport.....By John Shriner  
about his family

In the late summer of 1915, the Shriner families living on Kelly Hill, heard of the smelter at Northport being re-opened. On moving to Northport, brothers William and Fred decided to use the money they had saved from hauling ore in Canada, to build a livery stable and garage in Northport. They bought lumber at \$4 a thousand to build a building, finished it with a metal

corrugated roof. Thus starting the first Shriner Brother business.

Another brother, Earn, worked some as a mechanic, as another brother, Jeff, helped too and kept books.

They used six to eight horses and equipment from their farm. A used Ford touring car was purchased, followed by purchasing another Ford, a truck, a seven passenger Studebaker, and a touring car, for the business. The horses were used for livery purposes, hauling coal, which had been purchased by the mines from the east and hauled in to Northport by rail. They sold

and delivered both wood and coal to customers in town and for a time delivered groceries to the townspeople for the Kendrick Mercantile.

During the summers, the cars were used as rentals for mining officials, visiting Northport, from the east. They would go to their mines out in the Leadpoint area.

A demand by smelter workers for transportation to Rossland and Trail Canada for purposes of a few drinks of liquor, due to prohibition here in the states, added to the Shriner business. Fred and William did all of this type of driving, as they had to take great care, no liquor was brought back over the line in their cars. As to the care of the automobiles, one man kept busy most of the time with some sort of

repairs. Mostly putting in transmission bands, patching tires and radiators.

The second year a competitor came to town with a big seven passenger Buick, that enticed the eastern visitors away for a time, but that particular Buick model went through rear axles, one after another, so many times, the Shriner's were called to complete the Buick's trips.

Fred and wife May had a family of five boys. Alva, Eldon, George, Sylva and Harold. After moving to Northport they had another son John. During the fall of 1918, the smelter closed, as did the Livery business. Brothers Earn and William had gone into service of our country the year before. Fred and his family moved back to the farm on Kelly Hill.

Alva and Lenora were early in 1914.

Born Joseph and his family on Onion Grade. That time 3½ years months was born in North

Alex's to America. His grandmother married. Two sons the couple as did expect

and Joseph her husband early business



**NORTHPORT LIVERY & TRANSFER—**  
Owned by the Shriner. Earn Shriner on wagon, George Simpson by horse and Wade Thompson by the car.

# TYLLIA

Alex and Lenora (Janni) Tyllia's parents were early residents of the Northport area. Lenora was born in Northport in 1910 and Alex came to Onion Creek at the age of five in 1914.

Born in Chicago, Ill. June 10, 1909 to Joseph and Wanda Tyllia, Alex came with his family to his grandfather's homestead on Onion Creek near the top of the Johnson Grade. There were three Tyllia children at that time - Alex, his sister Wanda who was 3½ years old, and Francis who was 10 months old. A younger sister, Josephine, was born in 1921 at the old smelter hospital in Northport.

Alex's grandfather, Stanley Tyllia, came to America from Poland as a young man. His grandmother, who Stanley met and married in Chicago, was also from Poland. Two sons, Joseph and Julian, were born to the couple. Stanley's wife died in childbirth, as did the baby, when a third child was expected.

The widower left his two sons with Frank and Josephine Gorecki, his wife's sister and her husband, and made his way west in the early 1890's, leaving his greenhouse business in Chicago. Alex's Uncle Julian

later moved to Washington to live on his father's homestead, and when Joseph came to visit his brother and father, he decided to move also.

Joseph graduated from Lane Institute where he learned die-sinking and tool-making, and he worked in a foundry, in Gary, Indiana. Grandfather Stanley, a true adventurer, went on to Vancouver, B.C. where he also homesteaded a place.

The Tyllia family lived in a house built from lumber on Stanley's land. The Goreckis soon moved to Washington from Chicago to be near their nephews, remaining there until their deaths, Frank in 1936 or 37 and Josephine three years earlier.

Alex began school at Marble in 1917 when he was eight years old; the school was four miles from his home, a long walk. For two years he made the trip alone until his sister was ready.

"When I started school there were 64 pupils and one teacher for the eight grades," remembered Alex. "Miss Mullin, the teacher, was the niece of J.J. White who owned the Upper Columbia Company. Anna Paparich was in the 8th grade there when I started to school."

Since Alex's mother had already taught him to read, he was soon moved up with the other children his age. In 1922 when he was



Alex and Lenora Tyllia



in the 6th grade, the family moved to town and he attended the old brick schoolhouse in Northport.

Alex's father was a machinist in the smelter until it closed. "I remember the big puffs of smoke and the loud noises of the blasting when they were demolishing the smelter," he said. When the work ended at the smelter, Joseph opened a garage in the front end of McGowan's Livery Stable, located where Ansotigue's house is now.

Soon Joseph purchased a building from Mr. Yoder which was next to the present fire hall, containing the Standiford Garage and Hismith's Blacksmith Shop. He moved his family into a house next to the shop and operated his garage in the front part of the building. A very good friend of his, George Horwath, came to run the blacksmith shop

in the back. Horwath was the father of Val Harworth; the name was changed in later years.

As a boy Alex remembers playing with John Janni, Lenora's cousin, who lived near Lenora but said he doesn't remember anything about the Janni girls until high school years.

In December of 1928 or '29 Joseph came home to eat his lunch. Suddenly a fire began in the garage, and before it ended the Tyllias had lost their house, the garage, their business, and all Joseph's tools. "I remember they carried out the Christmas tree with all its decorations," said Lenora, who had gone to the fire as did everyone else in town. They did manage to save almost all of the furniture from the house before it burned. Six cars in the garage for repairs



**NORTHPORT HIGH SCHOOL 1926 or 1927 - Left to right, first row:** unidentified, Henry Sarki, unidentified, Florence Becker, Martha Breig, Elsie Stainer, unidentified, Mary Leonard, Orilla Janni, unidentified, Elizabeth Rowe, Donetta Potestio, Eva Potestio, Howard Leaden, Miss Temple, Arthur Davidson and Harvey Broderius. **Second row:** Alex Tyllia, unidentified, unidentified, Trombetta, Miss Young, Mrs. Spliers, Olive Clarke, Leona Turner, Glen Hartley, Eldon Knox, Vaino Ralsio, Audrey Travis, Arden Davis, Clarence Rowe, unidentified, Cobain, Harworth, Joe Janni, Mr. Runyon, Ilene Phillips, Gezellus, Ida Knox, Val Harworth, Sauvola, Ilma Phillips, Helen Broderius, Garland Davis, Flora Munroe, George Farmer, Ina Maki, Allen Munroe, Tostle Boland, Mr. Thistlewaite, Amy Kinney, Helfred Norberg, Mary Stainer, Roxie Kinney and Farmer.

also we burned.

The T from the Alston, home. J to the many y dad's sp burned never w

Later next to Alex's p his mot father i

Lenor Peter a were be America. ut 12 or was ran all over mines. Orilla other for Wenatche No p

Lenor Northpo graduat which k making with his Altho other i interest employ. worked at Ken Lenora two and

After he worl and th Survey Cheney worked going t Sunshir when l N p

also were lost and four buildings were burned.

The Tyllias moved into the house across from the Grade School owned by Mrs. Alston, next door to the present Charlton home. Joseph opened another garage next to the Chevron Station, operating it for many years. "The fire kind of broke my dad's spirit," mused Alex. "He had to find burned tools to get started over, and it just never was quite the same."

Later the Tyllias purchased the red house next to the Perk Leewright home, and Alex's parents lived there until their deaths, his mother passing away in 1949 and his father in 1972.

Lenora Janni was born in Northport to Peter and Frances Janni, both of whom were born in Italy; her parents came to America when they were young, Peter about 12 or 13 and Frances under 10. Frances was raised in Spokane, but Peter traveled all over, working on railroads and different mines. They had five children, one of whom, Orilla Merry, passed away in 1939. The other four are Frank of Spokane, Joe of Wenatchee, Lenora, and Irene Daily of Northport.

Lenora went to school all twelve years in Northport, graduating in 1929. Alex also graduated in 1929 because of an eye injury which kept him out of school part of a year, making it impossible for him to graduate with his class in 1928.

Although Alex and Lenora knew each other in school, there was no romantic interest until later when they were both employees of Kendrick's Mercantile. Alex worked for Jack Lilly on his dray, clerking at Kendrick's during slack times, and Lenora was a bookkeeper for the store for two and one-half years.

After Alex's graduation from high school, he worked on the U.S. Geological Survey and the U.S. Government Land Office Survey during the summers, attending Cheney Normal School for four quarters. He worked at various jobs in the area, finally going to Kellogg, Idaho to work at the Sunshine Mine. He was working in Idaho when he and Lenora were married in Northport June 30, 1938.

In May of 1940 Alex and Lenora returned to Northport where he began work at his father-in-law's quarry. Alex took over the quarry management in 1942, the same year their only child, Francis, was born in Rossland, B.C. Frank is now the principal of a school at Edmonds, and his wife Kay is an art teacher in the Bothel school district.

"I feel the Janni Quarry was an asset to the community for a good many years," commented Alex. "At one time it was the only business operating that had a payroll. There were always six to seventeen men working, depending on the orders."

The quarry shipped limestone to the Crown-Zellerbach Paper Co. at Camas for 42 years; it was their largest account, the "bread and butter" of the business. When the Ecology Dept. made the paper company change from using raw limestone and sulphuric acid to a chemically-treated rock, it brought the end of the quarry. Alex retired in 1973 when the quarry closed.

The Tyllias lived at the quarry for 32 years. After it closed, they decided to move into town into Lenora's family home after purchasing it from the other heirs. The house was built by Pete Janni 63 years ago in 1917, and Lenora grew up in it. At least four houses in Northport were built on the same order and at about the same time, including the ones presently owned by Mildred Linderman, Bob Long and Fred Phillips.

Alex served on the School Board for 17 years, retiring the year the new high school gym was dedicated. He was chairman of the local grade school board and clerk of the Union high school board. He was on the committee that was instrumental in building the airport, held the office of president and others in the old Chamber of Commerce, was a charter member of the Northport rifle and Pistol Club where he held all offices at one time or another and was secretary for the last 15 years of its existence, and enjoys hunting and fishing.

Lenora and Alex are both life-long members of the Pure Heart of Mary Catholic Church and are members of the Over-40's Club. Lenora has been a member of the Altar Society for many years, and she

enjoys gardening and cooking; she especially likes growing flowers. They all like to go for walks in all kinds of weather.

Among Alex's boyhood memories are visits to the newspaper office of W. P. Hughes, where he would help turn the print machine which was run by hand. Even in later years after Bob Darlinton took over the Northport News during its last few

years, Alex enjoyed long visits with Hughes.

Alex and his sister Wanda, who is married to Russel Jones and lives in Rossland, B.C. lost their brother Francis and sister Josephine to death one year and one day apart, Josephine in 1977 and Francis in 1978. Lenora's father passed away in 1968 at the age of 95, two years after the death of her mother.

## WILEY

I, Dora Florence Heritage Wiley, was born on a ranch just outside of Coffeerville, Kansas, in 1888 to Dora Eunice and James Maurice Heritage. My mother, father, two sisters (Anna and Olive) and one brother (Bill) and myself came west in 1903 because of my mother's health. We came by train to Spokane. Later my dad took up a homestead near Bruce Creek, four miles up from the school house up there. We lived there a little over two years. My youngest brother (Frank) was born while we lived there, on Nov. 28, 1904. That was where I met Raymond Guy Wiley and two years later I married him on Oct. 25, 1906 in that cabin in the woods.

Then Guy and I took a homestead up on the hill for a time and then we went to Colville. Shortly he got a job running a store in Arden and that is where Raymond was born. Vern was born in Colville. Then we left Arden and went to California. Down to Chico and everyone came down with malaria. We then returned to Washington and went up on his father's place at Bruce Creek. We lived there about a year and Mr. Wiley sold his place so we went from there to Colville and then to Spokane. We lived there for about two years and when Raymond was about four years old, we returned to our homestead up at Bruce Creek and cut cedar poles. We moved back to Colville and that was about the time they started building the smelter here in Northport. Guy came up there and got a job and it was three months before we could

find a place so the two little ones and I could come up to live. It was just a little three room house and we lived there that winter and the next spring. We went out and looked at an Indian Allotment piece we had and we moved out there that summer and put a fence around a few acres and raised a good garden. That winter we returned to Northport and then we moved out on our place here. It was only a few acres at first and we kept buying more land until we have 300 and some acres now.

There we had two more children, Marian, the red headed one and another boy, Jack. We moved back into Northport for a short time and Jean was born there, then back to the ranch.

We have lived here 61 years. Oh we went on a trip to California one winter and we spent a couple of winters in Colville sending the children to school. Otherwise we have spent our lives on our ranch.

It was wild when we first moved on the ranch. Just a little dirt road that you traveled with horse and buggy or wagon. It was a long trip to Northport in those days it seemed. Now they are pretty good roads out this way.

Most all our neighbors have moved and left the country, excepting Homer Moore is still on his old place and John and Donny are still here but not in their original place. We are the only families left that were here when we moved up here.

We live on Rattlesnake Creek. Once, when Vern was about 11 or 12, the rattlesnakes were awful thick and we were afraid to let the kids go up on the hill to get the horses. Guy's father told the neighbors he'd furnish the dynamite if they'd go up to the den they

knew  
did an  
we ha  
ti  
a few  
kids ra  
and ne  
you le  
They

Mos  
with n  
We ha  
loved  
for its  
dance

One  
froze  
Ansal  
four h  
can s

The  
father  
becau  
medic  
Bill, r  
and a  
walke

Mr. W  
He w  
bed a  
feet a

Guy  
hunti  
when  
big v  
neigh  
went  
nearl  
and i

On  
grad

knew of and blast them out. The neighbors did and they killed hundreds of snakes, so we have never bothered too much since then. Only a few now and then. They've seen a few this summer, but not many. All the kids raised up here have run over the hills and never been bit by one. I don't think if you leave them alone they are dangerous. They rattle and warn you to stay clear.

Most of our entertainment was shared with neighbors down at the old school house. We had picnics, programs and dances. Guy loved to dance and was good. I didn't care for it so much. He used to dance most every dance.

One winter it was really cold and the river froze over solid. Aldrichs, Dotts and Ansaidsos hauled hay across it. Some had four horses on a wagon load of hay. So you can see it was really frozen solid.

There was a flu epidemic and Guy's father made me go to bed and stay there because I was pregnant. He gave me medicine to try to keep me from getting it. Bill, my brother, suffered a bad case of it and as soon as he could get around he walked the eight miles out from town to see how we were faring. He found all sick and Mr. Wiley and Guy trying to take care of us. He was still very weak, but he put them to bed and took care of us until we got on our feet again.

Guy was a good shot. He only went hunting when we really needed it. One time when Vern was little, she was sitting atop a big watermelon down in our garden. A neighbor had been trailing a deer and it went through the garden pell-mell and nearly ran over the top of Vern. Guy shot it and it was a good sized animal.

One time when Raymond was in the lower grades at school the teacher told them to tell

something about themselves. So he told them he weighed 19 pounds when he was born, of course the teacher didn't buy that. Well, he was quite deflated when he asked his mother that night and found out he only weighed seven pounds. Mr. Moore was the first teacher at Little Flat Creek School. He couldn't do a thing with the kids. A young lady teacher from Colville came and did just fine. Raymond Wiley and Pelissier went there.

When we went to a party or dance Guy would look at me across the room and mouth I love you. And we sent eye messages back and forth. People called us love birds.

We always had great big gardens and grew lovely vegetables and watermelons. They were real big and delicious. We took loads of garden produce, and we also had a dairy herd, and cream to town and peddled them. It was a lot of work, but we had beautiful gardens.

We always had horses on the ranch and the children were all good riders. Guy and I used to race with each other. We both enjoyed riding and did quite a bit of riding in these mountains.

Guy was on the school board from 1916 until he was about 70 years old. He was also road commissioner for a number of years. He was a tax assessor, too. He didn't keep that job as long, he didn't like it. Lost most of his friends during the time he did that.

We have had lots of good years on the old ranch. Always had lots of company, I never knew if I would have to cook for three or 24 for a meal. I have certainly done lots of cooking in my time. It is hard to imagine the amount of pies and cakes that I have made. We never sent anyone away hungry, but I enjoyed it most of the time. It has been a good life.

